

MOORE'S
POETICAL WORKS



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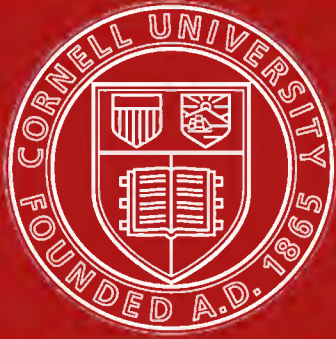
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MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.



THOMAS MOORE.

BORN MAY 28TH, 1779; DIED FEBRUARY 26TH, 1852.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE

INCLUDING
LALLA ROOKH, THE IRISH MELODIES, NATIONAL AIRS,
SACRED SONGS, THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS, THE SUMMER FÊTE,
BALLADS, SONGS, POEMS, ETC.

WITH
*COPIOUS NOTES, CRITICAL REMARKS, AND ANNOTATIONS, INCLUDING
THE COMMENTS OF EARL RUSSELL, LORD JEFFREY,
AND VARIOUS OTHERS*

AND
. A Biographical Memoir of the Author.

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MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, whose name will ever be associated with the poetry and music of his country, was born on the 28th of May, 1779, at No. 12, Aungier Street, Dublin, where his father kept a small wine store. At a very early age he was sent to a school kept by a man named Malone, who seemed to possess, from Moore's own account of him, but little aptitude for teaching. When he was old enough it was determined that he should go to the best school in Dublin—the Grammar School of Samuel Whyte, who had been the early instructor of the celebrated Brinsley Sheridan. There is little doubt but that Moore's genius first became developed under the fostering care of this master, who had warmly been devoted to the drama and those connected with it, throughout his life. Indeed, it was part of his occupation to prepare persons who intended the stage as their profession. Moore relates that when he first began to attend the school, Mr. Whyte encouraged a taste for acting among his pupils. When only about eleven years old, young Moore took part in some of the school-plays, and as he remarks, a taste for acting soon educed his talents for music and poetry.

His father had chosen for him the profession of the law. In 1793, the disabilities of the Catholics, to whom Moore belonged were removed, and in 1794 he entered the University of Dublin. In the same year his attempts at versification were first published in the form of a translation of one of the Odes of Anacreon. In 1798 or 1799, he took his degree of B.A. Early in 1799 he left the University, while yet in his nineteenth year, and went to London, as he states, "with the two, not very congenial objects, of keeping my terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing by subscription, my translation of Anacreon." In 1803, Moore had the nominal treasureship of Bermuda conferred on him, but the duties of the office he confided to a deputy, and Moore on his return home passed through the United States, and to this circumstance we are indebted for the well-known "Canadian Boat Song." The publication of the volume of "Odes and Epistles" took place after his arrival in England, in 1806. This visit to Bermuda gave him the materials for his "Poems relating to America."

In 1807, Moore had commenced his celebrated "Irish Melodies," a work on which at least his public and permanent fame largely depends. The last of the Series were published 1834. To criticise them would be superfluous. They bear a strong evidence of Moore's love for his country, and at the same time express in the most beautiful language some of the most cherished sentiments of the heart.

He had now become well-known in the higher classes of society, and the brilliancy of his wit, the geniality of his character, and the conviviality of his disposition, made him a coveted guest even at the table of royalty. In 1811, he published an opera called "M.P.; or, the Blue Stocking," but this was one of the very few of Moore's

productions that resulted in failure. But it was fortunate that the disappointment occurred, as it confirmed his determination to pursue poetry alone. He married Miss Bessy Dyke in that year, a union which resulted in the greatest happiness, for although Moore was fond of society, his love for home, his wife, and his children, was predominate throughout his life.

Shortly after his marriage his "Two-penny Post Bag" appeared, and in 1812 he commenced his great work "Lalla Rookh." It may be interesting to quote from himself, how he obtained the materials for this work. He retired to the picturesque banks of the river Dove in Derbyshire, and went through a thorough course of Oriental reading. He says:—

"Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in *writing* this work, I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously *reading* for it. To form a storehouse, as it were, of purely Oriental, and so familiarise myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as fancy, in her airy spiritings, required the assistance of fact, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her 'strong bidding,' to furnish materials for the spell-work—such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me, more than sufficiently, for my pains."

This work made Moore's fame among those who esteem high class and refined poetry, and on the other hand his "Melodies" ensured his popularity among the masses. "Lalla Rookh" appeared in 1817, and for reasons that will be subsequently explained, it preceeds the rest of his works in the present volume.

But Moore had to suffer reverses. As already stated, he held an appointment at Bermuda, the duties of which he had confided to another. This deputy proved a defaulter, and although many friends came forward to help him, Moore was compelled to leave England. He visited Paris in 1819 with his friend, and subsequently his literary executor, Lord John (afterwards the late Earl) Russell. Subsequently he went to Italy, and visited Lord Byron, and other eminent men. He returned to Paris, and there produced his "Loves of the Angels," &c. The incidents of his exile from England gave rise to the "Rhymes on the Road." At length his pecuniary difficulties in England were arranged and he returned home. His memoirs of Captain Rock, a Life of Sheridan in 1825, "The Epicurean" in 1827, and a Life of Byron in 1830, were subsequently published, and numerous other works appeared, of which a complete edition was published in 1841-42, followed by another one in 1852-53. Translations of these have been made in continental languages.

During the later years of his life Moore remained in comparative seclusion. Family bereavements laid heavy on him, and eventually his intellect became clouded. He died on the 25th of February, 1852, at his residence, Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, amid the regrets, not only of the brilliant intellectual circles of society that he had enchanted, but also in the lasting remembrance of all lovers of refined poetry and National Song.

LALLA ROOKH.

THIS poem, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Moore, has been justly characterised as one of the finest lyrics that has ever been composed. It abounds with the richest representation of Oriental romance. The celebrated Lord Jeffrey remarks that in it:—"The land of the Sun has never shone out so brightly on the children of the North—nor the Sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted sense of Europe." The late Earl Russell, in more measured tones, but with equal enthusiasm, criticised this poem, and other eminent judges agree in pronouncing it as all but unsurpassed by either ancient or modern lyrical writers.

For these reasons Lalla Rookh has been placed first of all of Moore's poetical productions in the present volume. But others of his poems, &c., will be given, as nearly, as possible, in their chronological order of publication. Lalla Rookh was first published in 1817, with the following introductory remarks in prose by Moore:—

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharía, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.¹ During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, LALLA ROOKH;²—a princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila,³ Shirine,⁴ Dewildé,⁵ or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharía.

The day of LALLA ROOKH's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bázars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets troops of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the

¹ These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharía to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.

² Tulip-cheek.

³ The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many Romances, in all the languages of the East are founded.

⁴ For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad. See *D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections*, &c.

⁵ "The history of the loves of Dewildé and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem by the noble Chusero."—*Ferishta*.

Roses;¹ till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a calvacade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour,² the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimm'd kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Kedar Khan,³ in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples⁴ on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay, as it were, enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter,⁵ at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen, immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him.

¹ Gul Reazee.

² "One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettle-drum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end."—*Fryer's Travels*.

"Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles."—*Elphinstone's Account of Caubul*.

³ "Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King, of Turquestan, beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to

preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled."—*Richardson's Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary*.

⁴ "The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin."—*Scott's Notes on the Bahar-danush*.

⁵ In the poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels."

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue-gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars.”—And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector,¹ was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.²

During the first days of their journey, LALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens at Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl;³ sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West,⁴ as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks, and turtle-doves;”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which for a time made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LALLA ROOKH was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who now and then lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra,⁵ the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver,⁶ not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.⁷ At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful

¹ This hypocritical emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues.—“He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he with the other signed warrants for the assassination of his relations.”—*History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.

² “The idol at Jaghernaut has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda; one having stolen one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol.”—*Tavernier*.

³ “In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water.”—*Pennant's Hindostan*.

⁴ Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador from James I. to Jehanguir.

⁵ “The Romance Wamakwezra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet.”—*Note on the Oriental Tales*.

⁶ Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Namèh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream in order to draw the attention of the young hero who is encamped on the opposite side.—See *Champion's Translation*.

⁷ Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deev, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. Near the city of Shiraz is an immense quadrangular monument in commemoration of this combat, called the “Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed,” or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazophylacium Persicum*, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—See *Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies*.

or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets¹ was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when at length it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, FADLADEEN elevated his critical eyebrows, and having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium² which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,³—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet⁴ supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN, upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan⁵ who, in the year of the Hegira 163,

¹ “The women of the Idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft, harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices.”—*Maurice's Indian Antiquities*.

“The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank maybe known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them.”—*Calmet's Dictionary, art. Bells*.

² “Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium.”—*D'Herbelot*.

³ The Indian Apollo.—“He and the three Râmas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindustân were all passionately in love with Crishna, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women.”—*Sir W. Jones, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*.

⁴ See *Turners's Embassy* for a description of this animal, “the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats.” The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

⁵ For the real history of this Imposter, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna, from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D'Herbelot*.

created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began :—

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.¹

IN that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits blush over ev'ry stream,²
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Merou's³ bright palaces and groves ;—
There on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For far less luminous, his votaries said,⁴
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's⁵ cheek, when down the Mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God !

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands ;
Young fire-ey'd disputants, who deem their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words ;
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death !
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,⁶
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white ;
Their weapons various—some, equipp'd for speed,
With javelins of the light Kathaian reed,⁷
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems⁸ that bloom on Iran's rivers,⁹
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace, and ponderous battle-axe ;
And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem

¹ Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province, or Region of the sun.—*Sir W. Jones*.

² "The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place ; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves, and streams, and gardens."—*Ebn Haukal's Geography*.

³ One of the royal cities at Khorassan.

⁴ "Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoient par l'éclat de son visage comme Moïse."—*D'Herbelot*.

⁵ Moses. See Exodus C. xxxiv. v. 30.

⁶ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.—"Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coiffeures, et des étendards des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une qui lui fût plus opposée."—*D'Herbelot*.

⁷ "Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Khathaiian reeds, slender and delicate."—*Poems of Amru*.

Like a chenar-tree grove¹⁰ when winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where through the silken network, glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
To hint that aught but Heaven hath placed you there ?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind ?
No—wrongful thought !—commission'd from above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise),
There to recline among Heaven's native maids,
And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades—
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done ;
And ev'ry beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at Brahma's burning founts,¹¹
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's mounts ;
From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay,¹²
And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles ;
All, all are there ;—each land its flower hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven !

But why this pageant now ? this arm'd array ?
What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds¹³ of different shapes and dyes.

⁸ Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

⁹ The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes was made of it.—"Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of the rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias."—*Sir W. Jones, Botanical Observations on Indian Plants*.

¹⁰ The oriental plane. "The chenar is a delightful tree ; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark ; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green."—*Morier's Travels*.

¹¹ The burning fountains of Brahma, near Chittogong, esteemed as holy.—*Turner*.

¹² China.

¹³ "The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban."—*Beckmann's History of Inventions*.

Bending beneath th' invisible west-wind's sighs !
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine ?
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour ?
 Not such the pageant now, though not less proud ;
 Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,¹
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky ;—
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes
 Of cooler spirits and less practised swords,—
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
 The creed and standard of the heaven-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the west already knows
 Young Azim's fame ;—beyond th' Olympian snows,
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
 O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,²
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains ;—
 Oh ! who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains
 Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
 Kindling within him ? who, with heart and eyes,
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
 The shining footprints of her Deity,
 Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there ?
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
 For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell !
 And now, returning to his own dear land,
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,
 Haunt the good heart ;—proud views of human-kind,
 Of men to gods exalted and refined ;—
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
 Where earth and heaven but *seem*, alas, to meet !—
 Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was raised
 To right the nations, and beheld emblaz'd
 On the white flag, Mokanna's host unfurl'd,
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"

¹ "The inhabitants of Bucharina wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body."—*Account of Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection.*

² In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which see *Gibbon*, vol. x.

³ This wonderful throne was called the "Star of the Genii." For a full description of it see *Fragment*, translated by Capt. Franklin, from a Persian M.S., entitled "The History of Jerusalem," *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 235. When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, "He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left ; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased ; the army of birds at the same time flying over their

At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
 Th' inspiring summons : every chosen blade,
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
 Seem'd doubly edged, for this world and the next ;
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
 In virtue's cause ;—never was soul inspired
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
 Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
 And bring its primal glories back again !

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
 With shouts of "Alla !" echoing long and loud ;
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
 Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan
 The flying throne of star-taught Soliman !³
 Then thus he spoke :—"Stranger though new the frame
 Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
 For many an age,⁴ in every chance and change,
 Of that existence, through whose varied range,—
 As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand,
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand ;
 From frame to frame th' unextinguish'd soul
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal !

"Nor think 'tis only the gross spirits, warm'd
 With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,
 That run this course ;—Beings, the most divine,
 Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
 Such was the essence that in Adam dwelt,
 To which all heaven except the Proud One, knelt ?⁵
 Such the refined intelligence that glowed
 In Moussa's ⁶ frame ;—and, thence descending, flow'd
 Through many a Prophet's breast :⁷—in Issa ⁸ shone,

heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—*Sala's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214, *note*.

⁴ The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.—*D'Herbelot*.

⁵ "And when he said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused."—*The Koran*, chap ii.

⁶ Moses.

⁷ This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna :—"Sa doctrine étoit que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs prophètes, et autres grands hommes, qu'il avoit choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel profesoit l'erreur de la Tenassukhiyah, ou Metempsychose ; et qu'après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne."

⁸ Jesus.

And in Mohammed burn'd ; till, hastening on,
 (As a bright river that, from fall to fall
 In many a maze descending, bright through all,
 Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
 In one full lake of light it rests at last),
 That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
 From lapse or shadow, centres all in me !"

Again, throughout th' assembly, at these words,
 Thousands of voices rung ; the warriors' swords
 Were pointed up to heaven ; a sudden wind
 In th' open banners play'd, and from behind
 Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
 The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
 Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
 A perfume forth ;—like those of the Houris wave,
 When beckoning to their bowers th' Immortal Brave.

" But these," pursued the Chief, " are truths sublime,
 That claim a holier mood and calmer time
 Than earth allows us now ;—the sword must first
 The darkling prison-house of Mankind burst,
 Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
 Her wakening daylight on a world of sin.
 But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
 Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall ;
 When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down
 His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,
 The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,
 And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
 Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
 That whole dark pile of human mockeries ;—
 Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,
 And starting fresh as from a second birth,
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing !
 Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
 Shall cast the Veil, that hides its splendours now,
 And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide ex-
 panse,
 Bask in the glories of this countenance !

" For thee, young warrior welcome !—thou hast yet
 Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
 Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave ;—
 But, once my own, mine all till in the grave !"

The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—
 Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
 Of that deep voice which thrill'd like Alla's own !
 The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
 The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught glances ;
 The old deep pondering on the promised reign
 Of peace and truth ; and all the female train

Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
 A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze !

But there was one, among the chosen maids
 Who blushed behind the gallery's silken shades,
 One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
 Has been like death :—you saw her pale dismay,
 Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
 Of exclamation from her lips, when first
 She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
 Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah, Zelica ! there *was* a time, when bliss
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his ;
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer.
 When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
 Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
 Too happy days ! when, if he touched a flower
 Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour ;
 When thou didst study him, till every tone
 And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
 Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
 In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
 Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
 With twice the ærial sweetness it had brought !
 Yet now he comes,—brighter than even he
 Ere beam'd before,—but ah ! not bright for thee ;
 No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
 From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
 Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
 Long lost to all but memory's aching sight :—
 Sad dreams ! as when the Spirit of our youth
 Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
 And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
 In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
 Of our young life, and points out every ray
 Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way !

Once happy pair !—in proud Bokhara's groves,
 Who had not heard of their first youthful loves ?
 Born by that ancient flood,¹ which from its spring
 In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
 Enrich'd by ev'ry pilgrim brook that shines
 With relics from Bucharra's ruby mines,
 And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
 In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length ;—
 There on the banks of that bright river born,
 The flowers, that hung above its waves at morn,
 Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
 With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh

¹ The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian Sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

And virgin glance of first affection cast
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it passed !
 But war disturb'd this vision—far away
 From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th' array
 Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
 The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place
 For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash ;
 His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
 Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
 For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
 Their suns away,—but, ah ! how cold and dim
 Even summer suns, when not beheld with him !
 From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
 Like spirit tongues, muttering the sick man's name,
 Just ere he dies :—at length, those sounds of dread
 Fell withering on her soul, “ Azim is dead ! ”
 Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
 In the wide world, without that only tie
 For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die ;—
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken !

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
 Ev'n reason sunk, blighted beneath its touch ;
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
 Though health and bloom return'd the delicate chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray ;—
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one !
 Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled,
 But 'twas a lustre strange, unreal, wild ;
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
 'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
 The bulbul¹ utters, ere her soul depart,
 When, vanquished by some minstrel's powerful art,
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart !

Such was the mood in which that mission found
 Young Zelica,—that mission, which around,
 The Eastern world, in every region blest
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the skies :—
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives
 Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's withered leaves,
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find

¹ The Nightingale.

In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
 All fire at once the maddening zeal she caught ;—
 Elect of Paradise ! blest, rapturous thought ;
 Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
 Of some brave youth—ha ! durst they say “ of *some* ? ”
 No—of the one, one only object traced
 In her heart's core too deep to be effaced ;
 The one whose memory, fresh as life is twined
 With every broken link of her lost mind ;
 Whose image lives, though reason's self be wreck'd,
 Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect !

Alas, poor Zelica ! it needed all
 The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
 To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
 A sainted colony for Eden's shades ;
 Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
 Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came
 From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
 With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here !
 No—had not reason's light totally set,
 And left thee dark, thou hast an amulet
 In the loved image, graven on thy heart,
 Which would have saved thee from the tempter's art,
 And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
 That purity, whose fading is love's death !—
 But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took place
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace ;—
 First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
 In zeal and charms,—too well th' Impostor nursed
 Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
 Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twined.
 No art was spared, no witchery ;—all the skill
 His demons taught him was employed to fill
 Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
 That gloom, through which frenzy but fiercer burns ;
 That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
 Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness !

'Twas from a brilliant banquet where the sound
 Of poesy and music breathed around,
 Together picturing to her mind and ear
 The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere,
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
 And, realizing more than youthful love
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
 Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride !—
 'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,

To the dim charnel-house ;—through all its steams
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
 To shew the gay and proud *she* too can shine—
 And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,
 Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,
 To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
 There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
 And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,
 Such—oh ! the look and taste of that red bowl
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language framed,
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
 She swore, and the wide charnel echo'd, "Never, never !"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
 To him and—she believed, lost maid !—to Heaven ;
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed,
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram named
 The Priestess of the Faith !—how flash'd her eyes
 With light, alas, that was not of the skies,
 When round in trances, only less than hers,
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers !
 Well might Mokanna think that form alone
 Had spells enough to make the world his own :—
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
 When from its stem the small bird wings away :
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,
 The soul was lost ; and blushes, swift and wild,
 As are the momentary meteors sent
 Across th' uncalm but beauteous firmament.
 And then her look !—oh ! where's the heart so wise,
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes ?
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
 Like those of angels, just before their fall ;
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now cross'd
 By glimpses of the Heaven her heart had lost ;
 In every glance there broke, without control,
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made !

And such was now young Zelica—so changed
 From her who, some years since, delighted ranged
 The almond groves that shade Bokhara's tide,
 All life and bliss, with Azim by her side !
 So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
 When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
 The vision of that youth, whom she had loved,

And wept as dead, before her breathed and moved :
 When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
 But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
 Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
 Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight,

O Reason ! who shall say what spells renew,
 When least we look for it, thy broken clew ?
 Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
 Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again ?
 And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win
 Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within,
 One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
 By memory's magic, lets in all the rest ?
 Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee !
 But, though light came, it came but partially ;
 Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
 Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence ;
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
 But not to point the harbour which might save.
 Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
 With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind ;
 But oh ! to think how deep her soul had gone
 In shame and falsehood since those moments shone
 And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,
 And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
 Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
 From light, whose every glimpse was agony !
 Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
 Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears,
 Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
 Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
 And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
 Through valleys where their flow had long been lost !

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
 Trembled with horror, when the summons came
 (A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
 And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy),
 To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
 A garden oratory, cool and fair,
 By the stream's side, where still at close of day
 The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray ;
 Sometimes alone—but oftener far with one,
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
 As the young Priestess ; and though, since that night
 When the death-caverns echo'd every tone
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
 Th' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
 And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous things,
 As ev'n across the desperate wanderings

Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt ;—
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow,
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
Would soon, proud triumph ! be to her reveal'd,
To her alone :—and then the hope, most dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression here
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
Ev'n purer than before,—as perfumes rise
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the
skies—

And that when Azim's fond divine embrace
Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace
Would on that bosom he once loved remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again !—
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
And made her think even damning falsehood sweet.
But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,
That Semblance—oh, how terrible, if true !—
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep ;—
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair !

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground,—

¹ The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the saints of Persia.—*Chardin*.

² An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

³ The miraculous well at Mecca ; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

⁴ *The God Hannaman*.—"Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race."—*Pennant's Hindostan*.

See a curious account in "Stephen's Persia," of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

From that wild Zelica, whose every glance
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance !

Upon his couch the Veil'd Mokanna lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
In holy Koom,¹ or Mecca's dim arcades,—
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
Stood vases, filled with Kishmee's² golden wine,
And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine ;
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness,³ had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower !
And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie ;
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From Eblis at the fall of Man, he spoke ;—
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven ;
God's images, forsooth !—such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity ;⁴
Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right !—⁵
Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name !—
Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
As hooded falcons, through the universe
I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey !

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light

⁵ This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted :—"The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia, to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years : the angels, in the meantime, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest ; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such."—*Sale on the Koran*.

From dead men's marrow guides them best at night¹—
 Ye shall have honours—wealth,—yes, Sages, yes—
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
 But a gilt stick, a bauble, blinds it here.
 How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
 In lying speech, and still more lying song,
 By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;
 Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
 A screp'tre's puny point can wield it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
 Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds;
 Who, bolder even than Nimrod, think to rise,
 By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies;
 Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,
 Seen, heard, attested, everything—but true.
 Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
 One grace of meaning for the things they speak;
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,
 For truths too heavenly to be understood;
 And your state priests, sole vendors of the lore,
 That works salvation;—as on Ava's shore,
 Where none *but* priests are privileged to trade
 In that best marble of which Gods are made;²
 They shall have mysteries—aye, precious stuff
 For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough;
 Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
 Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
 While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
 A Heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
 A splendid Paradise—pure souls, ye must:
 That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
 Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all;
 Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
 And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
 Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,
 The heaven of each is but what each desires,
 And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
 Man would be man to all eternity!
 So let him—Eblis! grant this crowning curse,
 But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse."

"O, my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering maid,
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said;—
 Mokanna started—not abash'd, afraid,—
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
 But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
 "O, my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear,

So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
 In which the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,
 That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could dim
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with ready wile,
 Th' Impostor turned to greet her—"thou, whose smile
 Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
 Beyond the Enthusiast's hope and Prophet's dream!
 Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal
 So close with love's, men know not which they feel,
 Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,
 The heaven thou preachest or the heaven thou art!
 What should I be without thee? without thee
 How dull were power, how joyless victory!
 Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
 Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.
 But—why so mournful, child? those eyes, that shone
 All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?
 Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them
 pale,

They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail,
 Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
 From Light's own fount supplies of brilliancy.
 Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,
 But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
 Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
 Catching the gem's bright colour as they go.
 Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—
 Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns;
 'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—
 Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night;
 There is a youth—why start?—thou saw'st him then
 Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like men
 Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above;—
 Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
 Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
 The world calls virtue—we must conquer this;—
 Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for thee
 To scan the mazes of Heaven's mystery.
 The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
 Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
 This very night I mean to try the art
 Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
 All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
 Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
 Shall tempt the boy; young Mirzala's blue eyes,
 Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
 Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
 And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,

¹ A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

² The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) is made is held sacred. "Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the deity ready-made."—*Syme's Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

Have magic in their pressure ; Zeba's lute,
 And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
 Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep—
 All shall combine their witching powers to steep
 My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
 From which to heaven is but the next advance ;—
 That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
 On which Religion stamps her image best.
 But hear me, Priestess !—though each nymph of these
 Hath some peculiar, practised power to please,
 Some glance or step, which, at the mirror tried,
 First charms herself, then all the world beside ;
 There still wants *one* to make the victory sure,
 One who in every look joins every lure ;
 Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated pass,
 Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass ;
 Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
 Whose words, even when unmeaning, are adored,
 Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
 Which our faith takes for granted are divine !
 Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
 To crown the rich temptations of to-night ;
 Such the refined enchantress that must be
 This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she !”

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
 From which these words, like south winds through a fence
 Of Kerzrah flowers, came filled with pestilence ;¹
 So boldly utter'd too ! as if all dread
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
 And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged in,
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin !

At first, though mute, she listen'd, like a dream
 Seem'd all he said ; nor could her mind, whose beam
 As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
 But when, at length, he uttered, “ Thou art she ! ”
 All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,
 “ Oh not for worlds ! ” she cried—“ Great God ! to whom
 I once knelt innocent, is this my doom ?
 Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
 My purity, my pride, then come to this ?—
 To live the wanton of a fiend ! to be
 The pander of his guilt—oh infamy !
 And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
 In its hot flood, drag others down as deep !
 Others ?—ha ! yes—that youth who came to-day—
 Not him I loved—not him—ch, do but say,
 But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
 And I will serve, dark fiend, will worship even thee ! ”

¹ “ It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzereh), it will kill him.”—*Thevenot*.

“ Beware, young raving thing !—in time beware,
 Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
 Even from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice ;
 The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
 To see those fires, no matter whence they rise
 Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes ;
 And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet !—those eyes were made
 For love, not anger—I must be obey'd.”

“ Obey'd !—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
 On me—on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
 Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too ?
 Must *he*, too, glorious as he is, be driven,
 A renegade, like me, from Love and Heaven ?
 Like me ?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me ;
 No—he's all truth and strength and purity !
 Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,
 Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers !
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain !
 Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
 Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—
 Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,
 Whom once he loved !—once !—*still* loves dotingly.
 Thou laugh'st tormentor,—what !—thou'lt brand *my*
 name ?

Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—
 He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky
 Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.
 But this is past—though worse than death my lot,
 Than hell—'tis nothing, while *he* knows it not.
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
 Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die ;
 Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
 But I may fade and fall without a name !
 And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
 Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
 And spread'st it—oh, so quick !—through soul and frame,
 With more than demon's art, till I became
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame !—
 If, when I'm gone—”

“ Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
 Nor tempt my rage !—by Heaven, not half so bold

The puny bird that dares, with teasing hum,
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come ;¹
 And so thou'lt fly, forsooth ?—what !—give up all
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
 Where now to Love and now to Alla given,
 Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
 As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven !
 Thou'lt fly ?—as easily may reptiles run
 The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon ;
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be
 Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
 No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
 Thou'rt mine till death, till death Mokanna's bride !
 Hast thou forgot thy oath ?—"

At this dread word,
 The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
 Through all its depths, and roused an anger there,
 That burst and lighten'd even through her despair—
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

"Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers
 Their bridal place—the charnel vault was ours !
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality ;—
 Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead
 (Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt),
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out !
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—
 That cup—thou shudderest, Lady—was it sweet ?
 That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,

Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul all mine ;
 Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst,
 No matter now, not hell itself shall burst !
 Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
 Look wild, look—anything but sad ; yet stay—
 One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
 Ha ! ha ! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
 And that I love mankind ?—I do, I do—
 As victims, love them ; as the sea-dog doats
 Upon the small sweet fry that round him floats ;
 Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
 That rank and venomous food on which she lives !²

"And now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
 'Tis time these *features* were uncurtained too ;—
 This brow, whose light—oh rare celestial light !
 Hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd sight ;
 These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
 Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—
 Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his sake !
 But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
 That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
 Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
 Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth ;
 And on that race who, though more vile they be
 Than mowing apes, are demigods to me !
 Here—judge if hell, with all its powers to damn,
 Can add one curse to the foul thing I am !—"

He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
 Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground !

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated ; some artists of Yamtcheou³ having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo work⁴ were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

¹ The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lapwing as a fact to which he was witness, by Paul Lucas, *Voyage fait en 1714*.

The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java.—*Barrow's Cochín-China*.

² Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert.—*Solinus*.

³ "The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than anywhere else : and the report goes, that the illu-

minations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees ; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence."—*The Present State of China*, p. 156.

⁴ See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the "*Asiatic Annual Register*," of 1804.

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.¹

Without a moment's delay, young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLADEEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded :—

PREPARE thy soul, young Azim !—thou hast braved
The bands of Greece, still mighty, though enslaved ;
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame ;
All this has fronted, with firm heart and brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs ;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze ;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the downcast lid.
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee ; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he, who in virtue arms,
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites ;—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully,

¹ "The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned ; this afflicted father, with his family, run thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day ; they continued the ceremony every year ; every one lighted his lantern and by degrees it commenced into a custom."—*Present State of China*.

² "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes."—*Solomon's Song*.

³ "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."—*Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush*.

⁴ The women blacken the inside of their eye-lids with a powder named the black Kohol."—*Russell*.

Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
Like Seba's Queen could vanquish with that one² :—
While some bring leaves of henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,³
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream ;
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark anguish to the eye,⁴
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful !

All is in motion ; rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining everywhere ;—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ;
Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,⁵
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood, .
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud

"None of these ladies," says Shaw, "take themselves to be completely dressed till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30) may be supposed to mean by *rending the eyes with painting*. The practice is no doubt of great antiquity ; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings ix. 30) '*to have painted her face*,' the original words are '*she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore*.'"—*Shaw's Travels*.

⁵ "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Champac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions."—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream ;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—
The sweet Elcaya,¹ and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy—²
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents
The well, the camels, and her father's tents ;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again !

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount is heard around,
Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;
And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
The bowers of Tibet,³ send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing to the road
For some pure spirit to its blest abode ;—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon •
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers :
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own !
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace

Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;—
While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,⁴
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree⁵
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,⁶ and the thrush
Of Hindostan,⁷ whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ;—
Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food⁸
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood ;⁹
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;¹⁰
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds¹¹ that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,
More like the luxuries of that impious King,¹²
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted even in pleasure's porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchise-
ment,—

Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

"Is this then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
Of worldly sloth,—to teach him, while he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame ?
It was not so, Land of the generous thought

of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song."—*Pennant's Hindostan*.

⁸ Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the Emmets come and eat off their legs ; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

⁹ Birds of Paradise, which at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India ; and "the strength of the nutmeg," says Tavernier, "so intoxicates them, that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

¹⁰ "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth his nest with cinnamon."—*Brown's Vulgar Errors*.

¹¹ "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds."—*Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

¹² Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irin, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

¹ A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen.—*Niebuhr*.

² Of the genus *Mimosa*, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."—*Ibid*.

³ Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—*Turner's Tibet*.

⁴ "C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloës, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité."—*D'Herbelot*.

⁵ "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees."—*Barrow*.

⁶ "In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."—*Pitt's Account of the Mahometans*.

⁷ "The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers

And daring deed, thy godlike sages taught;
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
 Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies;
 Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
 Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow
 With which she wreathed her sword, when she would dare
 Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath.
 Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
 This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities!—
 Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there,
 A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting place.
 But no—it cannot be, that one, whom God
 Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
 A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
 Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane its cause
 With the world's vulgar pomps; no, no—I see—
 He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul;—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze!"

So thought the youth;—but, ev'n while he defied
 This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
 Through every sense. The perfume breathing round,
 Like a pervading spirit;—the still sound
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
 Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep!¹
 And music too—dear music! that can touch
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this;
 Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;
 He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
 Silent and happy—as if God had given
 Nought else worth looking at on this side Heaven!

"Oh my loved mistress! thou, whose spirit still

¹ "My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica), is their *Sephalica*, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms."—*Sir W. Jones*.

Is with me, round me, wander where I will—
 It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
 The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
 With warm approval—in that gentle look,
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
 And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
 I gain a smile, worth immortality!
 How shall I bear the moment, when restored
 To that young heart where I alone am lord,
 Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
 Alone deserve to be the happiest:—
 When from those lips unbreathed upon for years,
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
 And find those tears warm as when last they started,
 Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted.
 O my own life!—why should a single day,
 A moment keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
 Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
 Each note of which but adds new, downy links
 To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
 He turns him toward the sound, and, far away
 Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
 Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day
 Leaves on the waters when he sinks from us;
 So long the path, its light so tremulous,—
 He sees a group of female forms advance,
 Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
 By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
 As they were captives to the King of Flowers;²
 And some disporting round, unlinked and free,
 Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,
 And round and round them still, in wheeling flight,
 Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
 While others waked, as gracefully along
 Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
 From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
 Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still.
 And now they come, now pass before his eye,
 Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
 With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
 Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.
 Awhile they dance before him, then divide
 Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
 Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
 Till silently dispersing, one by one,
 Through many a path that from the chamber leads
 To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
 Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
 And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—

² They deferred it until the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage.—*The Bahardanush*.

Beckoning them back in vain, for they are gone,
 And she is left in all that light alone
 No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
 In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;
 But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,¹
 Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,²
 From which, on either side, gracefully hung
 A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line
 From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine;
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
 Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.
 But when at length a timid glance she stole
 At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
 She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
 And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
 Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat her down
 Upon a musnud's³ edge, and, bolder grown,
 In the pathetic mode of Isfahan⁴
 Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:—

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's⁵ stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
 That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they
 shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if thou wert sent,
 With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
 To wake unholy wishes in this heart,

¹ "One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold-plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear."—*Hanway's Travels*.

² "Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy, a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz."—*Tavernier*.

³ Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art,
 For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
 But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay
 Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
 And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—
 So gently back to its first innocence,
 That I would sooner stop the unchain'd dove,
 When swift returning to its home of love,
 And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
 Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
 The gently-open'd curtains of light blue
 That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
 Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
 That sat so still and melancholy there:—
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in
 From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
 Which those without fling after them in play,
 Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
 Who live in th' air on odours,—and around
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
 Chase one another, in a varying dance
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
 While she, who sung so gently to the lute
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
 But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh,
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
 Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danced
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;⁶
 While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
 Of curls descending, bells as musical
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
 Of Eden, shake in the eternal breeze,⁷
 Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
 As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet.

⁴ The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes, or perdas, by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

⁵ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilmimar.

⁶ "To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badkn) was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds."—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

⁷ "To which will be added, the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God as often as the blessed wish for music."—*Salé*.

At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed
 Within each other's arms ; while soft there breathed
 Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
 Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
 From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;
 And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
 The ear could track through all that maze of chords
 And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words :—

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
 Is burning now through earth and air ,
 Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
 Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
 And his floating eyes—oh ! *they* resemble¹
 Blue water-lilies² when the breeze
 Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !
 Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave, Who blushing unite, Like the sun and wave, When they meet at night :	By the first love-beat Of the youthful heart, By the bliss to meet, And the pain to part :
By the tear that shows When passion is nigh, As the rain-drop flows From the heat of the sky :	By all that thou hast To mortals given, Which—oh ! could it last, This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, enchanting Power !
 Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene whose luxuries stole,
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,

¹ "Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies agitated by the breeze."—*Jayadeva*.

² The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

³ It has been generally supposed that the Mohammedans prohibit all pictures of animals ; but Toderini shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

⁴ *Whose orb when half-retired looks loveliest*.—This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley," says Keill, "has shewn that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun ; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

⁵ For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D'Herbelot and the notes on the Koran*, chap. 2. "In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival

And where, midst all that the young heart loves most,
 Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
 The youth had started up, and turn'd away
 From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—³
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense ;—
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there ;
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ;
 Which knows e'en Beauty when half veil'd is best,
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest.⁴
There hung the history of the Genii-King
 Traced through each gay, voluptuous wandering
 With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
 He read that to be blest is to be wise ;—⁵
Here fond Zuleika⁶ woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that heaven and she could *both* be won :
 And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile ;—
 Then beckons some kind angel from above
 With a new text to consecrate their love !⁷

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
 Here paused he, while the music, now less near,
 Breathed with a holier language on his ear,
 As though the distance and that heavenly ray
 Through which the sounds came floating, took away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.

of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass laid over running water in which the fish were swimming. This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her. 'Enter the palace.' And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water. . . . Whereupon Solomon said to her 'Verily this is the place evenly floored with glass,' " chap. 27.

⁶ The wife of Potiphar thus named by the Orientals.

"The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much-esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef van Zelikha*, by Nouredin Jami ; the manuscript copy of which in the Bodleian library at Oxford is supposed to be the finest in the whole world."—*Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafes*

⁷ The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in Gagnier's notes upon Abulfeda, p. 151.

Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmoved,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he loved?
 Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou mayest;
 'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
 Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light that made it dear depart.
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heaven!
 Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely!
 Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—
 Alone!—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—
 Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
 Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
 But in that deep blue, melancholy dress,¹
 Bokhara's maidens wear, in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;—
 And such as Zelica had on that day
 He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
 Than mere compassion ever waked before;
 Unconsciously he opens his arms, while she
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;—
 Her veil falls of—her faint hands clasp his knees—
 'Tis she herself!—'tis Zelica he sees!
 But ah, so pale, so changed—none but a lover
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
 The once adored divinity—even he
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blazed,
 Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
 Who, e'en when grief was heaviest—when loth

¹ "Deep blue is their mourning colour."—*Hanway*.

² The sorrowful *nyctanthes*, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night flower,²
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

"Look up, my Zelica—one moment show
 Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
 Thy life, thy loveliness, is not all gone,
 But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
 Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear glance,
 Like those of old, were heaven! whatever chance
 Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a blessed one!
 There—my lov'd lips—they move—that kiss hath run
 Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
 And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again.
 Oh, the delight!—now, in this very hour,
 When had the whole rich world been in my power
 I should have singled out thee, only thee,
 From the whole world's collected treasury—
 To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
 My own best, purest Zelica, once more!"

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips
 Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse,
 And gradual as the snow at Heaven's breath,
 Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
 Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were seen
 Gazing on his,—not, as they late had been,
 Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
 As if to lie e'en for that tranced minute,
 So near his heart, had consolation in it;
 And thus to wake in his beloved caress
 Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
 But, when she heard him call her good and pure,
 Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!
 Shuddering, she broke away from his embrace,
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
 Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
 A heart of very marble, "Pure!—Oh Heaven!—"

That tone—those looks so changed—the withering
 blight,
 That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light;
 The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
 Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
 He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
 Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;—
 And then the place—that bright, unholy place,
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
 And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
 Its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves;—³
 All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold

³ "Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam trees, I made very particular enquiry; several were brought me alive both to Yambo and Jidda."—*Bruce*.

As death itself;—it needs not to be told—
 No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
 Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand,
 That could from Heaven and him such brightness sever,
 'Tis done—to Heaven and him she's lost for ever!
 It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
 The lingering, lasting misery of years,
 Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
 Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
 Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
 Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

“Oh! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he toss'd
 His desperate hand towards Heaven—“though I am lost,
 Think not that guilt, that falsehood made we fall,
 No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness, did it all!
 Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceased—
 I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
 That every spark of reason's light must be
 Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee!
 They told me thou wert dead—why, Azim, why
 Did we not, both of us, that instant die
 When we were parted?—oh! couldst thou but know
 With what a deep devotedness of woe
 I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
 And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
 My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
 And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
 O God! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,
 When every hope was all at once o'ercast.
 When I heard frightful voices round me say
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
 All wild—and even this quenchless love within
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou would'st—that sky
 Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
 The fiend, who lured me hither—hist! come near,
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
 Told me such things—oh! with such devilish art,
 As would have ruin'd even a holier heart—
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
 Where bless'd at length, if I but served *him* here
 I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.
 Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
 Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh! that I durst
 Kiss off that tear; but, no—these lips are curst,

They must not touch thee;—one divine caress,
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness
 I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
 Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die!
 The last of joy's last relics here below,
 The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
 My heart has treasured from affection's spring,
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go;
 This place is not for thee—for thee! oh, no;
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!
 Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts once good
 Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his food.—
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
 As hell from heaven, to all eternity!”—

“Zelica! Zelica!” the youth exclaim'd,
 In all the tortures of a mind inflamed
 Almost to madness—“by that sacred Heaven,
 Where yet, if prayers can move, thou'lt be forgiven
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
 All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
 By the remembrance of our once pure love,
 Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
 I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence
 Fly with me from this place,—”

“With thee! oh bliss,
 'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
 What! take the lost one with thee?—let her rove
 By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
 When we were both so happy, both so pure—
 Too heavenly dream! if there's on earth a cure
 For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
 To be the blest companion of thy way;—
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
 And in their light rechasten'd silently,
 Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon;
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
 At dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
 Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
 Full of sweet tears unto the darkening skies,
 And plead for me with Heaven, till I can dare
 To fix my own weak sinful glances there;
 Till the good angels, when they see me cling
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,

Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heaven!
Oh, yes, I'll fly with thee——"

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
As that of Monker, waking up the dead
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—
Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"
O Heaven, the ghastliness of that Maid's look!—
"Tis he" faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement now, nought but the skies
And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—
"Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
My oath, my oath, O God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,

Their blue lips echoed it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glared on me, while I pledged that bowl,
'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
And the Veiled Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night
What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
So horrible—oh! never mayest thou see
What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
Nor Heaven's nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
Hold me not—ha!—think'st thou the fiends that sever
Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!"

With all that strength, which madness lends the weak,
She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—
Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly as some dark ominous bird of light
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FADLADEEN. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imaging that Azim must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istakhar,¹ is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl² upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-Tala or Sea of Stars),³ informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn until entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better

¹ "In the territory of Istakhar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet, and half sour."—*Ebn Haukal*.

² For an account of this ceremony, see *Grandpré's Voyage in the Indian Ocean*.

³ "The place where the Whangho, or river of Thibet rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun-nor, that is the Sea of Stars."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*.

than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from FADLADEEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued :—

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers¹
Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilminar,²
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armoury !—
Princely pavilions screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold ;—
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poytrels glittering in the sun ;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,³
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells !

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the locust-bird⁴
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ;—
Yet hark ! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams, are revelling in the wind ;
The neigh of cavalry ;—the tinkling throngs

¹ "The Lescar, or Imperial Camp, is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and, from a rising ground, furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents."—*Dow's Hindostan*.

Colonel White gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment :—

"His camp, like those of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive enclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents ; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches ; palm leaves hastily spread over similar supports ; handsome tents and splendid canopies ; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels ; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses ; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair."—*Historical Sketches of the South of India*.

Of laden camels and their drivers' songs ;—⁵
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies ;—
War-music bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime ;—
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That far-off, broken by the eagle note
Of th' Abyssinian trumpet,⁶ swell and float !

Who leads this mighty army ?—ask ye "who?"
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue
The Night and Shadow,⁷ over yonder tent ?—
It is the Caliph's glorious armament
Roused in his Palace by the dread alarms,
That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
Defiance fierce at Islam⁸ and the world ;—
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
The veils of his bright Palace calm reclined,
Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign ;

² The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

³ "A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells."—*Ali Bey*.

⁴ A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

⁵ "Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully."—*Pitt's Account of the Mohammedans*.

"The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe ; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music."—*Tavernier*.

⁶ "This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle."—*Note of Bruce's Editor*

⁷ "The two black standards borne before the caliphs of the House of Abbas were called allegorically the Night and the Shadow."—*Gibbon*.

⁸ The Mahometan religion.

But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave,¹
To conquer or to perish, once more gave
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army, nursed in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'errun
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display
Such pomp before :—not e'en when on his way
To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
Were spoiled to feed the Pilgrim's luxury ;²
When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw
Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow ;—³
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphate.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock,⁴
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock :⁵
Then, chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry ;—⁶
Men, from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South ;
And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks
From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,⁷
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the white standard of th' Impostor throng'd.
Beside his thousands of Believers,—blind,
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
The bloody Islamite's converting steel,

¹ "The Persians swear by the tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin ; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave."—*Struy.*

² Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

³ Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam.—*Abulfeda.*

⁴ The inhabitants of Hejaz, or Arabia Petræa, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock."—*Ebn Haukal.*

⁵ "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds."—*Niebuhr.*

⁶ "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems."—*Asiat. Misc.* vol. i.

⁷ Azab or Saba.

⁸ "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans."—*Account of Independent Tartary.*

⁹ In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises."—*Ebn Haukal.*

¹⁰ For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains see *Elphinstone's Caubul.*

Flock'd to his banner ;—Chiefs of th' Uzbek race,
Waving their heron crests with martial grace ;⁸
Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
From th' aromatic pastures of the North ;
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,⁹—and those
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of Hindoo Kosh,¹⁰ in stormy freedom bred,
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand
Or sterner hate than Iran's outlaw'd men,
Her Worshippers of Fire¹¹—all panting then
For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen ;
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrine o'erturn'd,
From Yezd's¹² eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged saints in dreams of heaven expire ;
From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Caspian,¹³ fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled !

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners toss'd
Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And ris'n again, and found them grappling yet ;
While streams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to Heaven—hot as that crimson haze,¹⁴
By which the prostrate caravan is awed,
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad !
"On, Swords of God !" the panting Caliph calls,—

¹¹ The Ghebers, or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home or forced to become wanderers abroad.

¹² "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain."—*Stephen's Persia.*

¹³ When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible."—*Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku.*

¹⁴ Savary says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller surprised in the middle of the desert. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

"Thrones for the living—Heaven for him who falls!"
 "On, brave avengers, on," Mokanna cries,
 "And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies!"
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
 They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops give way!
 Mokanna's self plucks the black Banner down,
 And now the Orient World's Imperial crown
 Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!
 Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems' rout;
 And now they turn—they rally—at their head
 A warrior, (like those angel youths, who led,
 In glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,
 The Champions of the Faith through Beder's vale,¹
 Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
 Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
 At once the multitudinous torrent back,
 While hope and courage kindle in his track,
 And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
 Terrible vistas through which victory breaks!
 In vain Mokanna, midst the general flight,
 Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
 Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky,—
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,
 To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
 And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy.
 The panic spreads—"A miracle!" throughout,
 The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
 The needle tracks the load-star following him!

Right tow'rd's Mokanna now he cleaves his path,
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
 He bears from Heaven withheld its awful burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
 To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst!
 But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,
 Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 Mokanna's soul would have defied them all;—
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
 For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along;
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
 Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
 In this forced flight is—murdering as he goes!

¹ In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum.—*The Koran and its Commentators*.

As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
 Turns ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

"Alla illa alla!"—the glad shout renew—
 "Alla Akbar!" the Caliph's in Merou.
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in thē streets,
 And light your shrines and chant your ziraleets;²
 The Swords of God have triumph'd—on his throne
 Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
 In all the graceful attitude of power,
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
 Who doth not wonder, when amidst th' perilous acclaim
 Of thousands heralding to heaven his name—
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
 Like music round a planet as it rolls,—
 He turns away,—coldly as if some gloom
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine;—
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.
 Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,³
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead!—
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
 Came, by long use of suffering, tame, and slow;
 But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
 It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past
 Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last—
 'Twas then, even then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
 This mortal blight of misery came down;
 Ev'n then, the full warm gushings of thy heart
 Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start—
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,—
 Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
 O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.

² The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.—*Russel*.

³ The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,
Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
And, when all hope seem'd desperate, wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and saved a world.
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists—like lightning fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
With a small band of desperate fugitives,
The last sole stubborn fragment left unruin'd
Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,
He gain'd Merou—breathed a short curse of blood
O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the Jihon's flood,¹
And gathering all, whose madness of belief
Still saw a Saviour in their down-fallen Chief,
Raised the white banner within Neksheb's gates,²
And there, untamed, th' approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One—not for love—not for her beauty's light—
For Zelica stood withering 'midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From th' Alma tree and dies, while overhead
To-day's young flower is springing in its stead!³
No, not for love—the deepest Damn'd must be
Touch'd with Heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity!
But no, she is his victim;—*there* lie all
Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph; this the joy accurs'd
That ranks him among demons all but first!

¹ The ancient Oxus.

² A city of Transoxiana.

³ "You never can cast your eye on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth in their stead," &c., &c.—*Nieuhoff*.

⁴ The demons of the Persian mythology.

⁵ Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season. —See his *Travels*.

⁶ Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal.—*D'Herbelot*.

⁷ Chosroes. For the description of his throne or palace, see *Gibbon and D'Herbelot*.

This gives the victim, that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire illumines
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
All the deep daringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives⁴ have gifted him—for mark,
Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,
Those lanterns, countless as the wing'd lights
That spangle India's fields on showery nights,—⁵
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.

Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
Mokanna views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though entail'd, beset,
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;—
That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as they.

"Oh! for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,
Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian king⁶
To darkness in a moment, that I might
People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan;
Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—King—
Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
Sounds, that shall glad me even within my grave!"
Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different strain:—

"Glorious Defenders of the sacred Crown
I bear from Heaven, whose light nor blood shall drown
Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems
The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne
Of Parviz,⁷ and the heron crest that shone,⁸
Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,⁹
Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies!
Warriors rejoice—the port, to which we've pass'd

There were said to be under this throne or palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with "treasures so immense, that some Mohammedan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou."—*Universal History*.

⁸ "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban."—From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb.—*Chardin*.

⁹ The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe anything as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali.—*Chardin*.

O'er Destiny's dark wave, beams out at last :
 Victory's our own—'tis written in that Book
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
 That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
 When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
 From Neksheb's Holy Well portentously shall rise !
 Now turn and see !—"

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
 Rise from the Holy Well,¹ and cast its light
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles,—²
 Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
 Of many a dome and fair-roof'd minaret,
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set !
 Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
 A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
 Had waked, and burst impatient through the bar
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war !
 While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,
 The glorious light which, in his freedom's day,
 Had rested on the Ark,³ and now again
 Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain !

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
 Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call ;
 But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
 Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
 Right on into the Moslem's mighty force.
 The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
 Had paused and even forgot the punctual sounds
 Of the small drum with which they count the night,⁴
 To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
 Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
 "On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,"⁵
 Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean ;
 There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky lance
 May now achieve mankind's deliverance !"
 Desperate the die—such as they only cast,
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.

But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
 Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade,
 And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
 Pour to the spot,—like bees of Kauzeroon⁶
 To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
 And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the plain
 With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train ;
 Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil
 Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
 Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
 Catching the tempest's momentary light !

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low,
 Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No.
 Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
 To thrones and vict'ry, lie disgraced and dead,
 Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,
 Still vaunt of thrones and vict'ry to the rest ;—
 And they believe him !—oh ! the lover may
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away ;—
 The babe may cease to think that it can play
 With heaven's rainbow ;—alchymists may doubt
 The shining gold their crucible gives out ;—
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' Impostor knew all lures and arts,
 That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts ;
 Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
 Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.
 Ill-fated Zelica ! had reason been
 Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
 Thou never couldst have borne it—Death had come
 At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
 But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th' intense
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
 When her last hope of peace and heaven took flight :
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—
 As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,
 Which show the fire's still busy at its heart ;
 Yet was she mostly wrapped in solemn gloom,—
 Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,

¹ We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was "*une machine qu'il disoit être la Lune.*" According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Neksheb.—"Nackshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

² "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhsheb en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fonds d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles."—*D'Herbelot*. Hence he was called Sazendéh Mah, or the Moon-maker.

³ Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.—*Sale's Note*, chap. ii.

⁴ The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.—*Burder's Oriental Customs*, vol. i. p. 119.

⁵ The Surrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents.—*Notes on the Bahardanush*.

⁶ "From the groves of orange-trees at Kauzeroon the bees cull a celebrated honey."—*Morier's Travels*.

And calm without, as in the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing underneath—
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect ;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice,—
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide !¹
And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance
Should dawn ere long their faith's deliverance.
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was roused, and words of wildness came,
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail heaven's signals in her flashing eyes,
And call her shrieks the language of the skies !

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
Gathering around ; and famine comes to glean

¹ "A custom still subsisting at this day seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile ; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river."—*Savary*.

² That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from *Dow's Account of Mamood I.* "When he arrived at Moulton, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The Agnee Aster, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek fire.—*Wilks's South of India*, vol. i. p. 471.—And in the curious Javan poems, the Brata Yudha, given by Sir Stamford Raffles in his history of Java, we find : "He aimed at the heart of Soe'ta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire."

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadhl, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise ; then exploding, they lighten as it were, and burn. But there are others, which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian, Ben Abdalla, in speaking of the sieges of Abulualid, in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery

All that the sword had left unreap'd :—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promised spears
Of the wild hordes and Tartar mountaineers,
They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,²
And horrible as new³—javelins that fly
Enwreathed with smoky flames through the dark sky,
And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount,⁴
Showers of consuming fire o'er all below ;
Looking, as through th' illumined night they go,
Like those wild birds⁵ that by the Magians oft,
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide !
All night the groans of wretches who expire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore ;—
Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd,—
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
Now gush with blood,—and its tall minarets,
That late have stood up in the evening glare
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer ;—
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
And death and conflagration throughout all
The desolate city hold high festival !

globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel.—See *the Extracts from Casiri's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan. in the Appendix to Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages*.

³ The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the emperors to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

⁴ See Hanway's "Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku" (which is called by Lieutenant Pottinger Joala Mookhee, or the Flaming Mouth), taking fire and running into the sea. Dr. Cooke, in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circassia strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

Major Scott Waring says that naphtha is used by the Persians as we are told it was in hell for lamps.

* * * * *
"many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky."

⁵ "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezé, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination ; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced."—*Richardson's Dissertation*.

Mokanna sees the world is his no more ;—
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
 "What ! drooping now ?"—thus with unblushing check,
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
 Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,
 And by the light of blazing temples dying ;—
 "What !—drooping now ?—now, when at length we press
 Home o'er the very threshold of success ;
 When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd away
 Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
 Of favour from us, and we stand at length
 Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
 The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
 Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all !
 Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
 All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star ?
 Have you forgot the eye of glory hid
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
 Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither ?
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now
 All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow !
 To-night—yes, sainted men ! this very night,
 I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
 Where,—having deep refresh'd each weary limb
 With viands, such as feast Heaven's cherubim,
 And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
 With that pure wine the Dark-eyed Maids above
 Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,—¹
 I will myself uncurtain in your sight
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light ;
 Then lead you forth, and, with a wink disperse
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe !"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts ;—
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies !
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout "To-night !"—
 "To-night," their Chief re-echoes, in a voice
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice !
 Deluded victims !—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth.
Here, to the few whose iron frames had stood
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out ;—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
 Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd around ;—
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound

¹ "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed ;
 the seal whereof shall be musk."—*Koran*, chap. lxxxiii.

Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
 In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head !

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
 That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
 Where the Veil'd Demon held his feast accurst,
 When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
 In every horror doom'd to bear its part !—
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
 Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
 Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet !
 Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
 A presage, that her own dark doom was near,
 Roused every feeling, and brought Reason back
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
 All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe had ceased,
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,
 His fiery bolts ; and though the heavens look'd red,
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
 But hark !—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone !
 'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
 A long death-groan, comes with it—can this be
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry ?
 She enters—Holy Alla, what a sight
 Was there before her ! By the glimmering light
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd,
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught ?
 Oh ! who need ask that saw those livid guests,
 With their swollen heads sunk blackening on their breasts
 Or looking pale to heaven with glassy glare,
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there ;
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two !
 While some, the bravest, hardest in the train
 Of their false Chief, who, on the battle-plain,
 Would have met death with transport by his side,
 Here mute and helpless gasp'd ;—but, as they died,
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
 And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
 The stony look of horror and despair,
 Which some of these expiring victims cast
 Upon their souls' tormentor to the last ;—
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now raised,
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,
 Not the long-promised light, the brow, whose beaming

Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
 But features horribler than Hell e'er traced
 On its own brood ;—no Demon of the Waste,¹
 No churchyard Ghole, caught lingering in the light
 Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce, as those
 Th' Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows—
 "There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star,—
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
 Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within,
 Is but the trance, with which Heaven's joys begin;
 That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced
 Even monstrous man, is—after God's own taste;
 And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
 My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are fled.
 Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
 If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—
 Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy seat;
 Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet
 The Dead before?—they graced our wedding, sweet;
 And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
 Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
 But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
 Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
 Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop remains,
 Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—
 Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arms
 Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
 Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
 And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For *me*,—I too must die—but not like these
 Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;
 To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
 With all death's grimness added to its own,
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
 Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his Godship lies!'
 No—cursèd race—since first my soul drew breath,
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even in death.
 Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
 With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;²
 There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
 Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!—
 There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
 Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.

So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
 Proclaim that Heaven took back the saint it gave;—
 That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
 To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
 So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
 Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
 Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
 The sail he spreads for Heaven with blasts from hell!
 So shall my banner, through long ages, be
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
 Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
 And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
 Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
 And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life.
 But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
 Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all.
 No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
 And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.
 Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
 In one bold plunge, commences Deity!—"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
 Quick closed the burning waters o'er his head,
 And Zelica was left—within the ring
 Of those wide walls the only living thing;
 The only wretched one, still cursed with breath,
 In all that frightful wilderness of death!
 More like some bloodless ghost,—such as, they tell,
 In the lone Cities of the Silent³ dwell,
 And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
 Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.
 Their globes of fire (the dread artillery, lent
 By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent;
 And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
 From high balistas, and the shielded throng
 Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,
 All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent
 To try, at length, if tower and battlement
 And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
 Less tough to break down, than the hearts within.
 First in impatience and in toil is he,
 The burning Azim—oh! could he but see
 Th' Impostor once alive within his grasp,

¹ "The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying they are wild as the Demon of the Waste."—*Elphinstone's Caubul*.

² "Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jetta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et

consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restoient de sa secte pussent croire qu'il étoit monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver."—*D'Herbelot*.

³ "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."—*Elphinstone*.

Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
 Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
 With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls;
 Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
 But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing
 Of all your beams, together thundering!"
 There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult—
 "Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
 Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own!"
 'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
 And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,
 Yawning like some old crater, rent anew,
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through.
 But strange! no signs of life—nought living seen
 Above, below—what can this stillness mean?
 A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
 "In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries;
 But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
 In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.—
 Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
 Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there glanced
 A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
 The well-known Silver Veil!—" 'Tis he, 'tis he,
 Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
 Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—
 "Mine, holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the *task*
 To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask.
 Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
 Who, still across wide heaps of ruin, slow
 And falteringly comes, till they are near;
 Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
 Oh!—'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
 As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
 Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
 "I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this;—
 Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
 Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know
 How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
 But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;—
 To linger on were maddening—and I thought
 If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
 The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
 Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
 But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
 I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
 This death within thy arms I would not give
 For the most smiling life the happiest live!
 All, that stood dark and drear before the eye

Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
 A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
 Angels will echo the blest words in Heaven!
 But live, my Azim;—oh! to call thee mine
 Thus once again! *my* Azim—dream divine!
 Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet
 Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,—
 Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee
 Morning and night before that Deity,
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
 As thine are, Azim, never breathed in vain,—
 And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
 And nought remembering but her love to thee,
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
 Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
 Our youthful hearts together—every wind
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
 Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again
 For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
 So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
 To heaven upon the morning's sunshine, rise
 With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
 And should they—but, alas, my senses fail—
 Oh, for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
 If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
 Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—
 I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
 O Heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell.

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,
 And few of those who, on that mournful day,
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
 The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
 Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
 An aged man, who had grown aged there
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
 For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
 Of death hung dark'ning over him, there play'd
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
 That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak
 Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim.
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim,—
 His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;
 She for, whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
 So many years, had come to him, all drest
 In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
 For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died—
 And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
 He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FADLADEEN'S criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.¹ In the next place the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain,² had in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever—" "My good FADLADEEN!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic, evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him;—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise; and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—After rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of

¹ "The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent-tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit-season by a guard of sepoy; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table."—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

² "This old porcelain is found in digging, and if it is esteemed,

it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors" (about the year 442).—*Dun's Collection of Curious Observations, &c.*; a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* of the Missionary Jesuits.

aqua-fortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling.”¹

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith’s² apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences too in which it indulged were unpardonable; for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such:—

Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.

“What critic that can count,” said FADLADEEN, “and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?”—He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—“Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him.”

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion;—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner,

¹ “La lecture de ces Fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l’Histoire de l’Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontoit étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à

Nasser la malediction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.”—*D’Herbelot*.

² The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky.—It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well known words from the Garden of Sadi,—“Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!”—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said, “few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth :¹—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain,² last for ever :—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short,” continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the Old Man of the Sea, upon his back !”³—FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued ; and the Princess, glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull FADLADEENS of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before ; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated ; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress’s hair,⁴ to the *Cámalatá*,⁵ by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay,⁶ or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of

¹ “The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground ; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen ; and that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown.”—*Richardson*.

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, “that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family.”—*Wilks’s South of India*. He adds in a note :—“The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird suspended over the throne of Tippoo Suldaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent the poetical fancy.”

² “To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain.”—*Volney*. M. Gehelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions ; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, “who were

satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument ; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts.”—*Niebuhr*.

³ The Story of Sinbad.

⁴ See *Nott’s Hafez*, Ode V.

⁵ “The *Cámalatá* (called by Linnæus, *Ipomæa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers ; its elegant blossoms are ‘celestial rosy red, Love’s proper hue,’ and have justly procured it the name of *Cámalatá* or Love’s Creeper.”—*Sir W. Jones*.

“*Cámalatá* may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra ; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming *Ipomæa*.”—*Ibid.*

⁶ Kathay or China.

“According to Father Premare in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving ; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself.”—*Asiat. Res.*

the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. “It is,” said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, “in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;” then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing.
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

“How happy;” exclaim'd this child of air,
“Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!

“Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With ~~the~~ plane-tree isle reflected clear,¹
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall:
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,²
Yet—oh, 'tis only the Blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

“Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!”

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;

¹ “Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chénaur, from the plane-trees upon it.”—*Forster*.

² “The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hag, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it.”—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*.

³ “The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise.”—*Sir W. Jones*. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangeabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. “This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere.”—*Marsden's Sumatra*.

And as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountains when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!³
“Nymph of a fair, but erring line!”
Gently he said—“One hope is thine,
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!”

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the Sun:—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands⁴
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—“I know
The wealth,” she cries, “of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;—⁵
I know where the Isles of Perfume are⁶
Many a fathom down in the sea,

⁴ “The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the fire-brands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum, or verge of the heavens.”—*Fryer*.

⁵ The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace, and the edifices at Baalbec, were built by genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—*D'Herbelot, Volney*.

⁶ Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the South of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, “sunk (says Grandpré) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations.”—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean*.

To the south of sun-bright Araby ;—¹
 I know too where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their King Jamshid,²
 With Life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
 And the Drops of Life—oh ! what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity ? ”

While thus she mused, her pinions tann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,
 Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds ;³
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice,
 Might be a Peri's Paradise ?

But crimson now her rivers ran
 With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from their spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.

Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
 Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—⁴
 Thy cavern shines, and Idol stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand Thrones ?⁵
 'Tis he of Gazna⁶—fierce in wrath
 He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved Sultana ;—⁷
 Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,

¹ The Isles of Panchaia.

² The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis.—*Richardson*.

³ “It is not like the sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains on the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics ; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands.”—*Travels of two Mohammedans*.

* * * * * “in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow,
 About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade,
 High over-arched, and echoing walks between.”—*Milton*.

⁵ “With this immense treasure Mahmood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni.”—*Ferishla*.

And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone, beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand
 And the last arrow in his quiver.
 “Live,” said the conqueror, “live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear !”
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
 The Tyrant lived, the Hero fell !—
 Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
 And when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light, she caught the last—
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed.
 Before its free-born spirit fled !

“Be this,” she cried, as she wing'd her flight
 “My welcome gift at the Gates of Light,
 Though foul are the drops that oft distil
 On the field of warfare, blood like this,
 For Liberty shed, so holy is,⁸
 It would not stain the purest rill,
 That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss !
 Oh ! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
 cause !”

⁶ Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.—*Vide his History in Dow and Sir J. Malcolm*.

⁷ “It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.”—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

⁸ Objections may be made to my use of the word liberty, in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East ; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native Land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,¹
Far to the south, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile!²
Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grotts, and sepulchres of Kings,³
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale⁴—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.⁵
'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;—⁶
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem

The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana⁷ sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an Idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, e'en there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And oh! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely midnight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fiercer hyæna stalks⁸
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!⁹

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

¹ "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to rise."—*Bruce*.
"Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the White or Lunar-coloured Mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

² "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abbey and Alawy, or the Giant."—*Asiat. Research*. vol. i. p. 387

³ See Perry's "View of the Levant," for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grotts, covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

⁴ "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—*Sonnini*.

⁵ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

⁶ "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—*Dafard el Hadad*.

⁷ "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—*Sonnini*.

⁸ Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary; visited the cemeteries," &c.

⁹ "Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety."—*Bruce*.

Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stolen to die alone.
 One who in life, where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With e'en a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard;—
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have call'd his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool air from fountain falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Was pure as she whose brow it fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,¹
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothèd bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come, when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,

Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unask'd or without shame.
 "Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side!
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers, when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before like thee I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!"
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
 Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death lay,—²
 And in music and perfume dies away!"

¹ This circumstance has often been introduced into poetry—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and by Mr. Wilson.

² "In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices, in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living

one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—*Richardson*.

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—
 While that benevolent Peri beam'd
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken !

But morn is blushing in the sky ;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in ;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the Throne of Alla swells ;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take !¹

But ah ! even Peris' hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade, again
 The immortal barrier closed—"Not yet,"
 The Angel said as, with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 "True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er Alla's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than even this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses²
 Softly the light of eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun

Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below !
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sunlight falls ;—
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls³
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright,
 As they were all alive with light ;—
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm West,—as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed,⁴ with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,⁵
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;—
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales !⁶

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the Sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,⁷
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those chambers of the sun,
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd

¹ "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—*From Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his Beauties of Christianity.*

² Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous : hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

³ "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, amounted to many thousands ; the

ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them."—*Bruce.*

⁴ The Syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.—*Russel.*

⁵ Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm lxxxi.), "honey out of the stony rock."—*Burder's Oriental Customs.*

⁶ "The River Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together."—*Thevenot.*

⁷ The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.

With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies !

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither ;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither ;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy, and as wild as they ;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,¹
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems :—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount²

Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire ;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests !—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play :—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance

Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets !
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God³
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh, 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
“There *was* a time,” he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—“thou blessed child !
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—”
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

¹ “You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels.”—*Sonnini*.

² Imaret “hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours.”—*Toderini and Castellan*.

³ “Such Turks, as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty ; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, in that very place they

chance to stand on ; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile ; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps up briskly, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with mild expression of *Ghell gohunum ghell*, or, Come dear, follow me.”—*Aaron Hill's Travels*.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from
the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land,¹ of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem

A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,²
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh!
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,³
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief:—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,⁴
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

"AND this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra.⁵ They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the licence and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that

¹ The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's Day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

² The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

³ The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise in the palace of Mahomet.—*Sale's Prelim. Disc.* Tooba, says D'Herbelot, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

⁴ Mahomet is described, in the 53rd chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

⁵ "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Pelal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams."—*Ebn Haukal*.

grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence;—who, like them, flung the jereed¹ carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—“and who,” said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, “contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!”

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel’s “radiant hand” he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. “But, in short,” said he, “it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects² should undertake.”

In vain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them³—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman—no one had ever yet reached its summit.⁴ Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN’S eyebrows, or charm him into anything like encouragement, or even toleration of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN:—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was

¹ The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.—See *Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.

² “This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects.”—*Parson’s Travels*.

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—See *Grandpré*.

³ “A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses when crushed a strong odour.”—*Sir W. Jones on the Spikenard of the Ancients*.

⁴ “Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit.”—*Kinneir*.

here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!¹ She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharria might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!²

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people; while the artisans, in chariots,³ adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment; particularly, on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads⁴ as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel as usual to the pavilion, soon found that to

¹ "The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them."—*P. Vanslebe, Relat. d'Égypte*.

² Sale's Koran, note, vol. ii. p. 484.

³ *Oriental Tales*.

⁴ Ferishta. "Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of

Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coins, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

feign indisposition was unnecessary;—FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,¹ at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were tasteless enough to wish for the Poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove, heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below.

Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH's heart;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.² In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus,³ while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested, that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon

¹ The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, is planted with trees on each side.—This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says Burnier, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

² The Baya, or Indian Gross-Beak.—*Sir W. Jones.*

³ "Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen."—*Mrs. Grant's Journal of a Residence in India.*

it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference ; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH'S eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors,¹ preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou,² when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another ; and, as a native of Cashmere,³ of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse ;—he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted, and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers :—⁴

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea ;⁵
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beautifully,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's⁶ walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,⁷

¹ "On les voit persécutés par les Khalifes, se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman : plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine ; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi."—*M. Anquetil, Mémoires de l'Académie*, tom. xxxi. p. 346.

² The "Ager ardens," described by Kempfer, *Amœnitat. Exot.*

³ "Cashmere (say its historians) had its own Princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situ-

ated as it is, within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef-Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs."—*Pennant*.

⁴ Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy "Les Guèbres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists ; and I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

⁵ The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

⁶ The present Gombroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

⁷ A Moorish instrument of music.

Bidding the bright-cyed sun farewell ;—
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest.
 All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion ;
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,
 Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven ;—
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome ¹
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on Iran's ² name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
 Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike ;—
 One of that saintly, murderous brood,
 To carnage and the Koran given,
 Who think through unbelievers' blood
 Lies their directest path to heaven :—
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
 To mutter o'er some text of God
 Engraven on his reeking sword ;—³
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,
 The letter of those words divine,
 To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into its victim's heart !

Just Alla ! what must be thy look,
 When such a wretch before thee stands
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
 And wresting from its page sublime
 His creed of lust and hate and crime ?
 Even as those bees of Trebizond,
 Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad !⁴

Never did fierce Arabia send
 A satrap worth more direly great ;
 Never was Iran doom'd to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
 Her throne had fallen—her pride was crush'd—

¹ "At Gambaroon, and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."—*Le Bruyn*.

² "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia."—*Asiat. Res. Disc.* 5.

³ "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."—*Russel*.

Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
 In their own land,—no more their own,—
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
 Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
 To Moslem shrines—oh, shame !—were turn'd,
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,
 Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
 And cursed the faith their sires adored.
 Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
 O'er all this wreck, high buoyant still
 With hope and vengeance ;—hearts that yet,—
 Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays
 They've treasured from the sun that's set,—
 Beam all the light of long-lost days !
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
 To second all such hearts can dare ;
 As he shall know, well, dearly know,
 Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay
 Becalm'd in Heaven's approving ray
 Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
 By the white moonbeam's dazzling power ;—
 None but the loving and the loved
 Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
 That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
 Yon turret stands ;—where ebon locks,
 As glossy as a heron's wing
 Upon the turban of a king,⁵
 Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
 'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
 All truth and tenderness and grace,
 Though born of such ungente race ;—
 An image of Youth's fairy Fountain
 Springing in a desolate mountain !⁶

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
 Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
 Of the gross world, illumining
 One only mansion with her light !
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
 The flower, that blooms beneath the sea,
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
 Hid in more chaste obscurity.
 So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
 Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.

⁴ "There is a kind of Rhododendron about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."—*Tournefort*.

⁵ "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty."—*Hanway*.

⁶ "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East."—*Richardson*.

And oh, what transport for a lover
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er !
 Like those who, all at once, discover
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,
 Where mortal never trod before,
 And sleep and wake in scented airs
 No lip had ever breathed but theirs !

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
 On summer eves, through Yemen's¹ dales,
 And bright the glancing looks they hide
 Behind their litters' roseate veils ;—
 And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
 Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower²
 Before their mirrors count the time,³
 And grow still lovelier every hour.
 But never yet hath bride or maid
 In Araby's gay Haram smiled,
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade
 Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel-shapes that bless
 An infant's dream, yet not the less
 Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
 Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
 Upon the emerald's virgin blaze !⁴
 Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires
 Of other worlds with all the bliss,
 The fond, weak tenderness of this :
 A soul, too, more than half divine,
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere

¹ Arabia Felix.

² "In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles make a sort of green wall : large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—*Lady M. W. Montagu*.

³ The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says Shaw, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's-skin to fetch water."—*Travels*.

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
 Hath risen from her restless sleep,
 And sits alone in that high bower,
 Watching the still and shining deep.
 Ah ! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
 And beating heart,—she used to gaze
 On the magnificent earth and skies,
 In her own land, in happier days.
 Why looks she now so anxious down
 Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
 Blackens the mirror of the deep ?
 Whom waits she all this lonely night ?
 Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
 For man to scale that turret's height !—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
 When high, to catch the cool night-air,
 After the day-beam's withering fire,⁵
 He built her bower of freshness there,
 And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
 And fondly thought it safe as fair :—
 Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,
 Nor wake to learn what love can dare—
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees
 No charm in trophies won with ease ;—
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
 Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice !
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive
 For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water.
 Yes—Araby's unrivall'd daughter,
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb th' untrodden solitude
 Of Ararat's tremendous peak,⁶
 And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
 Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led !
 Ev'n now thou seest the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way ;—
 Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock

emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents :—

"He with salute of deference due
 A lotus to his forehead presst ;
 She raised her mirror to his view,
 Then turn'd it inward to her breast."

Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

⁴ "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind."—*Ahmed ben Abdalaziz, Treatise on Jewels*.

⁵ At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water.—*Marco Polo*.

⁶ This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. Struy says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is

Of his swift bark against the rock,
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
 As if to lift him from below !
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,
 The bridegroom, with his locks of light,¹
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,
 And scaled the terrace of his bride ;—
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,
 And midway up in danger cling,
 She flung him down her long black hair,
 Exclaiming breathless, " There, love, there ! "
 And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
 The hero Zal in that fond hour,
 Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
 Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's bower.
 See—light as up their granite steep
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,²
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came ;—
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird, without a name,
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
 From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,
 To show his plumage for a day
 To wondering eyes, and wing away !
 Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover ?
 Alla forbid ! 'twas by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,³
 Alone at this same witching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;
 And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there ?)
 Was pausing on his moonlight way
 To listen to her lonely lay !
 This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :
 And—though, when terror's swoon had past,
 She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
 Before her in obeisance cast,—
 Yet often since, when he hath spoken
 Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken

From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
 Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was given
 To some unhallow'd child of air,
 Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,
 Like those angelic youths of old,
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
 And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.
 Fond girl ! nor fiend nor angel he,
 Who woos thy young simplicity ;
 But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire
 As the best heart whose current runs
 Full of the Day-God's living fire.

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow ;—
 Never before, but in her dreams,
 Had she beheld him pale as now :
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
 From which 'twas joy to wake and weep ;
 Visions, that will not be forgot,
 But sadden every waking scene,
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
 All wither'd where they once have been.

" How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—
 " How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
 To-night upon yon leafy isle !
 Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
 I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
 And we, within its fairy bowers,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
 And we might live, love, die alone !
 Far from the cruel and the cold,—
 Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us, to behold
 A paradise so pure and lonely !
 Would this be world enough for thee ?"
 Playful she turn'd, that he might see
 The passing smile her cheek put on ;
 But when she marked how mournfully

not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, and middlemost part very cold and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm."—It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it they say exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for :—"Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten."—See *Carreri's Travels*, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

¹ In one of the books of the Shâh Nâmeh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent ; he, however, manages it in a less romantic way—by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—*Champion's Ferdosi*.

² "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræa are rock-goats."—*Niebuhr*.

³ "Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux ; les dames en touchent dans le sérail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de cooc."—*Toderini, translated by De Courmand*.

His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;
 And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
 " Yes, yes" she cried, " my hourly fears,
 My dreams, have boded all too right—
 We part—for ever part—to-night !—
 I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past !
 Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,

I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
 I never loved a tree or flower,

But 'twas the first to fade away.
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die !
 Now too—the joy most like divine

Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—

Oh, misery ! must I lose *that* too ?
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet ;—

Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
 No, never come again—though sweet,

Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,

Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger !
 Better to sit and watch that ray,

And think thee safe, though far away,

Then have thee near me, and in danger !"

" Danger ! oh, tempt me not to boast—"
 The youth exclaim'd—" thou little know'st
 What he can brave, who, born and nurst
 In Danger's paths, has dared her worst !
 Upon whose ear the signal-word

Of strife and death is hourly breaking ;
 Who sleeps with head upon the sword

His fever'd hand must grasp in waking !
 Danger !—"

" Say on—thou fear'st not then,
 And we may meet—oft meet again ?"

" Oh ! look not so,—beneath the skies
 I now fear nothing but those eyes.
 If aught on earth could charm or force
 My spirit from its destined course,—
 If aught could make this soul forget
 The bond to which its seal is set,
 'Twould be those eyes ;—they, only they,
 Could melt that sacred seal away !

But no—'tis fix'd—*my* awful doom
 Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
 We meet no more—why, why did Heaven
 Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
 Has rent asunder, wide as ours ?
 O Arab maid ! as soon the Powers
 Of light and darkness may combine,
 As I be link'd with thee or thine !
 Thy Father—"

" Holy Alla save

His grey head from that lightning glance !
 Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave ;

Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
 One who would prize, would worship thee,
 And thy bold spirit, more than he.

Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd

With the bright falchion by his side,
 I've heard him swear his lisp'ing maid

In time should be a warrior's bride.

And still, whene'er, at Haram hours,
 I take him cool sherbets and flowers,

He tells me, when in playful mood,

A hero shall my bridegroom be ;

Since maids are best in battle woo'd

And won with shouts of victory !

Nay, turn not from me—thou alone

Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.

Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st

Th' unholy strife these Persians wage :—

Good Heaven, that frown !—even now thou glow'st

With more than mortal warrior's rage.

Haste to the camp by morning's light,

And, when that sword is raised in fight,

Oh, still remember, Love and I

Beneath its shadow trembling lie !

One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,

Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire

Abhors—"

" Hold, hold—thy words are death—"

The stranger cried, as wild he flung

His mantle back, and show'd beneath

The Gheber belt that round him clung.—¹

" Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see

All that thy sire abhors in me !

Yes—I am of that impious race,

Those Slaves of Fire, who, morn and even,

Hail their Creator's dwelling-place

Among the living lights of heaven !²

¹ " They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it."—*Grose's Voyage*. " Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose ; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghebèr, &c., &c.—*D'Herbelot, art. Agduani*.

" Pour se distinguer des idolâtres de l'Inde, les Guèbres se

ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

² They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary.—*Hanway*. " As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of

Yes—I am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains, or die!
Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—

He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
With me is sacred as the spot

From which our fires of worship rise!
But know—'twas him I sought that night,

When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,

And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—

I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within :—

Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—

If Love hath made one thought his own,

That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!

Oh! had we never, never met,

Or could this heart ev'n now forget

How link'd, how bless'd, we might have been,

Hād fātē not frown'd so dark between!

Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,

In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,

Through the same fields in childhood play'd,

At the same kindling altar knelt,—

Then, then, while all those nameless ties,

In which the charm of country lies,

Had round our hearts been hourly spun,

Till Iran's cause and thine were one ;—

While in thy lute's awakening sigh

I heard the voice of days gone by,

And saw in every smile of thine

Returning hours of glory shine !—

While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land

Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—

God! who could then this sword withstand?

Its every flash were victory!

But now—estranged, divorced for ever,

Far as the grasp of fate can sever;

Our only ties what love has wove,—

Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide;

And then, then only, true to love,

When false to all that's dear beside.

Thy father, Iran's deadliest foe—

Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now—but no—
Hate never look'd so lovely yet!

No—sacred to thy soul will be

The land of him who could forget

All but that bleeding land for thee.

When other eyes shall see, unmoved,

Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,

Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,

And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!

But look——"

With sudden start he turn'd

And pointed to the distant wave,

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd

Blue as o'er some seaman's grave;

And fiery darts, at intervals,¹

Flew up all sparkling from the main,

As if each star that nightly falls,

Were shooting back to heaven again.

"My signal-lights!—I must away—

Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.

Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—

Now—Vengeance! I am thine again,"

Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd

Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd

Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,

As if he fled from love to death.

While pale and mute young Hinda stood,

Nor moved, till in the silent flood

A momentary plunge below

Startled her from her trance of woe ;—

Shrieking she to the lattice flew,

"I come—I come—if in that tide

Thou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there too,

In death's cold wedlock by thy side.

Oh! I would ask no happier bed

Than the chill wave my love lies under ;—

Sweeter to rest together dead,

Far sweeter than to live asunder!"

But no—their hour is not yet come—

Again she sees his pinnacle fly,

Wafting him fleetly to his home,

Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;

And calm and smooth it seem'd to win

Its moonlight way before the wind,

As if it bore all peace within,

Nor left one breaking heart behind!

fire, the sun, by them called Mythras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all-glorious as it is, more than the

second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man."—*Grose*. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, "that calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

¹ "The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars."—*Baumgarten*.

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.¹

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff,² with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected³ pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young ladies, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,⁴
Revealing Bahrein's⁵ groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian Sea
Blow round Selama's⁶ sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
A cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Had toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight⁷
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten

In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar⁸
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd,
To meet that eye, where'er it burn'd?—

When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them

¹ "Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior), is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice."—*Journey from Agra to Ouzain* by W. Hunter, Esq.

² "It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers, also, to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in course of time, a pile, equal to a good wagon-load, is collected. The sight of these flags imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension."—*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

³ "The *Ficus indica* is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In

some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."—*Fennant*.

⁴ The Persian Gulf.—"To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf."—*Sir W. Jones*.

⁵ Islands in the Gulf.

⁶ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. "The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea to secure a propitious voyage."—*Morier*.

⁷ "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the daytime, and from the loftiest trees at night."—*Russel's Aleppo*.

⁸ In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

Who, on Cadessia's¹ bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,

And bind her ancient faith in chains :—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,²

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains !
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own beloved but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod !—
Oh ! he would rather houseless roam

Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed !

Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's caves ?—
No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves.

Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong ;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,³
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round !

Yes, Emir ! he who scaled that tower,
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
How safe even tyrant heads may rest—
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee ;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty !
Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince !
Have swarmed among these Green Sea crags ,

Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown ;
Here—ere the winds half-wing'd thee o'er—
Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame !
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again ;—
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there !

And who is he, that wields the might
Of freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light⁴
The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink !
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers :—
Those mountaineers, that truest, last
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleams on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too !

'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm ;—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis Hafed, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire !
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,

loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon."—*Thunberg*.

⁴ "When the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink."
—*The Moallakat, Poem of Amru*.

¹ The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

² Derbend. "Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer ; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens."—*D'Herbelot*.

³ The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the

Lest Hafed in the midst should rise!
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
 A mingled race of flame and earth,
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,¹
 Who, in their fairy helms, of yore,
 A feather from the mystic wings
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
 Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,
 Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales that won belief,
 And such the colouring fancy gave
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
 One who, no more than mortal brave,
 Fought for the land his soul adored,
 For happy homes, and altars free,—
 His only talisman, the sword,
 His only spell-word, Liberty!
 One of that ancient hero line,
 Along whose glorious current shine
 Names that have sanctified their blood;
 As Lebanon's small mountain flood²
 Is render'd holy by the ranks
 Of sainted cedars on its banks!³
 'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny;—
 'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
 In the bright mould of ages past,
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed
 With all the glories of the dead,
 Though framed for Iran's happiest years,
 Was born among her chains and tears!—
 'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
 Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
 Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
 No—far he fled—indignant fled
 The pageant of his country's shame;
 While every tear her children shed
 Fell on his soul, like drops of flame;
 And, as a lover hails the dawn

¹ Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-Land, among the Peris and Dives, may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

² This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.

³ In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river the name of the Holy River." See *Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity*.

Of a first smile, so welcomed he
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn
 For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour—vain the flower
 Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
 Against Al Hassan's whelming power.—
 In vain they met him, helm to helm,
 Upon the threshold of that realm
 He came in bigot pomp to sway,
 And with their corpses block'd his way—
 In vain—for every lance they raised,
 Thousands around the conqueror blazed;
 For every arm that lined their shore,
 Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
 A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
 Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
 As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
 From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
 A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
 Of Oman beetling awfully.⁴
 A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
 Down winding to the Green Sea beach
 Around its base the bare rocks stood,
 Like naked giants, in the flood,
 As if to guard the Gulf across;
 While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
 A ruin'd Temple tower'd so high

That oft the sleeping albatross⁵
 Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
 Started—to find man's dwelling there
 In her own silent fields of air!
 Beneath, terrific caverns gave
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
 And such the strange, mysterious din
 At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
 And such the fearful wonders told

⁴ This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain" of which I suppose it a link does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomeroon (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde."—*Kinneir's Persian Empire*.

⁵ These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff¹

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between ;
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come,
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below

The sound of many torrents came ;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,

Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire,
Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;²
And, though for ever past the days,
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on³
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquished Hafed led
His little army's last remains ;—
"Welcome, terrific glen !" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
Is heaven to him who flies from chains !"
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers ;—
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;
Here we may fall nor leave our limbs
To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,

Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
Gloats on our torments—we may die !"

'Twas night when to those towers they came,
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Glared on his features, as he spoke :—
"'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—
If Iran *will* look tamely on,

And see her priests, her warriors, driven
Before a sensual bigot's nod,
A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,
And makes a pander of his God !
If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
Men, in whose veins—oh last disgrace !
The blood of Zal and Rustam⁴ rolls,—

If they *will* court this upstart race,
And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
To kneel at shrines of yesterday !—
If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes,

Why, let them—till the land's despair
Cries out to heaven, and bondage grows
Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear !

Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall !
But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
And souls that thralldom never stain'd :—

This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profaned ;

And, though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.
As panthers, after set of sun,⁵
Rush from the roots of Lebanon,
Across the dark sea-robber's way,
We'll bound upon our startled prey ;—
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchion's last farewell ;
When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
And ev'n despair can prompt no more.
This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,
Die for the land they cannot save !"

¹ "There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Guhr, or the Guebre's Mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves, or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it."—*Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

² The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterranean fires.

³ "At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by

the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster,) in their own compartment of the city ; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance, of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man."—*Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

⁴ Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the Guebres there are some who boast their descent from Rustam."—*Stephen's Persia*.

⁵ See Russel's account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
 Upon the broken altar laid—
 And though so wild and desolate
 Those courts, where once the mighty sate;
 Nor longer on those mouldering towers
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
 With which of old the Magi fed
 The wandering Spirits of their dead;¹
 Though neither priest nor rites were there,
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate;²
 Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;³
 Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires⁴
 They swore the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
 Should be, in Iran's injured name,
 To die upon that Mount of Flame—
 The last of all her patriot line,
 Before her last untrampled shrine!

Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
 Whom Love first touch'd with others' woe—
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
 His talisman, and woke the tide,
 And spread its trembling circles wide,
 Once, Emir, thy unheeding child,
 'Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled,—
 Tranquil as on some battle-plain

The Persian lily shines and towers.⁵
 Before the combat's reddening stain
 Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
 Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
 While Heaven but spared the sire she loved,
 Once at thy evening tales of blood
 Unlistening and aloof she stood—
 And oft, when thou hast paced along
 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
 Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear?

* "Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."—*Richardson*.

² In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

³ "Early in the morning they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all

Far other feelings Love hath brought—
 Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
 She now has but the one dear thought,
 And thinks that o'er, almost to madness,
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall
 His words—"for *my* sake weep for all;"
 And bitterly, as day on day

Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There's not a sabre meets her eye,
 But with his life-blood seems to swim;
 There's not an arrow wings the sky,
 But fancy turns its point to him.
 No more she brings with footstep light
 Al Hassan's falchion for the fight;
 And—had he look'd with clearer sight,
 Had not the mists, that ever rise
 From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes,—
 He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
 When from the field of blood he came,
 The faltering speech—the look estranged—
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed—
 He would have mark'd all this, and known
 Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love that should have bless'd
 So young, so innocent a breast;
 Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,
 That, pledged on earth, and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,

In friendship's smile and home's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness!
 No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
 Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame,—

A passion, without hope or pleasure,
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep,

It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
 Some idol, without shrine or name,
 O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
 Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
 Since last beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly

the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."—*Rabbi Benjamin*.

⁴ "Nul d'entre eux oseroit se perjurér, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

⁵ "A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour."—*Russel's Aleppo*.

Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
 And still she goes, at midnight hour,
 To weep alone in that high bower,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her weep;—
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw his bark again.
 The owlet's solitary cry,
 The night-hawk flitting darkly by,
 And oft the hateful carrion bird,
 Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
 Which reek'd with that day's banqueting—
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow
 Is brightened with unusual joy—
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy?
 The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
 When toss'd at midnight furiously,¹
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
 More surely than that smiling eye!
 "Up, daughter, up—the Kerna's² breath
 Has blown a blast would waken death,
 And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
 This blessed day for Heaven and me,
 A day more rich in Pagan blood
 Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood
 Before another dawn shall shine,
 His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;
 This very night his blood shall steep
 These hands all over ere I sleep!"—

"His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
 Still singling *one* from all mankind.
 "Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
 Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
 Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
 Without whose aid the links accurst,
 That bind these impious slaves, would be
 Too strong for Alla's self to burst!
 That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
 My path with piles of Moslem dead,
 Whose baffling spells had almost driven
 Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
 This night, with all his band, shall know
 How deep an Arab's steel can go,
 When God and Vengeance speed the blow.
 And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
 Thou wor'st on Ohod's field of death,³

I swear, for every sob that parts
 In anguish from these heathen hearts,
 A gem, from Persia's plunder'd mines
 Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
 But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
 Those livid lips—my child, my child,
 This life of blood befits not thee,
 And thou must back to Araby.

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
 In scenes that man himself might dread,
 Had I not hoped our every tread
 Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
 Curst race, they offer swords instead!
 But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
 Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
 To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
 And, ere a drop of this night's gore
 Have time to chill in yonder towers,
 Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true;
 There lurk'd one wretch among the few
 Whom Hafed's eagle eye could count
 Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
 One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
 The pathway through the valley's shade
 To those high towers where Freedom stood
 In her last hold of flame and blood.
 Left on the field last dreadful night,
 When, sallying from their Sacred height
 The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
 He lay—but died not with the brave;
 That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
 Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
 And, while the few, who thence return'd
 To their high rocky fortress mourn'd
 For him among the matchless dead
 They left behind on glory's bed,
 He lived, and, in the face of morn,
 Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might!
 May Life's unblessed cup for him
 Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,

¹ "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds, it sparkles like fire."—*Travels of Two Mohammedans*.

² A kind of trumpet:—it "was that used by Tamerlane, the

sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles."—*Richardson*.

³ "Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one, the latter of which, called Al Mawashah the fillet, wreath, or

But turn to ashes on the lips !¹
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
 While lakes that shone in mockery nigh,²

Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted !
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
 Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell !

LALLA ROOKH had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk had just passed over.³ She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water,⁴ enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, everything else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets ;—the violet sherbets⁵ were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,⁶ which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued :—

THE day is lowering—stilly black
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
 Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky

Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.
 There's not a cloud in that blue plain
 But tells of storm to come or past ;—

wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod."—*Universal History*.

¹ "They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but which are all full of ashes."—*Thevenot*. The same is asserted of the oranges there.—See *Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey*.

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. The great proportion of bitter-tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—*Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813*. Hasselquist, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shellfish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of "Childe Harold,"—magnificent beyond anything, perhaps, that even he has ever written.

² "The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat : and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—*Pottinger*.

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—*Koran*, chap. xxiv.

³ "A wind which prevails in February, called Bid-musk, from a

small and odoriferous flower of that name." "The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—*Le Bruyn*.

⁴ "The Biajús are of two races ; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds* ; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term *the King of the Sea*. In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it."—*Dr. Leyden on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations*.

⁵ "The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violets and sugar."—*Hasselquist*.

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—*Tavernier*.

⁶ "Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Persian Tales*.

Here, flying loosely as the mane
 Of a young war-horse in the blast ;—
 There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
 As proud to be the thunder's dwelling !
 While some, already burst and riven,
 Seem melting down the verge of heaven ;
 As though the infant storm had rent
 The mighty womb that gave him birth,
 And, having swept the firmament,
 Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
 A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
 More awful than the tempest's sound.
 The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
 And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours ;
 The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
 Flew fast to land ;—upon the beach
 The pilot oft had paused, with glance
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse ;—
 And all was boding drear, and dark
 As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
 Went slowly from the Persian shore—
 No music timed her parting oar,¹
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand
 Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
 Or speak the farewell heard no more ;—
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay
 The vessel takes its mournful way,
 Like some ill-destined bark that steers
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.²

And where was stern Al Hassan then ?
 Could not that saintly scourge of men
 From bloodshed and devotion spare
 One minute for a farewell there ?
 No—close within, in changeful fits
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
 In savage loneliness to brood
 Upon the coming night of blood,—
 With that keen, second-scent of death,
 By which the vulture snuffs his food
 In the still warm and living breath !³
 While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
 Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—

¹ "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music."—*Harmer*.

² "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished ; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean."—*Richardson*.

³ "I have been told, that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear."—*Pennant*.

As a young bird of Babylon,⁴
 Let loose to tell of victory won,
 Flies home, with wing, ah ! not unstain'd
 By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks ?
 The flowers she nursed—the well-known groves,
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
 Once more to see her dear gazelles
 Come bounding with their silver bells ;—
 Her birds' new plumage to behold,

And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
 She left, all filleted with gold,
 Shooting around their jasper fount.—⁵

Her little garden mosque to see,
 And once again, at evening hour,
 To tell her ruby rosary⁶

In her own sweet acacia bower.—
 Can these delights, that wait her now,
 Call up no sunshine on her brow ?
 No—silent, from her train apart,—
 As if even now she felt at heart
 The chill of her approaching doom,—
 She sits, all lovely in her gloom
 As a pale Angel of the Grave ;
 And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
 Looks, with a shudder, to those towers.
 Where, in a few short awful hours,
 Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,
 Foul incense for to-morrow's sun !
 "Where art thou, glorious stranger ! thou,
 So loved, so lost, where art thou now ?
 Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
 Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
 Still glorious—still to this fond heart
 Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art !
 Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla ! yes—
 If there be wrong, be crime in this,
 Let the black waves, that round us roll,
 Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
 Forgetting faith,—home,—father,—all,—
 Before its earthly idol fall,
 Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him.—
 For oh ! so wildly do I love him,

⁴ "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon."—*Travels of certain Englishmen*.

⁵ "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them."—*Harris*.

⁶ "Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos ; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres."—*Toderini*.

Thy Paradise itself were dim
 And joyless, if not shared with him !"
 Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
 Dropping their tears like moonlight rain ;
 And, though her lip, fond raver ! burn'd
 With words of passion, bold, profane,
 Yet was there light around her brow,
 A holiness in those dark eyes,
 Which show'd—though wandering earthward now,—
 Her spirit's home was in the skies.
 Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
 Is always pure, ev'n while it errs ;
 As sunshine, broken in the rill,
 Though turned astray, is sunshine still !

So wholly had her mind forgot
 All thoughts but one, she heeded not
 The rising storm—the wave that cast
 A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
 Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
 Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
 Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
 With the rude riot of the sky.—
 But hark !—that war-whoop on the deck—
 That crash, as if each engine there,
 Mast sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
 'Mid yells and stampings of despair !
 Merciful Heaven ! what *can* it be ?
 'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
 The ship has shudder'd as she rode
 O'er mountain waves.—"Forgive me, God !
 Forgive me !"—shriek'd the maid and knelt,
 Trembling all over,—for she felt
 As if her judgment-hour was near ;
 While crouching round, half dead with fear,
 Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor stirr'd—
 When, hark !—a second crash—a third—
 And now, as if a bolt of thunder
 Had riven the labouring planks asunder,
 The deck falls in—what horrors then !
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
 Come mix'd together through the chasm ;—
 Some wretches in their dying spasm
 Still fighting on—and some that call
 "For God and Iran !" as they fall !

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
 The perils of th' infuriate fray,
 And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
 This wilderment of wreck and death ?
 She knew not—for a faintness came
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame

Amid the ruins of that hour
 Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
 Beneath the red volcano's shower.
 But oh ! the sights and sounds of dread
 That shock'd her, ere her senses fled !
 The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
 Upon the tottering planks above—
 The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
 Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about
 Like meteor brands ¹—as if throughout
 The elements one fury ran,
 One general rage, that left a doubt
 Which was the fiercer, Heaven or Man !

Once too—but no—it could not be—
 'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought
 While yet her fading eyes could see,
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,
 That glory of her soul—even then,
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
 Shining above his fellow men,
 As, on some black and troublous night,
 The Star of Egypt,² whose proud light
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest
 In the White Islands of the West,³
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame
 That put Heaven's cloudier eyes to shame !
 But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
 A fantasy—and ere the scream
 Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
 Of soul and sense, its darkness spread
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone !
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn !—
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm :—
 And every drop the thunder-showers

¹ The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

² "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."—
Brown.

³ See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the
 West.

Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere the lightning gem¹
Whose liquid flame is born of them !

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs :
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent leaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest !

Such was the golden hour, that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she ?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozia's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks ?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,

Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,—
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.

Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie ;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla ! who shall save her now ?
There's not in all that warrior-band

One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt² that wraps
Each yellow vest³—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps—⁴

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power ;
Hafed, the Gheber !—at the thought
Her very heart's blood chills within ;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God !
And she is now his captive,—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone ;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies !

What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,

That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guessed whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
The vision that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul !

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—
The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees—

Their course is toward that mountain hold,—
Those towers that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies

Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold !
Amid th' illumined land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood ;

¹ A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it ; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages supposes it to be the opal.

² *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani.

³ "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes."—*Thevenot*.

⁴ "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary."—*Waring*.

Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow ;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them toward those dismal caves
That from the Deep in windings pass
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands !—
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal Porch,

Through which departed spirits go ;—
Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.

Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave !

But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track ;
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling course ;
When, hark !—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes ;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine ! genial Day,

What balm, what life, is in thy ray !
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb !
Ev'n Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again ?
But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs
And fall of loosened crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way !
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone ;
And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death !
All, all is fearful—ev'n to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings !
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream ? has fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here ?"
She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent !
Oh ! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,¹

¹ A frequent image among the Oriental poets. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rosebud and the rose."—*Jami*.

Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
 A breath of the beloved one !
 Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
 She has that one beloved near,
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
 Hath power to make even ruin dear,—
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture cross'd
 By fears for him, is chilled and lost.
 How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
 That one of Gheber blood should look,
 With aught but curses in his eye,
 On her—a maid of Araby—
 A Moslem maid—the child of him,
 Whose bloody banner's dire success
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,
 And their fair land a wilderness !
 And, worse than all, that night of blood
 Which comes so fast—Oh ! who shall stay
 The sword, that once hath tasted food
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way ?
 What arm shall then the victim cover,
 Or from her father shield her lover ?

“ Save him, my God ! ”—she inly cries—
 “ Save him this night—and if thine eyes
 Have ever welcomed with delight
 The sinner's tears, the sacrifice

Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
 And here, before thy throne, I swear
 From my heart's inmost core to tear,
 Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
 Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
 And give it bleeding all to Thee !
 Let him but live,—the burning tear,
 The sighs so sinful, yet so dear,
 Which have been all too much his own,
 Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
 Youth, pass'd in penitence, and age
 In long and painful pilgrimage,
 Shall leave no traces of the flame
 That wastes me now—nor shall his name
 E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
 For his dear spirit, that away !
 Casting from its angelic ray
 Th' eclipse of earth, he too may shine
 Redeem'd. all-glorious and all Thine !
 Think—think what victory to win
 One radiant soul like his from sin ;—
 One wandering star of virtue back
 To its own native, heavenward track !
 Let him but live, and both are Thine,
 Together thine—for bless'd or cross't,
 Living or dead, his doom is mine,
 And if *he* perish, both are lost ! ”

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream ; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind ;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.¹

FADLADEEN, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction ; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the poet continued his profane and seditious story thus :—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
 That lay beneath the mountain's height,
 Had been a fair enchanting sight.
 'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
 A day of storm so often leaves
 At its calm setting—when the west
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,
 And a moist radiance from the skies

Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent, whose last,
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
 And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
 Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven !

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
 Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves,
 And shaken from her bowers of date

¹ “ Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthe give a durable colour to silk.”—*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200.

“ Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower.”—*Sir W. Jones*. “ The Persians call it Gul.”—*Carreri*.

That cooling feast the traveller loves,¹
 Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
 The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
 Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
 Were melted all to form the stream;
 And her fair islets, small and bright,
 With their green shores reflected there,
 Look like those Peri isles of light,
 That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did these glories burst
 On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
 The bandage from her brow was taken,
 And pale and awed as those who waken
 In their dark tombs——when, scowling near,
 The Searchers of the Grave² appear,—
 She shuddering turned to read her fate

In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
 And saw those towers all desolate,

That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
 As if defying ev'n the smile
 Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
 In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
 She looks for him whose voice so dear
 Had come, like music, to her ear—
 Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled,
 And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
 That through her inmost bosom run,

When voices from without proclaim
 "Hafed, the Chief"—and one by one,

The warriors shout that fearful name!
 He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
 How shall she dare to lift her head,
 Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
 Not Yemen's boldest sons can bear?
 In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
 Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
 As in those hellish fires that light
 The mandrake's charnel leaves at night!³
 How shall she bear that voice's tone,
 At whose loud battle-cry alone
 Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
 Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,
 When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
 They hear the thirsting tiger's yell?

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
 Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
 Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now;
 And shuddering, as she hears the tread

Of his retiring warrior band.—
 Never was pause so full of dread;
 Till Hafed with a trembling hand
 Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
 "Hinda!"—that word was all he spoke,
 And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke

From her full bosom told the rest—
 Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
 The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,
 To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
 'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
 The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,
 Hafed, the demon of the fight,
 Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
 Is her own lovèd Gheber, mild
 And glorious as when first he smiled
 In her lone tower, and left such beams
 Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
 That she believed her bower had given
 Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
 Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
 Amid the black Simoon's eclipse—

Or like those verdant spots that bloom
 Around the crater's burning lips,
 Sweet'ning the very edge of doom!
 The past—the future—all that Fate
 Can bring of dark or desperate
 Around such hours, but makes them cast
 Intenser radiance while they last!

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone
 Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—
 His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
 Iran, his dear-loved country made
 A land of carcases and slaves,

X One dreary waste of chains and graves!—
 Himself but lingering, dead at heart,

To see the last, long-struggling breath
 Of Liberty's great soul depart,

Then lay him down, and share her death—
 Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,

With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
 Yet in this moment's pure caress,
 In the mild eyes that shone before him,
 Beaming that blest assurance, worth
 All other transports known on earth,
 That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
 Oh! in this precious hour he proved
 How deep, how thorough-felt the glow

¹ "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers."—*Ebn Haukal*.

² The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called

"the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the Orthodox Mahometans" given by *Ockley*, vol. ii.

³ "The Arabians call the mandrake "the devil's candle," on account of its shining appearance in the night."—*Richardson*.

Of rapture, kindling out of woe ;—
 How exquisite one single drop
 Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
 Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
 Though death must follow on the draught !

She, too, while gazing on those eyes
 That sink into her soul so deep,
 Forgets all fears, all miseries,
 Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
 Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
 Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while !
 The mighty Ruins where they stood,
 Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
 Lay open towards the ocean flood,
 Where lightly o'er th' illumined surge
 Many a fair bark that, all the day,
 Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
 Now bounded on and gave their sails,
 Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;
 Like eagles, when the storm is done,
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
 The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
 Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
 Were still with lingering glories bright,—
 As if, to grace the gorgeous West,
 The Spirit of departing Light
 That eve had left his sunny vest
 Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
 Never was scene so form'd for love !
 Beneath them, waves of crystal move
 In silent swell—Heaven glows above,
 And their pure hearts, to transport given,
 Swell like the wave, and glow like Heaven !

But, ah ! too soon that dream is past—
 Again, again her fear returns ;—
 Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
 More faintly the horizon burns,
 And every rosy tint that lay
 On the smooth sea hath died away.
 Hastily to the darkening skies
 A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
 " At *night*," he said—"and, look, 'tis near—
 Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—
 Soon will his murderous band be here,
 And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
 Hush !—heard'st thou not the tramp of men
 Sounding from yonder fearful glen !—
 Perhaps e'en now they climb the wood—
 Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,
 He'll come—oh ! yes—he wants thy blood—
 I know him—he'll not wait for night ! "

In terrors ev'n to agony
 She clings around the wondering Chief ;—
 " Alas, poor wilder'd maid ! to me
 Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.
 Lost as I am, nought ever grew
 Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
 My doom is like the Dead-Sea air,
 And nothing lives that enters there !
 Why were our barks together driven
 Beneath this morning's furious heaven ?
 Why, when I saw the prize that chance
 Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
 When, casting but a single glance
 Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
 I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
 Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
 To meet th' unmanning sight no more—
 Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow ?
 Why weakly, madly, met thee now ?
 Start not—that noise is but the shock
 Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
 Dread nothing here—upon this rock
 We stand above the jarring world,
 Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
 In gloomy safety, like the Dead !
 Or, could ev'n earth and hell unite
 In league to storm this Sacred Height,
 Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
 And each o'erlooking star that dwells
 Near God will be thy sentinels ;—
 And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
 Back to thy sire——"

" To-morrow !—no "—
 The maiden scream'd—" thou'lt never see
 To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
 The night-cry through each reeking tower,
 Unless we fly, aye, fly this hour !
 Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
 That dreadful glen's mysterious clew
 Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
 Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;
 This morning, with that smile so dire
 He wears in joy, he told me all,
 And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
 As though thy heart already beat
 Its last life-throb beneath his feet !
 Good Heaven, how little dream'd I then
 His victim was my own loved youth !—
 Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
 By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth ! "

Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
 Is that congealing pang which seizes

The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had frozen his blood,
So mazed and motionless was he ;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still Halls of Ishmonie !¹

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days !
Never, in moment most elate,

Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—
While bright, serene, determinate,

His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal-lights of Fate

Were shining in those awful eyes !
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come ;
And, though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track

Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back

With proud regret,—and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes.
This rock, his monument aloft,

Shall speak the tale to many an age ;
And hither bards and heroes oft

Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where Hafed fell.
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive
Th' accurs'd race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on Iran's neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthroned themselves on Hafed's brow ;
And ne'er did Saint of Issa² gaze

On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
More proudly than the youth surveys
That pile, which through the gloom behind

¹ For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c., to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View of the Levant*.

² Jesus.

³ The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed."—*Tavernier*.

Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers—his destined funeral pyre !
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd !³

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams ?
What plans he now ? what thinks or dreams ?
Alas ! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teems with fear ?
"Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
She kneeling cries—"first, last adored !
If in that soul thou'st ever felt

Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
Here, on my knees that never knelt

To any but their God before,
I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
Oh, haste—the bark that bore me hither

Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
East—west—alas, I care not whither
So thou art safe, and I with thee !

Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world's a world of love for us !

On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well ;—
Where thus to worship tenderly
An erring child of light like thee
Will not be sin—or, if it be,
Where we may weep our faults away
Together kneeling, night and day,
Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
And I—at *any* God's, for thine !"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for shame ;

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Pruseus*, Orat. 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him.—See *Patrick on Exodus*, iii. 2.

Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
 With every deep-heaved sob that came.
 While he, young, warm—oh ! wonder not
 If, for a moment, pride and fame,
 His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
 And Iran's self are all forgot
 For her whom at his feet he sees
 Kneeling in speechless agonies.
 No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
 Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
 O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
 Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
 Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
 Was born to kindle and to share !
 A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
 First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
 Of softness passing o'er his soul.
 Starting, he brush'd the drops away
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray ;—
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,
 Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
 That had but dimm'd, not stain'd, its light.

Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
 Its warmth, its weakness, linger'd still
 So touching in each look and tone,
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
 Half thought the hero's soul was grown
 As soft, as yielding as her own,
 And smiled and bless'd him, while he said—
 "Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
 Where fadeless truth like ours is dear ;—
 If there be any land of rest
 For those who love and ne'er forget,
 Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest
 We'll meet in that calm region yet !"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
 If good or ill these words impart,
 When the roused youth impatient flew
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
 A ponderous sea-horn¹ hung, and blew
 A signal, deep and dread as those
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
 Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
 Through life and death, that signal knew ;
 For 'twas th' appointed warning blast,
 Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past
 And the tremendous death-die cast !

And there, upon the mouldering tower,
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his Chieftains at the call
 Came slowly round, and with them all—
 Alas, how few !—the worn remains
 Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
 Went gaily prancing to the clash
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
 Catching new hope from every flash
 Of their long lances in the sun,
 And, as their coursers charged the wind,
 And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,²
 Looking as if the steeds they rode
 Were wing'd, and every Chief a God !
 How fallen, how alter'd now ! how wan
 Each scarred and faded visage shone,
 As round the burning shrine they came ;—
 How deadly was the glare it cast,
 As mute they paused before the flame
 To light their torches as they pass'd !
 'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
 The duties of his soldier-band ;
 And each determined brow declares
 His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
 And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,
 That look from heaven, ye may behold
 Sights that will turn your star-fires cold !
 Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
 The maiden sees the veteran group
 Her litter silently prepare,
 And lay it at her trembling feet ;—
 And now the youth, with gentle care,
 Hath placed her in the shelter'd seat,
 And press'd her hand—that lingering press
 Of hands, that for the last time sever ;
 Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
 When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
 And yet to *her* this sad caress
 Gives hope—so fondly hope can err !
 'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
 Their happy flight's dear harbinger ;
 'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
 'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste !" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,
 But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark ;

¹ "The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms, or giving signals : it sends forth a deep and hollow sound."—*Pennant*.

² "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies."—*Thevenot*.

And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss!

With thee upon the sun-bright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this,

As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
And thou—"but ah!—he answers not—

Good heaven!—and does she go alone?
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,

Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,

Sweet as the angel Israfil's,¹

When every leaf on Eden's tree

Is trembling to his minstrelsy—

Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh—

"Hafed! my Hafed! if it be
Thy will, thy doom, this night to die,

Let me but stay to die with thee,
And I will bless thy lovèd name,
Till the last life-breath leave this frame.

Oh! let our lips, our cheeks, be laid

But near each other while they fade;

Let us but mix our parting breaths,

And I can die ten thousand deaths!

You too, who hurry me away

So cruelly, one moment stay—

Oh! stay—one moment is not much—

He may yet come—for *him* I pray—

Hafed! dear Hafed!—"all the way

In wild lamentings that would touch

A heart of stone she shriek'd his name

To the dark woods—no Hafed came:—

No—hapless pair—you've looked your last;

Your hearts should both have broken then:

The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—

You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!

Still half-way down the steep he stands,

Watching with fixed and feverish eyes

The glimmer of those burning brands,

That down the rocks, with mournful ray,

Light all he loves on earth away!

Hopeless as they, who far at sea,

By the cold moon have just consign'd

The corse of one, loved tenderly,

To the bleak flood they leave behind;

And on the deck still lingering stay,

And long look back, with sad delay,

To watch the moonlight on the wave,

That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?

That dreadful shout!—across the glen

From the land side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!

"They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—

"Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire

Are on the wing to join your choir!"

He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound

To their young loves, reclin'd the steep
And gain'd the Shrine—his chiefs stood round—

Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,

Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams burst,

And hark!—again—again it rings;

Near and more near its echoings

Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then

Had seen those listening warrior-men,

With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame

Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,

Th' indignant shame with which they thrill

To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—

"What! while our arms can wield these blades
Shall we die tamely? die alone?

Without one victim to our shades,

One Moslem heart where, buried deep,

The sabre from its toil may sleep?

No—God of Iran's burning skies!

Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.

No—though of all earth's hopes bereft,

Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.

We'll make yon valley's reeking caves

Live in the awe-struck minds of men,

Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves

Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.

Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains

Our refuge still from life and chains;

But his the best, the holiest bed,

Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,

While vigour, more than human, strung

Each arm and heart.—Th' exulting foe

Still through the dark defiles below,

Track'd by his torch's lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through Golconda's vale²

¹ "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—*Salé*

² See *Hoole* upon the Story of Sinbad.

The mighty serpent, in his ire,
 Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
 No torch the Ghebers need—so well
 They know each mystery of the dell,
 So oft have, in their wanderings,
 Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,
 The very tigers from their delves
 Look out, and let them pass, as things
 Untamed and fearless like themselves !

There was a deep ravine, that lay
 Yet darkling in the Moslem's way ;—
 Fit spot to make invaders rue
 The many fall'n before the few.
 The torrents from that morning's sky
 Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
 And, on each side, aloft and wild,
 Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled,—
 The guards, with which young Freedom lines
 The pathways to her mountain-shrines.
 Here, at this pass, the scanty band
 Of Iran's last avengers stand ;
 Here wait, in silence like the dead,
 And listen for the Moslems' tread
 So anxiously, the carrion-bird
 Above them flaps his wings unheard !

They come—that plunge into the water
 Gives signal for the work of slaughter,
 Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
 Had point or prowess, prove them now—
 Woe to the file that foremost wades !

They come—a falchion greets each brow,
 And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
 Beneath the gory waters sunk,
 Still o'er their drowning bodies press
 New victims quick and numberless ;
 Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band

So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
 But listless from each crimson hand
 The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
 Never was horde of tyrants met
 With bloodier welcome—never yet
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword
 More terrible libations pour'd !

All up the dreary, long ravine,
 By the red, murky glimmer seen
 Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
 Lie scattered round and burn in blood,
 What ruin glares ! what carnage swims !
 Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand ,

Wretches who, wading, half on fire
 From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
 'Twixt blood and flame in shrieks expire ;—
 And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
 Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore !

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
 Still hundreds, thousands more succeed ;
 Countless as towards some flame at night
 The north's dark insects wing their flight,
 And quench or perish in its light,
 To this terrific spot they pour—
 Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
 It bears aloft their slippery tread,
 And o'er the dying and the dead,
 Tremendous causeway ! on they pass,—
 Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
 What hope was left for you ? for you
 Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
 Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
 Whose swords how keen, how fierce, they knew,
 And burn with shame to find how few.

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
 Some found their graves where first they stood ;
 While some with hardier struggle died,
 And still fought on by Hafed's side,
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
 Towards the high towers his gory track ;
 And, as a lion swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
 From the wild covert where he lay,¹
 Long battles with th' o'erwhelming tide,
 So fought he back with fierce delay,
 And kept both foes and fate at bay !

But whither now ? their track is lost,
 Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
 By torrent beds and labyrinths cross'd
 The scattered crowd rush blindly on—
 "Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
 They panting cry, "so far behind—
 Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
 To track the way the Gheber went !"
 Vain wish—confusedly along
 They rush, more desperate as more wrong ;
 Till wilder'd by the far-off lights,
 Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,

¹ "In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, '*He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*'"—*Maundrell's Aleppo.*

Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dashed into the deep abyss ;
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of rav'ning vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way, breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,

Resigned as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam,
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'twas she

His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,

When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.

It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd, their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd

Between him and her radiance cast ;—
As if to charms before so bright,

New grace from other worlds were given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven !

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a loved friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.—
“And must we then, my Chief, die here ?—
Foes round us, and the Shrine so near !”
These words have roused the last remains
Of life within him—“what ! not yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains !”

The thought could ev'n make Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound
He springs all bleeding from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
Ev'n feebler, heavier, than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads,
Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow !
They mount—they bleed—oh ! save them now !—
The crags are red they've clambered o'er,
The rock-weed's dripping with their gore—
Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,

Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength !—
Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe
Come near and nearer from below—
One effort more—thank Heaven ! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last,
And now they touch the temple's walls,

Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—
When lo ! his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.

“Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled !

And must I leave thee withering here,
The sport of every ruffian's tread,

The mark for every coward's spear ?
No, by yon altar's sacred beams !”

He cries, and with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fallen Chief, and towards the flame
Bears him along ;—with death-damp hand

The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,

And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—

“Now, Freedom's God ! I come to Thee,”
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires !

What shriek was that on Oman's tide ?

It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side

The death-light—and again is dark.
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd ?—

That bears the wretched Moslem maid ;
Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieftain would not share

The secret of his final doom ;
But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,

Was render'd to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be

The ransom of so dear a prize.—

Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell—
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,

Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,

They rock'd along the whispering tide,
While every eye, in mute dismay

Was toward that fatal mountain turn'd,

Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
Of Fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell!
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on.
Like things, within the cold rock found
Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain;—
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agonis'd suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
The starlight o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being
Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now!—but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie;—
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means

The battle cry at this dread hour—
Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast—
Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul's first idol, and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence towards the Shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine,
Fix their last failing life-beams there.
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent;
While Hafed, like a vision, stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrined in its own grand element!
"Tis he!" the shuddering maid exclaims,—
But while she speaks he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
Then sprung as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south¹ o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star² to light up her tomb.

¹ "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia*.

² "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is

a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Taleb*.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,¹
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
 Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her Hero ! forget thee,—
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
 Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With everything beauteous that grows in the deep ;

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;²
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
 We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian³ are sparkling,
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
 They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

THE singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly ; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organising, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the Poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk⁴ would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharria of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel ; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN), there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharria. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general ; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and LALLA ROOKH was expecting to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian queen,—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal, and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master, Aurungzebe—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had

¹ For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer, Amoenitat. Exot.*

² Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. See *Trevoux, Chambers.*

³ "The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."—*Struy.*

⁴ The application of whips and rods,"—*Dubois.*

given to him, FADLADEEN, the profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,¹ and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river,² beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass ; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal ; and here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharria and the world, for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer—or, what was worse, behold him with eyes whose every look belonged to another ; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure ; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy—resembling, she often thought, the people of Zinge,³ who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.⁴

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While FADLADEEN, in addition to the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards,⁵ which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill ; taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the faithful say their prayers !

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens,⁶ which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the

¹ Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him “formæ corporis estimator.” His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

² The Attock.

³ The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never affected with sadness or melancholy ; on this subject the Sheikh *Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari*, has the following distich :—

“ *Who is the man without care or sorrow (tell) that I may rub my hand to him ?* ”

“ (*Behold*) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicsome with tipsiness and mirth.”

“ The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night.”—*Persian MS.*

⁴ The star Soheil, or Canopus.

⁵ “ The lizard Stettio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers.”—*Hasselquist.*

⁶ For these particulars respecting Hussun Abdaul, I am indebted to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone’s work upon Coubul.

pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "It was too delicious;"¹—and here in listening to the sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal—the Light of the Haram,² who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida,³ which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave, and thus began:—

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,⁴
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror, at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half
shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.⁵
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people
meet.—

¹ "As you enter at that Bazaar without the gate at Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at the top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say that this Mosque was made in that place because Mohammed, being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious."—*Thevenot*.

² Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

³ "Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses Maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimoit cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette mésintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque temps commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en appercût, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poète de ce tems là, de composer quelques vers

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a
lover
The young aspen-trees⁶ till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountainous portal⁷ that
opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy,—for now

sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poète exécuta l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poète et de la douceur de la voix du musicien, qu'il alla aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle."—*D'Herbelot*.

⁴ "The rose of Kashmere, for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour, has long been proverbial in the East."—*Forster*.

⁵ "Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody."—*Song of Jayadeva*.

⁶ "The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen trees, slender and tall."—*Bernier*

⁷ "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake."—*Forster*.

The Valley holds its Feast of Roses.¹
 That joyous Time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and in their shower
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—
 The Floweret of a hundred leaves,²
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
 When day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of Baramoule,³
 When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refresh'd, from their embroider'd beds,
 Where they had slept the sun away,
 And waked to moonlight and to play.
 All were abroad—the busiest hive
 On Bela's⁴ hills is less alive
 When saffron beds are full in flower,
 Than look'd the Valley in that hour.
 A thousand restless torches play'd
 Through every grove and island shade;
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set
 On every dome and minaret;
 And fields and pathways, far and near,
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
 That you could see, in wand'ring round
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve:
 And there were glancing eyes about,
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
 In open day, but thought they might
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night.
 And all were free, and wandering,
 And all exclaim'd to all they met
 That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
 The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which bless'd them there;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers!
 It seem'd as though from all the bowers
 And fairest fields of all the year,
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
 The lake too like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths
 Had fallen upon it from the sky!
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
 Of tabors and of dancing feet;—
 The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,⁵
 And answer'd by a ziraleet
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet;—
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing⁶
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top leaves of the orange grove;
 Or, from those infant groups that play
 Among the tents⁷ that line the way,
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other.—

Then the sounds from the Lake,—the low whisp'ring in
 boats,
 As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dipping of
 oars,
 And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
 Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the
 shores,
 Like those of Kathay utter'd music, and gave
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave!⁸
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds full of feeling,
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
 Oh! best of delights as it everywhere is
 To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapture is his,
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
 O'er the Lake of Cashinere, with that *One* by his side!
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a heaven she must make of Cash-
 mere!

¹ "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom."—*Pietro de la Valle*.

² "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species."—*Ouseley*.

³ *Bernier*.

⁴ A place mentioned in the *Toozek Jehangeery*, or *Memoirs of Jehan-Guire*, where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere.

⁵ "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."—*Russel*.

⁶ "The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—*Richardson*.

⁷ "The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is ac-

companied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings."—*Thevenot*.

⁷ "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, with music, dances, &c., &c."—*Herbert*.

⁸ "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them."—*Grosier*.

This miraculous property has been attributed also to the shores of Attica: "Hujus littus, ait Capella, concentum nusicum illis terræ undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis rim puto dictum."—*Ludov. Vives in Augustin. de Civitat. Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 8.

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,¹
 When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
 With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.
 When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror roved
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only beloved,
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
 And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world !

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
 This *was* not the beauty—oh ! nothing like this,
 That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss !
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
 From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint has of Heav'n in his dreams.
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with her face !
 And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquildest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes—
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
 Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring ;—
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages,²
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
 Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave ;
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
 Of the flowers³ of this planet—though treasures were
 there,
 For which Soliman's self might have given all the store

¹ Jehan-Guire was the son of the Great Acbar.

² In the wars of the Dives with the Peris whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "They shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—*Richardson*.

That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his shore,
 Yet dim befere *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal !

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ ?—
 When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by chance
 Into the vale this happy night,
 He saw that City of Delight⁴
 In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
 Are made of gems and light and flowers !
 Where is the loved Sultana ? where,
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
 In melancholy stillness now ?

Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesss of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reached the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part for ever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above
 He sits, with flowerets fetter'd round ;⁵

³ In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

⁴ The capital of Shadukiam.

⁵ See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's Cérémonies Religieuses*.

Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings ;
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies !¹

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind
The fondest hearts may soon be riven ;
Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,
Which though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst ;—
Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
The heart of the Imperial Lover,
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light !
Hence it is, on this happy night,
When Pleasure through the fields and groves
Has let loose all her world of loves,
And every heart has found its own,—
He wanders joyless and alone,
And weary as that bird of Thrace,
Whose pinion knows no resting-place.²

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the Earth supplies
Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
The eyes are dim—though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not ?³
In vain the Valley's smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along ;
He heeds them not—one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the Star's adorers are,
She is the Heaven that lights the Star !

Hence is it too that Nourmahal,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
With no one near, to soothe or aid,

But that inspired and wondrous maid,
Namouna, the Enchantress ;—one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,—
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of Namouna's birth !

All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra,⁴ which around
The Air's sublimer spirits drew,
To the gold gems⁵ of Afric, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's⁶ harm.
And she had pledged her powerful art,
Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's⁷ smile to Nourmahal !

'Twas midnight—through the lattice wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about ;—
When thus Namouna :—" 'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower,
And garlands might be gather'd now,
That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights,
As Genii of the Sun behold,
At evening from their tents of gold,

¹ "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour."—*Grosier*.

² "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French 'les ames damnées.'"—*Dalloway*.

³ "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."—*Jami*.

⁴ "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford*.

⁵ "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs *El Herrez*, from the supposed charm they contain."—*Jackson*.

⁶ "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape."—*Richardson*.

⁷ The name of Jehan-Guire before his accession to the throne.

Upon th' horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away!
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs.
And who might tell——"

"For me, for me,"
Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night,"
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
Anemones and Seas of Gold,¹

And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets, that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;²
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the Gardens of Malay
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,³
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away.—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamara's shades ;—⁴
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On Serendib's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale ;—
In short, all flowerets and all plants
From the divine Amrita tree,⁵

That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil⁶ tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert⁷ and the dead :—
All in that garden bloom, and all

Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more ;
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance
Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charm'd life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew her roseate lip.
Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

I know where the wing'd visions dwell
That round the night-bed play ;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The dream of a future, happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.⁸
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

¹ "Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour."—*Sir W. Jones*.

² "This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love."—*Id.*

³ "The Malays style the tube-rose (*Polyanthes tuberosa*) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night."—*Pennant*.

⁴ The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names) "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of lute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails."—*Marsden*.

⁶ "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is

called Amrita, or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit."—*Sir W. Jones*.

⁶ Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.

"The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead ; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil."—*Maillet, Lett.* 10.

⁷ "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."—*Asiat. Researches*.

⁸ "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches."—*Hasselquist*.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
 The glitter of mines unfold,
 Inhabit the mountain-herb,¹ that dyes
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.
 The phantom shapes—oh, touch not them—
 That appal the murderer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
 That shrieks, when torn at night!
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flow'r'y crown
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
 Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of Nourmahal;—
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small, rich harmonies
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of Azab² blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy, Red Sea shells,
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;³
 And now a Spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
 Of music and of light—so fair
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,—
 Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

From Chindara's⁴ warbling fount I come,
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;

¹ An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchemists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchemical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called, *Haschischat-ed-dab*."

Father Jerome Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats of Mount Libanus are of a *silver* colour; and adds, "this confirms that which I observed in Candia; to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground."—*Dandini, Voyage to Mount Libanus*.

² The myrrh country.

From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly:—
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey;—
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song, that bears
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.⁵

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure;⁶
 When memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death

³ "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea."—*Wilford*.

⁴ "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—*Richardson*.

⁵ "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—*Brown's Illustr. Tab. 19*.

⁶ "Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of a complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus sense, memory, and imagination, are conjunctively employed."—*Gerard on Taste*.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero:—"Quocirca corpus gaudere tamdin, dum præsentem

Through the field has shone—yet moves with a
breath.

And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
When Music has reach'd her inmost soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.

So hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,¹
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,
As if the morn had waked, and then
Shut close her lids of light again.
And Nourmahal is up, and trying
The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
O bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.
And then, her voice—'tis more than human—
Never, till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine,—
"Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
"And he is more than ever mine."
And hourly she renews the lay,
So fearful lest its heav'nly sweetness
Should, ere the evening fade away,—

sentiret voluptatem: animum et præsentem percipere cum corpore
et prospicere vementem, nec præteritam præterfluere sinere."

Madame de Staël accounts upon the same principle for the
gratification we derive from *rhyme*:—"Elle est l'image de
l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui
doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit, il nous rappelle
celui que vient de nous échapper."

¹ "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and
the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real daybreak. They account
for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that
as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it
passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting
its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this
temporary appearance of daybreak. As it ascends, the earth is
again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain
and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—*Scott
Waring*. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,

"Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

² "In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the lake, one of
the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious
garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-
trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect
the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and,
flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety
of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To

For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner, as it flows;
Till rapt she dwells on every string,
And pours again each sound along,
Like echo, lost and languishing
In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul
Might be from haunting love released
By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
Th' Imperial Selim held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar:—²
In whose Saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams.³
And all those wand'ring minstrel-maids,
Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the South⁴
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile;—
Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
And from the Garden of the Nile,
Delicate as the roses there;—⁵
Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks;⁶

decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an
equal magnificence and taste: especially Jehan Gheer, who, with
the enchanting Noor Mahal, made Kashmere his usual residence
during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal
are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments,
each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where
the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sher-
bets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the prin-
cipal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour,
streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish
than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo tem-
ple, by one of the Mogul Princes, and are esteemed of great
value."—*Forster*.

³ "The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its
being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their
beauty to them."—*Ali Yezdi*.

⁴ "From him I received the following Gazzel, or Love-song, the
notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of
those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delight-
ful valley over the various parts of India."—*Persian Miscel-
lanies*.

⁵ "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached
to the Emperor of Morocco's palace), are unequalled, and mat-
tresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline
upon."—*Jackson*.

⁶ "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern
which produces the most beautiful rock crystal. On account of
its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond."—*Marita*.

Light Peri forms, such as there are
On the gold meads of Candahar ;¹
And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies
That they might fancy the rich flowers,
That round them in the sun lay sighing,
Had been by magic all set flying.²

Everything young, everything fair
From East and West is blushing there,
Except—except—oh, Nourmahal !
Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
The one, whose smile shone out alone,
Amidst a world the only one ;
Whose light, among so many lights,
Was like that star, on starry nights,
The seaman singles from the sky,
To steer his bark for ever by !
Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
And everything seem'd drear without thee ;
But ah ! thou wert, thou wert—and brought
Thy charm of song all fresh about thee ;
Mingling unnoticed with a band
Of lutanists from many a land,
And veil'd by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids—³
A mask that leaves but one eye free,
To do its best in witchery,—
She rov'd with beating heart around,
And waited, trembling, for the minute,
When she might try if still the sound
Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine ;
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On Casbin's hill's ;⁴—pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears
And sunniest apples⁵ that Caubul

In all its thousand gardens⁶ bears.
Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen ;⁷
Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of Samarcand,
And Basra dates, and apricots,
Seed of the sun,⁸ from Iran's land ;—
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,⁹
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.¹⁰
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure santal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle¹¹
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw ;
Amber Rosolli,¹²—the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing ;¹³
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby, for which Kublai-Khan
Offer'd a city's wealth,¹⁴ was blushing
Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
And seems resolved the floods shall reach
His inward heart,—shedding around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For love to rest his wings upon.
He little knew how blest the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy ;—
As bards have seen him, in their dreams,
Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,¹⁵

¹ "There is a part of Candahar called Peria, or Fairy-land."—*Thevenot*. In some of those countries to the north of India, vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

² These are the butterflies, which are called in the Chinese language, Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called Flying Flowers ; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens."—*Dunn*.

³ "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps, prettily ordered."—*Carreri*. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

⁴ "The golden grapes of Casbin."—*Description of Persia*.

⁵ "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates," &c.—*Elphinstone*.

⁶ "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmaundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account : that city and its 100,000 gardens," &c.—*Id.*

⁷ "The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world ; the pride of the Malay Islands."—*Marsden*.

⁸ "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ekshems, signifying sun's seed."—*Description of Persia*.

⁹ Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers," &c.—*Russel*.

¹⁰ "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac."—*The Moalakat, Poem of Tarafa*.

¹¹ "Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan."—See *Kempfer*.

¹² Persian Tales.

¹³ The white wine of Kishma.

¹⁴ "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it ; but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world."—*Marco Polo*.

¹⁵ The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the *Nymphaea nelumbo*."—See *Pennant*.

Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow ?
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow,
Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks ;¹
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark—oh, he, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those !—
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda,² and thus sings :—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss ;
And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this !³

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee ;⁴
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,⁵
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss ;
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this !

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their
sphere,
Who for wine of this earth⁶ left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss ?
For, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,

¹ Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths."—See *Ebn Haukal*.

² "The Indian syrinda or guitar."—*Symes*.

³ "Around the exterior of the Dewan Khass (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble—'If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.'"—*Francklin*.

⁴ "Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the moun-

And so divinely breathed around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israfil,⁷ the Angel, there ;—
So pow'rfully on ev'ry soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together :—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heav'nly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wand'ring bliss ;
And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As Music knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid !"
While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more :—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
But, oh ! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope,
The silv'ry-footed antelope

tain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil."
—*Song of Fayadeva*.

⁵ "The Nisan, or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells."—*Richardson*.

⁶ For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, See *Mariti*.

The Angel of Music.

As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then, come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years !

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.¹

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place ;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine !

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, ev'n without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart ;
But, breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much !
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—

Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
"O Nourmahal ! O Nourmahal !
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light !
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance ;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile ;
And, happier now for all her sighs
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses !"

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry, of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets—frivolous, inharmonious, nonsensical—he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions—not to mention dew, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers ; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always

¹The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion, these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm ; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine ; “being, perhaps,” said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, “one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain,¹ so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it.” Upon the whole it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation ; “and, indeed,” concluded the critic, “from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet.”

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India ; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor,² he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart ?

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled.³ But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains,⁴ which make every spot of that region holy ground ; neither the

¹ “The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species *Kia-tsin*, that is, *azure is put in press*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on.”—“They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose.”—*Dunn*.

² An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. ‘I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor.’—*Hafiz*.

³ Kachmire be Nazeer.—*Forster*.

⁴ “The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Bescham,

and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound.”—*Major Rennell's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan*.

Jehan-Guire mentions “a fountain in Cashmere called *Tirnagh*, which signifies a snake ; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there.”—“During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmere. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood.”—*Toozek Jehangeery*. See *Asiat. Misc.* vol. ii.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the *Ayin-Acbaree*, “Who,” says *Major Rennell*, “ap-

countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers,¹ appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre; not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.² Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth—while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters³ who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her; but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness which we can fancy in the cold, odorous wind⁴ that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the Lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet when she rose in the morning and her Ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with

pears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his descriptions of the holy places in it."

¹ "On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully-chequered parterre."—*Forster*.

² "Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises

for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made."—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels*.

³ "For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, See *Encyclopædia*.

⁴ This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, 'Would to God I were in his place!'"—*Salé's Preliminary Discourse*.

the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake; first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the Princess was FADLADEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They had now entered the canal which leads from the lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga,¹ on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but, scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her! FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this

¹ “On Mohammed Shaw’s return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted his throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who

possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones; so that when, in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one corore of oons (nearly four million sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels.”—*Ferishta*.

experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the monarch Aliris, and, ready, moreover, to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

CRITIQUES ON LALLA ROOKH.

It is needless to say that Moore's LALLA ROOKH has been the subject of frequent criticism. With, scarcely any exception, it has had an almost unlimited amount of praise. It is therefore difficult to select the opinions of critics that have ably examined the poem. But in this work only two will be quoted, namely, Lord Jeffrey, the celebrated Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, who at one time nearly fought a duel with Moore, but afterwards became one of his heartiest friends; and Lord John (the late Earl) Russell, who throughout life showed the greatest friendship to Moore, and at the death of the Poet became his literary executor.

Lord Jeffrey remarks (November, 1817) in the *Edinburgh Review* :—

“There is a great deal of our recent poetry derived from the East; but this is the finest Orientalism we have had yet. The land of the Sun never shone out so brightly on the children of the North—nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely, to the delighted senses of Europe. The beauteous forms, the dazzling splendours, the breathing odours of the East, seem at last to have found a kindred poet in that Green Isle of the West, whose Genius has long been suspected to be derived from a warmer clime, and now wantons and luxuriates in those voluptuous regions, as if it felt that it had at length regained its native element. It is amazing, indeed, how much at home Mr. Moore seems to be in India, Persia, and Arabia; and how purely and strictly Asiatic all the colouring and imagery of his book appears. He is thoroughly imbued with the character of the scenes to which he transports us; and yet the extent of his knowledge is less wonderful than the dexterity and the apparent facility with which he has drawn it to account in the elucidation of his poetry. There is not in the volume a simile or description, a name, a trait of history, or allusion of romance which belongs to European experience; or does not indicate an entire familiarity with the life, the dead nature, and the learning of the East. Nor are these barbaric ornaments thinly scattered to make up a show. They are showered lavishly over all the work; and form, perhaps, too much the staple of the poetry—and the riches of that which is chiefly distinguished for its richness.”

Lord Jeffrey, on entering into the details of the “plot” of LALLA ROOKH, makes the following remarks :—

“The volume before us contains four separate and distinct poems—connected, however, and held together, ‘like orient pearls at random strung,’ by the slender thread of a prose story, on which all are suspended, and to the simple catastrophe of which they in some measure contribute. The airy and elegant legend is to the following effect :—LALLA ROOKH, the daughter of the great Aurengzebe, is betrothed to the young King of Bucharia; and sets forth, with a splendid train of Indian and Bucharian attendants, to meet the enamoured bridegroom, in the delightful valley of Cashmere. The progress of this glorious cavalcade, and the beauty of the country

which it traverses, are exhibited with great richness of colouring and picturesque effect. . . . To amuse the languor, or divert the impatience, of the royal bride, in the noontide and night-halts of her luxurious progress, a young Cashmerian poet has been sent by the gallantry of the bridegroom; and recites on those occasions, the several poems that form the bulk of the volume. . . . The whole story is very sweetly and gaily told; and is adorned with many tender as well as lively passages.

"The last piece, 'The Light of the Haram,' is the gayest of the whole; and is of a very slender fabric as to fable or invention. . . . The whole piece is written in a kind of rapture, as if the author had breathed nothing but intoxicating gas during its composition. It is accordingly filled with lively images, and splendid expressions, and all sorts of beauties."

In comparing Moore with other poets, Lord Jeffrey observes that "All poets, who really love poetry, and live in a poetical age, are great imitators; and the character of their writings may often be as correctly ascertained by observing whom they imitate, and whom they abstain from imitating, as from anything else. Mr. Moore reminds us oftener of Mr. Southey and Lord Byron than of any other of his contemporaries. The resemblance is sometimes to the Roderick of the first-mentioned author, but most frequently to his Kehama. This may be partly owing to the nature of the subject; but in many passages the coincidence seems to be more radical, and to indicate a considerable conformity in taste and habits of conception. Mr. Southey's tone, indeed, is more assuming, his manner more solemn, and his diction weaker. Mr. Moore is more lively, his figures and images come more thickly; and his language is at once more familiar, and more strengthened with points and antitheses. In other respects, the descriptive passages in Kehama bear a remarkable affinity—in the brightness of the colouring, and the amplitude and beauty of details. It is in the descriptions of love, and of female loveliness, that there is the strongest resemblance to Lord Byron—at least, to the larger poems of that noble author. In the powerful and condensed expression of strong emotion, Mr. Moore seems to rather have imitated the tone of his Lordship's smaller pieces—but imitated them as only an original genius could imitate—as Lord Byron himself may be said, in his later pieces, to have imitated those of an earlier date."

We next quote from the late Earl Russell in his *Memoirs, &c.*, of Thomas Moore:—

"LALLA ROOKH is the work next to the Melodies and Sacred Songs in proof of Moore's title as a poet. It is a poem rich with the most brilliant creations; a work such as Pope always wished to write, such as Tasso might have written. Indeed there is no poet who Moore resembles in profusion of invention, the beauty of language, and the tenderness of feeling so much as Tasso. Tasso, indeed, placed certain limits to his own invention by taking for his subject a well-known historical event, and adopting for his heroes historical characters. . . . Moore has, however, taken a different course, and, relinquishing all the advantages to be derived from an historical subject, has sought in the abundant spring of his own imagination, the tales upon which his poem is founded. Some few hints, indeed, he has borrowed from Eastern legends, and recorded revolutions, and in one of his letters he says that Mr. Rogers furnished him with the subject of his poem. But the whole narrative of the Veiled Prophet, and the Fire-Worshippers, is in fact his own creation. . . . Such charm of versification, such tenderness of womanly love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such description of blind and fierce patriotism as are found in LALLA ROOKH are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed the fault on which most readers dwell is that the feast is too sumptuous, the lights of a splendour which dazzle the eyes they were meant to enchant, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the senses they were meant to delight. To this may be added the copious display of Eastern learning which often brings the unknown to illustrate that which of itself is obscure."

IRISH MELODIES.

A PERUSAL of the various prefaces, &c., written by Moore to his "Irish Melodies" leaves not the shadow of a doubt that the great object he had in view was to resuscitate the music of his country in its purely national aspect. In his Autobiography he admits that he was stirred to this by first seeing a work by Mr. Bunting, in 1797, the year before the rebellion that took place in Ireland. He also states his connection, indirectly, with that movement, through the intimacy between himself and some of its leaders, especially with Robert Emmet. He remarks that during the existence of the Penal Code, "the Music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilised life; and seldom, anywhere, but in the huts of the proscribed race, could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard." But Moore accomplished more than this. He made Irish Melodies and Irish Music *cosmopolitan*. The difficulties he had to contend with had better be left to himself to explain, for which reason the following is quoted as written by him:—

ESSAY ON THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose¹ marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell

¹ There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in *The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose* (1660). See particularly for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 49;

and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. vii., p. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

of the exile,¹ mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George II. that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and, perhaps, we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind as music was formerly applied to the body, “decantare loca dolentia.” Mr. Pinkerton² is of opinion that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us for some of our melodies to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few of a *civilised* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage ceanans, cries,³ &c.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise⁴—that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks⁵—or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the north of Ireland.⁶

By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with the counterpoint,⁷ and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates with such elaborate praise upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited with much more plausibility to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;⁸ yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned,

¹ The associations of the Hindu music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir W. Jones) “they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months,” &c.

² Dissertation prefixed to the 2nd volume of his *Scottish Ballads*.

³ Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

⁴ See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

⁵ O'Halloran, vol. i. part i. chap. vi.

⁶ Id. ib., chap. vii.

⁷ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval. The Greeks seemed to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its *practical* use, we must agree with Mersenne (*Preludes de l'Harmonie*,

quest. 7), that the *theory* of music would be imperfect without it. Even in practice, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks (*Observations on Florid Song*, chap. i. § 16), there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the pianoforte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

⁸ The words, *ποικιλία* and *ἑτεροφωνία*, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero, in fragment, lib. ii., *De Republ.* induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counterpoint. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think satisfactorily (“Examen d'un Passage de Platon,” in the third volume of *Histoire de l'Acad.*). M. Huet is of opinion (*Pensées Diverses*) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect in favour of the supposition occurs in the Treatise, *Περὶ Κόσμου*, attributed to Aristotle—*Μουσική δὲ οὐκ εἰς ἀμὲν καὶ βάρεις, κ.τ.λ.*

that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the "light of song" through the variegating prism of harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of, the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting)¹ must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp² were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale, our music³ became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,⁴ and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget" (Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6, v. 204), the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

¹ Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this, I must say, is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition. If I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule? I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his *Introduction to Harmony*, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

² A singular oversight occurs in an Essay on the Irish Harp by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to *Walker's Historical Memoirs*. "The Irish," says he, "according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II., had two kinds of Harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,' the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing." How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton, and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the old chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ, filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara,

tubis, et chora Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam*" (*Hist. Anglic. Script.*, p. 1075). I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

³ The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called "The Saint-stealer." It must have been some Irishman, I suppose, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.

⁴ Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception, perhaps, of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation (*Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie*). The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon *Musical Expression*; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

I must again observe that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that it would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the Acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathises with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,¹ and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustine)² from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see in every effort for Ireland a system of hostility towards England—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness, like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered!³—to such men I shall not deign to apologise for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many among the more wise and tolerant who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be now and then alarmed with

¹ See Letters, under the signatures of "Timæus," &c., in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

² "Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed

vinum erroris quod cum eis nobis propinquatur."—Lib. i. Confess. cap. xvi.

³ This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπεζοποιός) to Alexander the Great.—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* Lib. i.

advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of the symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies ; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music ; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured¹ and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed as having lost its charm of novelty for the air, it returns in a harmonised shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention ; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

T. M.

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning.
Oh ! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On in its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh ! then remember me.

¹ The word "chromatic" might have been used here, without any violence to its meaning.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing,
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.¹

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia,² and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora³ no more.
That star of the field which so oft hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep for a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood⁴
In the day of distress by our side,
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

¹ Brien Borohme, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

² Munster.

³ The palace of Brien.

⁴ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgaiss, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise.

Erin! thy silent tear shall never cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops;—never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*, book 12, chap. i.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S
HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's halls
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells :
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells,
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,¹
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

¹ Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

² "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
AS LIGHT.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now :
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile :—
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows !
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined !
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

But they who have loved, the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed ;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl ; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN
WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me ;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.²

locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE
WORE.¹

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But, oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

" Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? "

" Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :—
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green isle ;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE
WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting.—

Oh ! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray,
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. Walker informs us also that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

¹ This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote :—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that as a proof of it we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value ; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i., book x.

² "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.²

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;³
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters be mingled with peace.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.⁴

" Oh ! haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see ;
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

" O Father ! send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds and billows dark ;
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and evening prayer :
Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint !
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

³ The rivers Avon and Avoca.

⁴ In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party ; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannara, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer :—

*Cui præsul, quid feminis
Commune est cum monachis ?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.*

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.* p. 610.

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd ;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd,
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delayed,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still ;
 Some hand, more calm and sage,
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even *you* require ;
 But oh ! each word I write
 Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you.
 Like you, tis fair and bright ;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild passion write
 One wrong wish there.

Haply when from those eyes
 Far, far away I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Tow'rds you and home,
 Fancy may trace some line
 Worthy those eyes to meet ;
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
 Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
 Seamen their records keep,
 Led by some hidden star
 Through the cold deep ;
 So may the words I write
 Tell through what storm I stray—
You still the unseen light
 Guiding my way.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
 Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall ;
 Hang it up at that friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call¹
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh ! let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest ;
 Never oh ! never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd.
 But when some warm devoted lover
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried !
 How oft has death untied
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwined by Love !
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth ;
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon ; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

¹ " In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—*O'Halloran*.

We're fallen upon gloomy days!¹
 Star after star decays,
 Every bright name that shed
 Light o'er the land is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth:
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights!²
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung!³
 Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;

¹ I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

² This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero in a poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Neill, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433:—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

³ Fox, "*Romanorum ultimus*."

⁴ "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck

Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,⁴
 Which he won from her proud invader;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—⁵
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.⁶

of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

⁵ "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bronbhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—*O'Halloran's Introduction*, &c., part i. chap. 5.

⁶ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.¹

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
 When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief,
 To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
 To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
 But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool, that would quarrel for difference of hue,
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No: perish the hearts, and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
 O Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,

clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirandis frequenter ostendunt.*—*Topogr. Hib.*, dist. ii. c. 9.

¹ To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be

Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west;—
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
 Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
 Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
 And oh! may his tomb want a tier and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath;
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resigned
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in
 vain,

Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
 And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain.
 Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

content to learn in a note, that Fionnula, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear ;
 No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when she rose.

ERIN, O ERIN !

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,¹
 And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
 Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
 Erin, O Erin ! thus bright through the tears
 Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
 Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;
 And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung, •
 The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
 Erin, O Erin ! tho' long in the shade,
 Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping through the winter's cold hour,
 Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.²
 Thus Erin, O Erin ! *thy* winter is past,
 And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh ! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone ;
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,

They ask'd her, "which might pass ?"
 She answer'd, "he who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do :
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth and grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh ! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;
 It's native home 's above,
 Tho' woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH ! weep for the hour
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came :
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow pathway
 When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor ;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away

¹ The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions :—"Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant ; non quod extingui non possit sed quod tam solícite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materiâ, foveant et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per

tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* dist. ii. c. 34.

² Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important object.

Every trace on the path where the false Lord came ;
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.¹

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame,
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart ;²
 And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never would bend ;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray ;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their
 sires ;
 And the torch, that would light them through dignity's
 way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country
 expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in Pleasure's soft dream
 He should try to forget what he never can heal ;
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll
 feel !

Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down ;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his
 sword.³

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, lov'd Erin, shall live in his songs ;
 Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.

¹ We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

² It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. the *Lord Grandison*.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
 A moment from her smile I turn'd,
 To look at orbs, that, more bright,
 In lone and distant glory burn'd.
 But, *too far*
 Each proud star,
 For me to feel its warming flame ;
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere,
 Which near our planet smiling came ;⁴
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own ;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,
 Illumined all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
 "The moon looks
 On many brooks,
 The brook can see no moon but this ;"⁵
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
 One Mary in the world for me.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife ;

³ See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Ἐν μυρταὶ κλαδί το ξίφος φορῶν*—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

⁴ "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together." *Whiston's Theory*, &c.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, *Non mille quod absens*.

⁵ This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works:—"The moon looks upon many night flowers, the night flowers see but one moon."

By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh! remember life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free!
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
 'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years—
 But oh! how bless'd they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we tamed his tyrant might!
 Never let him bind again
 A chain, like that we broke from then.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls—
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round!¹

Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie.
 Nor waken even at victory's sound—
 But oh! how bless'd that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's not a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

¹ "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—Walker.

² I believe it is Marmontel who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*" There are so many matter-of-fact people who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that when we are far from the lips we love.
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near!²
 The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine in itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh! what pleasure where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable
 too,
 And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
 Then oh! what pleasure where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.³

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath
 cheer'd my way,
 Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me
 lay,
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd;
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to
 thee.

Thy rival was honour'd whilst thou wert wrong'd and
 scorn'd,
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were
 slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth at thy feet, I would rather be,
 Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

³ Meaning allegorically the ancient Church of Ireland.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale;
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering
 chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile
 stains—
 Oh! foul is the slander,—no chain could that soul
 subdue—
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!¹

ON MUSIC.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we used to love
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of Oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song
 That once was heard in happier hours;
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell!
 Why should Feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are even more false than they;
 Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
 For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her
 soul in,
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
 And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

¹ "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. Paul, 2 *Corinthians*, iii. 17.

² An emblem of the soul.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly,² fresh from the night flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell alas! never to rise—
 "Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
 For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease
 was growing,
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
 And a rose further on look'd so tempting and glowing,
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too;
 But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost:
 "Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sighed at its
 meaning),
 "That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.³

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
 For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love them.
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'TIS believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
 Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
 And who often, at eve, through the bright waters rov'd,
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;
 Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so warm,
 And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

³ These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords, utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known

To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* did'st divide them, and teach the fond lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

THE PRINCE'S DAY.¹

THO' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers:

There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.

But just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,

And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,

There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!

Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight

Your fame, your right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,

The Standard of Green

In front would be seen,—

Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,

You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded

In hearts which have suffered too much to forget:
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.

The gem may be broke

By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray,

Each fragment will cast

A light to the last,—

And thus Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;

When my dream of life, from morn till night
Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,

And days may come

Of milder, calmer beam,

But there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream:

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;

Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,

To smile at last;

He'll never meet

A joy so sweet,

In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sung to woman's ear

His soul-felt flame,

And, at every close, she blush'd to hear

The one lov'd name.

No—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot

Which first love traced;

Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot

On memory's waste.

'Twas odour fled

As soon as shed;

'Twas morning's wing'd dream;

'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again

On life's dull stream:

Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again

On life's dull stream.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;

Your dreams of pride are o'er;

The fatal chain is round you cast,

And you are men no more.

¹ This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, George IV., given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;—
 Oh, Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
 They'll learn to love your name ;
 When many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame.
 And when they tread the ruin'd Isle,
 Where rest at length the lord and slave,
 They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove ;
 And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 You never join'd in love.
 But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
 And man profaned what God had give
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to 'Heaven.'"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
 Few its looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises.
 Oh my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature plac'd it
 Oh ! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh ! my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of Time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary !
 Yet still thy features wore that light,
 Which fleets not with the breath ;
 And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, Mary !
 So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charm'd all other eyes
 Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ;
 Or could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, Mary !¹

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.²

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er,³
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
 "Here, at least," he calmly said,
 "Woman ne'er shall find my bed."

¹ I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse !"

² This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related

of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

³ There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

¹ The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri; or, the Lamentable fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. i. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lovèd island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Ne'er hath a beam

Been lost in the stream

That ever was shed from thy form or soul;

The spell of those eyes,

The balm of thy sighs,

Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal

One blissful dream of the heart from me;

Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,

The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower,

Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;

He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,

But bathed the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds

That drank of the floods

Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade;

While those which the tide

Of ruby had dy'd

All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal

One blissful dream of the heart from me;

Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,

The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright falls the swift sword of Erin¹

On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,

A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The Death of the Children of Touran,' 'The Death of the

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,¹
 When Ulad's² three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our hall shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret
 When he looks for honey-dew,
 Through the leaves that close embower it,
 That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
 Is to waves that wander near,
 Whispering kisses, while they're going,
 That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
 Who will fly when sweets are gone;
 And, when once the kiss is over,
 Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
 If sunny banks *will* wear away,
 'Tis but right that bees and brooks
 Should sip and kiss them while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"HERE we dwell in holiest bowers,
 Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
 Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
 Do not disturb our calm, Oh Love!
 So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;

Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans), and this,
 'The Death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity
 which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of
 Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality,
 if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all
 the liberal encouragement which they merit.

His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
 "Who would have thought, the urchin cries,
 That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
 Love is the Saint enshrined in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of light, and with heart full of play,
 Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way,³
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet;—while Idleness weaves
 These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
 One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

OH THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Erin's isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wander'd,

¹ "O Nasi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see
 over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—
Deirdri's Song.

² Ulster.

³ *Proposito florem prætulit officio.*—*Propert.* lib. i. eleg. 20.

With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd.
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass¹
 Shoots up with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming,
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning!"
 Says Love, "No, no,
 For *me* they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning."
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, "Oh! do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends,
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf,
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather.
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

¹ It is said that St. Patrick, when preaching the Trinity to the pagan Irish, used to illustrate his subject by reference to that species of trefoil called in Ireland by the name of the Shamrock, and hence, perhaps, the Island of Saints adopted this plant on her national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass, in her hand.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,
 To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine
 eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of
 air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me
 there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.
 Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
 When our voices, commingling, breath'd, like one, on the
 ear;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison
 rolls,
 I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom
 of Souls,²
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

One bumper at parting!—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any,
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
 The sweetness that Pleasure hath in it,
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries, "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
 Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright,
 And now let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light.

² "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full, liquid glory, like him.
 And oh! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up;
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie wither'd
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone!

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,¹
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

¹ "Steals silently to Morna's Grove."—See, in Mr. Bunting's collection, a poem translated from the Irish, by the late John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

² These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King

Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake! till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one my dear.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.²

THE valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
 That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her Pilgrim return'd;
But, though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the hand that had wak'd it so often
Now throb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought*!
While now—oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME COME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision they threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.
 The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But, when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.¹

YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 Till William at length in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at the close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
 The wind blows cold, and the hour is late:"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, lady," exclaim'd the youth,
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
 She believ'd him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light.

¹ This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shar'd with thee,
 One minute's dream about thee,
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely, without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam:—
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks round in fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou'rt not.
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
 Made for the Free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and Liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.—
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,

Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet!
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?—
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,¹
 Where sparkles of golden splendour,
 All over the surface shine—
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone,

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,²
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself look'd bright;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light,
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear:
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

NO, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,—
 Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,

Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind thro' some wreath'd shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
 'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story;
 Or found, in ev'n the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee;
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 Some day perhaps thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee;
 The few, who loved thee once have fled,
 And they who flatter, scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour!

¹ Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve I fear, the character here given of them.

² "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the

talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights*.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost for ever;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name!
 "Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
 For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of Fame;—
 But oh! there is not
 One dishonouring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.
 "Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet known;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,—
 And, bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the Rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing

The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite¹
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

OH, where's the slave so lowly
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it?
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
 Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade

¹ This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement),

he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we called the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, *O'Donnell*), has given a very different account of that goblin.

The brows with victory glowing.
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
 here ;
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and
 shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
 Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
 When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
 Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting,
 Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once, like a Sun-burst¹ her banner unfurl'd.
 Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
 Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
 And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood.

¹ "The Sun-Burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian
 As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
 Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night :—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
 Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best
 light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in
 burning,
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when through the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominions :—
 So we, Sages, sit
 And 'mid bumpers brightening,
 From the heaven of Wit
 Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanced upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us,
 The careless Youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
 But oh, his joy when, round
 The halls of Heaven spying,
 Among the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the Sparks of Soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure.
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us;
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,¹
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
 It was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

¹ In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of a celebrated con-

MY GENTLE HARP.

MY gentle Harp! once more I waken
 The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
 In tears our last farewell was taken,
 And now in tears we meet again.
 No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
 But—like those Harps whose heavenly skill
 Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
 Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
 An hour of peace and triumph came,
 And many an ardent bosom bounded
 With hopes—that now are turned to shame.
 Yet even then, while Peace was singing
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
 Though joy and hope to others bringing,
 She only brought new tears to thee.

Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping Harp! from chords like thine?
 Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline!
 Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
 When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee
 Are sadly mixed—half flow'rs, half chains?

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
 And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be;
 How gaily, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
 'Mid desolation, tuneful still!²

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AS slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still looked back
 To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.
 So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
 To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl of vanished years
 We talk, with joyous seeming,—

tention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks.—See also the *Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni*, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

² Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.—*Juvenal*.

With smiles, that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming ;
 While memory brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting,
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If Heav'n had but assigned us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back, at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consigned us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre, begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;
 Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love as in hours of less transport we may ;
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark flowing urn ;
 Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
 Love nurs'd among pleasures is faithless as they,
 But the Love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
 Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth ;
 'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of Showers
 That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
 So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity, and mirth,
 That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears ;
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
 Or if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
 And, oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wer't the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings that taught him true love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
 Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea ;
 And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
 On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And though, sometimes, the shade of past folly would rise,
 And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanished away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE !

REMEMBER thee ? yes, while there's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art ;
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
 Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wer't thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious, and free—
 First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,—
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
 But, oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
 All filled with hope, and joy, and light,
 As if no cloud could ever rise
 To dim a heav'n so purely bright—

I sigh to think how soon that brow
 In grief may lose its every ray,
 And that light heart so joyous now,
 Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all his blights,
 The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
 The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
 A chilled or burning heart behind :—
 While youth, that now like snow appears,
 Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
 When once 'tis touched by sorrow's tears,
 Will never shine so bright again.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

WREATHE the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid
 That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
 No danger fear
 While wine is near,
 We'll drown him if he stings us.
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
 And man may brew
 His nectar too,
 The rich receipt's as follows :
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended ;
 Then bring Wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar splendid !
 So, wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us !

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly ?
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'll sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever !
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

IF thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
 Of earth and sea, shall lie at thy feet ;
 Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
 Or in Hope's sweet music is *most* sweet,
 Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love !

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
 A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
 The stars shall look like worlds of love,
 And this earth shall be one beautiful dream
 In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love !

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
 Like streams that come from heavenward hills,
 Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
 To be bathed by those eternal rills,
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !

All this and more the Spirit of Love
 Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells ;
 That heaven, which forms his home above,
 He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
 As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be mine, love !

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes a round, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse ;
 Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,

The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but given, they seem but given,
 As splendid beacons solely,
 To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portrayed, Love seems portrayed;
 But shun the flatt'ring error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fixed his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling—
 So here they go! so here they go!
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope they cherish'd
 Gone with them, and quenched in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts, as they bounded before,
 In the face of high Heav'n to fight over
 That combat for Freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
 Which Tyranny flung round us then,
 Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven
 To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and though blazoned in story
 The name of our Victor may be,
 Accurs't is the march of that glory
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illum'd by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
 I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
 And until they can show me some happier Planet,
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
 As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
 They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
 But this earth is the Planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
 New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
 Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,¹
 They've none, even there, more enamoured than I.
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
 They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
 But this earth is the Planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour
 At twilight so often we've roamed through the dew,
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.²
 But though they were even more bright than the queen
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
 As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
 Why,—this earth is the Planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
 Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
 Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
 If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

OH for the swords of former time!
 Oh for the men who bore them,
 When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,
 And tyrants crouched before them:

¹ "Tous les habitants de Mercure sont vifs."—*Pluralité des Mondes*.

² La terre pourra être pour Venus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous.—*Pluralité des Mondes*.

When free yet, ere courts began
 With honours to enslave him,
 The best honours worn by Man
 Were those which Virtue gave him.
 Oh for the swords of former time!
 Oh for the men who bore them,
 When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,
 And tyrants crouched before them!

Oh for the kings who flourished then!
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men
 Were all the ramparts round them!
 When, safe built on bosoms true,
 The throne was but the centre
 Round which Love a circle drew,
 That Treason durst not enter.
 Oh for the kings who flourished then!
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men
 Were all the ramparts round them!

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
 More sad, than those we leave behind.
 Each wave that passes seems to say,
 "Though death beneath our smile may be,
 Less cold we are, less false than they
 Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
 Through calm—through tempest—stop no more;
 The stormiest sea's a resting-place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
 Or—if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profan'd a world that else were sweet—
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
 How Time deals out his treasures?
 The golden moments lent us thus
 Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
 If counting them over could add to their blisses,
 I'd number each glorious second;

But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
 Too quick and sweet to be reckoned.
 Then fill the cup—what is it to us
 How Time his circle measures?
 The fairy hours we call up thus
 Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
 Till Care, one summer's morning,
 Set up among his smiling flowers
 A dial, by way of warning.
 But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
 As long as its light was glowing,
 Than to watch with old Care, how the shadow
 stole on,
 And how fast that light was going.
 So fill the cup—what is it to us
 How Time his circle measures?
 The fairy hours we call up thus
 Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

THE PARALLEL.

YES, sad one of Zion,¹—if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd up heart—
 If drinking, deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
 And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
 In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
 And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."²

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold;
 Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
 Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"³
 Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
 Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the mor-
 row,
 That shines out at last on the longest dark night,
 When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow
 Was shivered at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City⁴
 Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
 And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
 The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

¹ These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

² "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Jer.* xv. 9.

³ "Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken." *Isaiah* lxii. 4.

⁴ "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased."
—*Isaiah* xiv. 4.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came
 over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And, a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover,¹
 The Lady of Kingdoms² lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup, you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top
 of it ;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop
 of it.
 Send round the cup—for oh ! there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Never was philter form'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing !
 Its magic began, when, in Autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There having, by Nature's enchantment, been filled
 With the balm and the bloom of the kindest weather
 This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together !
 Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like cauldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
 In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
 Yet 'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.
 What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame
 Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden ?
 Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work to its charm, though now lawless and
 hidden.
 So drink of the cup—for oh ! there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

DOWN in the valley come meet me to-night,
 And I'll tell you your fortune truly
 As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light,
 To young maidens shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
 Lest haply the stars should deceive me ;
 These secrets between you and me and the sky
 Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
 My science shall call up before you
 A male apparition—the image of him
 Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
 So fondly around you he'll hover ;
 You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
 'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
 He'll kneel with a warmth of emotion—
 An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
 As in Destiny's book I've not seen them,
 * Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
 To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD.

OH, ye Dead ! oh, ye Dead ! whom we know by the light
 you give
 From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like
 men who live,
 Why leave you thus your graves,
 In far-off fields and waves,
 Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
 To haunt this spot, where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall,
 And the hearts that bewailed you, like your own, lie
 dead ?
 It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan ;
 And the fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth are
 gone ;
 But, oh ! thus ev'n in death,
 So sweet the living breath
 Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wandered
 o'er,

¹ "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave . . . and
 the worms cover thee."—*Isaiah* xiv. 11.

² "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."—*Isaiah* xlvii. 5.

That, ere condemn'd we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!¹

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh, that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again

OH! BANQUET NOT.

OH! banquet not in those shining bowers
Where Youth resorts, but come to me;
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour:
Our guests, the shades of former years—
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's with'ring boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

¹ Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

² The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donoghue and his White Horse may be found in *Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney*, or more fully detailed in *Derrick's Letters*. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day gliding over the lake

O'DONOGHUE'S MISTRESS.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-linked dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair lake, thou'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed² for him
Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee,
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring,
My love, my Chief to me.

While white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launched, thy long mane³ curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May-evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

THE dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crowned,
And smiles are near that once enchanted,
Unreached by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet, unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

Among other stories connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning threw herself into the lake.

³ The boatmen of Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donoghue's White Horses."

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
 My spirit, once, is now forsaken
 For thee, thee, only thee.
 Like shores, by which some headlong bark
 To th' ocean hurries, resting never,—
 Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
 I know not, heed not, hastening ever
 To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
 And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
 From thee, thee, only thee.
 Like spells that nought on earth can break,
 Till lips that know the charm have spoken,
 This heart, howe'er the world may wake
 Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
 By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

SHALL the Harp then be silent when he, who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
 Where the first, where the last of her Patriots lies?¹

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be
 crost,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost ;—

What union of all the affections and powers
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
 Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
 Like a pyramid rais'd in the desert—where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time ;

That *one* lucid interval snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
 A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
 And, for *one* sacred instant, touched Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire and the force,
 And the yet untamed spring of her spirit, are shown?

¹ These lines were written on the death of our great patriot, Grattan, in the year 1820. It is only the two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

An eloquence, rich, wheresoever its wave
 Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that
 shone through
 As clear as the brook's stone of lustre, and gave,
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the
 crowd,
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
 'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head,—

Is there one who has thus, through his orbit of life,
 But at distance observ'd him, through glory, through
 blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same?

Oh no—not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns,
 Deep, deep, o'er the grave where such glory is shrined—
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

OH, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing ;
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating.
 Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Yet 'tis not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot whether
 His plum'd bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as our together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Give man but heart and freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever ;

'Tis heart alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever.
 Oh, that sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files arrayed
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing!

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine!
 How fair thou art let others tell,
 To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell
 When first I saw thy fairy isle!

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one
 Who had to turn to paths of care,
 Through crowded haunts again to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more along thy shores to come,
 But on the world's dim ocean tost,
 Dream of thee sometimes as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
 Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For though unrivalled still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
 But in thy shadows seem'st a place
 Where weary man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
 And all the lovelier for thy tears—
 For though but rare thy sunny smile,
 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
 The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'Twas ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought,
 Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought,
 When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
 And all of this life but its sweetness is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
 To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
 And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
 From Denis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

He listened—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest
 The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
 And the echoes sung back from their full mountain
 quire,
 As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seemed as if ev'ry sweet note that died here
 Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
 Some heav'n in those hills where the soul of the strain,
 That had ceas'd upon earth, was awaking again!

Oh forgive, if, while list'ning to music whose breath
 Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
 He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim—
 "Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:"

"Even so, tho' thy mem'ry should now die away,
 'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
 And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
 Through the answering future, thy name and thy song."

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST! put on awhile
 These pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thy own Green Isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume,
 At golden sunset hover
 O'er such scenes of bloom
 As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardour
 Of the warm Summer's gaze,
 With but her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs,
 In grace majestic frowning;
 Like some warrior's brows
 That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets so freshly fair
 That never hath bird come nigh them,

But, from his course through air,
 Hath been won downward by them—¹
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,²
 And caves where the gem is sleeping,
 Bright as the gems thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens,³ where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
 And Harbours, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

Then if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 Oh, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious—
 To think how man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

QUICK! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup while you may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
 And we must away, away!
 Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
 For oh! not Orpheus' strain
 Could keep sweet hours from dying,
 Or charm them to life again.
 Then quick! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup while you may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
 And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
 Like some young Hebe's lip,
 And half meets thine, and blushes
 That thou should'st delay to sip.
 Shame, oh shame unto thee,
 If ever thou see'st the day
 When a cup or a lip shall woo thee,
 And turn untouched away!

Then quick! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round, while you may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
 And we must away, away!

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
 For all the long years I've been wandering away—
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
 Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
 The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
 As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
 When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
 So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
 The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew—
 Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
 And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
 For want of some heart that could echo it near.
 Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.⁴

But, come,—the more rare such delights to the heart,
 The more we should welcome, and bless them the more;
 They're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,
 Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.

¹ In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth) Dr. Keating says: "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil, which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

² "Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears, and this we find confirmed by a present

made, A.D. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—*O'Halloran*.

³ Glengariff.

⁴ The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend, Washington Irving, in his "*Bracebridge Hall*," vol. i. p. 213.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
 Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

IN yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
 A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
 He was haunted and watched by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
 The golden sands of that island shore,
 A footprint sparkled before his sight,
 'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
 As, looking down on the stream, he lay,
 There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
 And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd—but lo, like a startled bird,
 The Spirit fled!—and the youth but heard
 Sweet music, such as marks the flight
 Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
 The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
 And, guided only by memory's light,
 Drew the once seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
 A voice, low whispering by his side,
 "Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight
 Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
 Exclaimed he then, "there is none like thee;
 And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
 In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite."

AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

As vanquished Erin wept beside
 The Boyne's ill-fated river,
 She saw where Discord, in the tide,
 Had dropped his loaded quiver.

"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
 Where mortal eye may shun you;
 Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts
 That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
 As Time too well hath taught her:
 Each year the Fiend returns again,
 And dives into that water:
 And brings triumphant, from beneath,
 His shafts of desolation,
 And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
 Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
 Ev'n now beside that river—
 Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
 And stored is still his quiver.
 "When will this end? ye Powers of Good!"
 She weeping asks for ever;
 But only hears, from out that flood,
 The Demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.¹

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 Not a star in the skies,
 To thy door by Love lighted,
 I first saw those eyes.
 Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
 As the threshold I crost,
 There was ruin before me:
 If I lov'd I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
 Too soon in his train;
 Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
 'Twere welcome again.
 Though misery's full measure
 My portion should be,
 I would drain it with pleasure,
 If pour'd out by thee.

You who call it dishonour
 To bow to this flame,
 If you've eyes, look but on her,
 And blush while you blame.
 Hath the pearl less whiteness
 Because of its birth?

¹ "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a

violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—*Leland*, vol. ii.

Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory,
To history flies;
While Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dewdrop to waste it away!

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more, because Heaven is there!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I WISH I was by that dim lake,¹
Where sinful souls their farewells take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round—
The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!

¹ These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegal (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and

These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharg'd with gloom,
Like willows, downward tow'rd the grave.

As they who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes that keep this breast
Awake, be quenched, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmov'd by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

SHE sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And played around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burned,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.²

Who ever lov'd but had the thought
That he and all he lov'd must part?
Filled with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is from strange association wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes." —*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

² The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers' Poem of *Human Life*, beginning—

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly."

I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING—sing—Music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
 Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
 But love from the lips his true archery wings;
 And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
 At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
 Then sing—sing—Music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
 Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
 "Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
 Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
 Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
 Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
 And Venus, enchanted, looked on with a smile,
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
 Then sing—sing—Music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

There are sounds of mirth in the night air ringing,
 And lamps from every casement shown,
 While voices blithe within are singing,
 That seem to say "Come" in every tone.
 Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,
 My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
 Nor paus'd to ask of grey-beard Reason
 Should I the syren call obey.

And see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
 The syren lips more fondly sound;
 No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
 To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
 Shall a bard whom not the world in arms
 Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
 Thus quail at sight of woman's charms,
 And yield to a smile his free-born soul?

Thus sung the sage while, slyly stealing,
 The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
 And, their laughing eyes the while concealing,
 Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.

For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
 Was like that rock of the Druid race—¹
 Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
 But all earth's power could'nt cast from its base.

THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
 And now o'er the western main,
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 "Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
 Our destin'd home or grave?"—
 Thus sung they, as by the morning's beams
 They boom'd o'er th' Atlantic wave.

And lo, where a-far o'er ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay em'rald mines,
 Whose light thro' the wave was seen.
 "'Tis Innisfail ²—'tis Innisfail!"
 Rings o'er the echoing sea,
 While, bending to heav'n the warriors hail
 That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
 Where now their Day-God's eye,
 A look of such sunny omen gave
 As lighted up sea and sky.
 Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
 Nor tear on leaf or sod,
 When first on their Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I've a secret to tell thee, but, hush! not here,
 Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:
 I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
 Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
 Where summer's wave unurm'ring dies,
 Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush;
 Where, if one note her night-bird sighs,
 The Rose saith, chiding him, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, 'mid the deep silence of that hour,
 When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
 Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
 Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip.

¹ The rocking stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

"Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should

obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."—*Keating*.

² The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

Like him the boy,¹ who born among
 The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush
 Sit ever thus,—his only song
 To earth and heaven, "Hush all, hush."

OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Oh! could we do with this world of ours
 As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
 Reject the weeds and keep the flow'rs,
 What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
 So bright a dwelling should be our own,
 So warranted free from sigh or frown
 That angels soon would be coming down,
 By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,
 And in themselves a lustre bear,
 A stock of light, still ready there,
 Whenever they wish to use it;
 So, in this world I'd make for thee,
 Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
 And the flash of wit or poesy
 Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
 Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,
 In this new world of ours, my dear,
 Such shadows will all be omitted:—
 Unless they're like that graceful one
 Which when thou'rt dancing in the sun
 Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
 Each spot where it hath flitted.

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.²

The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,
 Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then
 wore,
 And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy
 chains,
 Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slav'ry sunk so deep in thy heart,
 That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou
 art;
 And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long
 burn'd,
 Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd.

¹ The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.

² Written in one of those moods of hopelessness and disgust which come occasionally over the mind in contemplating the present state of Irish patriotism.

Up Liberty's steep, by Truth and Eloquence led,
 With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
 Ah, better thou ne'er hadst lived that summit to gain,
 Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
 Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
 Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round to light
 thee,
 And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the
 dwelling
 Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
 Thou wilt find there a gift all her treasures excelling,
 Which, proudly he feels, hath enobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
 Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
 Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the
 pinion,
 Holds upward its course to the light which it loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
 And, with this, though of all other treasures bereav'd,
 The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
 Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
 To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
 And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
 Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

SING, SWEET HARP, OH SING TO ME.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
 Some song of ancient days,
 Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
 Long buried dreams shall raise;—
 Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
 Whose light once round us shone;
 Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
 And hopes for ever gone.—
 Oh sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me,
 Alike our doom is cast,
 Both lost to all but memory,
 We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air,
 Among thy chords doth sigh,
 As if it sought some echo there
 Of voices long gone by;—

Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
 The foremost then in fame ;
 Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
 Now sleep without a name.—
 In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
 Among thy chords doth sigh ;
 In vain it seeks an echo there
 Of voices long gone by.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round
 Who once, in bower and hall,
 Sate list'ning to thy magic sound,
 Now mute and mould'ring all ;—
 But, no ; they would but wake to weep
 Their children's slavery ;
 Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
 The dead, at least, are free !—
 Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
 That knell of Freedom's day,
 Or, list'ning to its death-like moan,
 Let me, too, die away.

TO-MORROW, COMRADE, WE.

To-morrow, Comrade, we
 On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer or both lie low !
 The morning star is up,
 But there's wine still in the cup,
 And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go—
 We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
 A passing tear will rise,
 When we think of the friends we leave lone,
 But what can wailing do ?
 See, our goblet's weeping too !
 With its tears, then, let us chase our own, boy, our
 own,
 With its tears, then, let us chase our own.

But, daylight's stealing on ;—
 Oh ! the last that o'er us shone
 Saw our children around us at play ;
 The next—ah ! where shall we
 And those rosy urchins be ?
 But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy,
 away ;
 No matter—grasp thy sword and away !

Let those who brook the chain
 Of Saxon or of Dane,
 Ignobly by their firesides stay :

One sigh to home be giv'n,
 One heartfelt pray'r to Heav'n,
 Then, for Erin, and her cause, boy, hurra ! hurra !
 hurra !
 Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra !

WHAT LIFE LIKE THAT OF THE BARD CAN BE.

What life like that of the Bard can be,—
 The wand'ring Bard, who roams as free
 As the mounting lark that o'er him sings,
 And, like that lark, a music brings
 Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
 A fount that for ever flows !
 The world's to him like some playground,
 Where fairies dance their moonlight round ;—
 If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
 The elves but seek some greener sod ;
 So, when less bright his scene of glee,
 To another away flies he !

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
 Without a Bard to fix her bloom ?
 They tell us that in the moon's bright round
 Things lost in this dark world are found ;
 So charms on earth long pass'd and gone,
 In the poet's lay live on !—
 Then would ye have smiles ne'er grow dim,
 You've only to give them all to him,
 Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
 Can lend them life, this life beyond,
 And fix them high in Poesy's sky,—
 Young stars that never die.

Then, welcome the Bard where'er he comes,—
 For, though he hath countless airy homes,
 To which his wing excursive roves,
 Yet still, from time to time, he loves
 To light upon earth and find such cheer
 As brightens our banquet here.
 No matter how fleet, how far he flies,
 You've only to light up kind young eyes,—
 Such signal-fires as here are given,—
 And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
 The minute such call to love or mirth
 Proclaims he's wanting on earth !

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
 And feel that all the charm is gone
 Which voices dear and eyes beloved
 Shed round us once, wher'er we roved,—

This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
For ever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that light which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice—where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh! what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold
No,—no, her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

STRIKE THE GAY HARP! SEE THE MOON IS ON HIGH.

Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye
Obey the mute call and heave into motion.

Then, sound notes—the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing when heav'n look'd brightest!
Again! Again!

Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wak'ning its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And, list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
Again that strain!—to hear it thus sounding
Might set ev'n Death's cold pulses bounding,—
Again! Again!

Oh! what a bliss, when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
As dance the young Hours to the music of May,
Thus mingle sweet song and sunshine together.

¹ Beaufort says the overweening superstition of "the inhabitants of Arranmore reaches to such an extent, that they are still persuaded in a clear day they can see from this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."—*Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland*.

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free.
Full many a path I've tried since then,
Through pleasure's flow'ry maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With Daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing;—¹

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene,
Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
At sunset oft are seen.
Ah, dream too well of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,
As sunny and as vain!

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side²—it hath served him too well,
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
Its point still was turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—
The sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains;
Faint echo of that which in Slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word—"Burst your chains,"
And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
Oh, leave not his sword, thus inglorious to sleep,—
It hath victory's life in it yet."

² This injunction, of laying the sword by the side of a dead warrior, may be explained by pointing out that it was the invariable custom of the ancient Irish people, following in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their worshipped heroes along with them.

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord;
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain—
Then at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from the dark sheath again!"

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,¹
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his falchion hangs idly shining.
When, hark! that shout
From the vale without;
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!"
Ev'ry Chief starts up
From his foaming cup,
And "To battle, on to battle!" is the Finian's cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers,—
'Tis like the voice of the Brave of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!
Spear to buckler rang
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sunburst² o'er them floated wide;
While, rememb'ring the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin low'ring;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, tow'ring.
With the mingling shock
Rung cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die;
And the shout, that last
O'er the dying pass'd,
Was "Victory!" "Victory!"—the Finian's cry.

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

FROM this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine:

¹ The Palace of Finn Mac-Cumbal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the County of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dar'd thy rights to spurn,
And when now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn?
No,—whate'er the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea where thou embarkest,
Offers now no friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And of those past ages dreaming,
When glory decked thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fall'n and clouded now,
Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming—
None so bright, so blest as thou.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

Silence is in our festal halls,³
Oh! Son of Song, thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no more:—
All silent as th' Eolian shell
Doth sleep at close, at close of some bright day
When the sweet breeze that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awak'd by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul, the soul to heav'n,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be giv'n.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,
His skillless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose ev'ry tone,
When bard and minstrel long, ah, long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

² The name given to the banner of the Irish.

³ It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson. (Moore here refers to that eminent composer, to whom he was indebted for setting his melodies to the Irish music.)

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame—
 Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
 From thee the borrow'd glory came,
 And at thy feet is now laid down.

Enough, if Freedom still inspire
 His latest song, and still, and still there be,
 As ev'ning closes round his lyre,
 One ray upon its chords from thee.

NATIONAL AIRS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is Cicero, I believe, who says "*Natura ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild indigenous airs which almost every country except England possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple but interesting kind of music are here presented with the first number of a collection, which I trust their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering, in search of the remainder of themselves, through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none—or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers—is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies; but wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estrays* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * *

T. M.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Spanish Air.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,¹
 "I'll build in this garden—the thought is divine!"
 Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
 An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
 She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
 A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
 But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
 Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.
 "Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
 An image whose looks are so jealous and dim:—
 But yon little god upon roses reclining,
 We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden
 She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:
 "Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
 Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love."

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

FLOW on, thou shining river;
 But, ere thou reach the sea,
 Seek Ella's bower, and give her,
 The wreaths I fling o'er thee.

¹ The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there ;
And tell her—thus when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.

ALL that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall ;—
The flower that drops in springing :—
These alas ! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching ?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking ?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter even I could not tell—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion that bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—
Our joy and our sorrow seemed rivals in bliss ;
Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break—new, sudden, delicious,—
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet ;
The last was that farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was ting'd by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain ;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

AIR—The Bells of St. Petersburg.

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away ;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Portuguese Air.

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee¹
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy ;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone,—

Oh 'tis then he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er ;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

¹ This is one of the many instances among my lyrical poems—though the above, it must be owned, is an extreme case—where the metre of the words has been necessarily sacrificed to the structure of the air.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Italian Air.

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, thy say,
 Went on a party of pleasure one day :
 Folly play'd
 Around the maid,
 The bell of his cap rung merrily out ;
 While Reason took
 To his sermon-book—
 Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.
 Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
 Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
 Till Folly said,
 " Look here, sweet maid !"—
 The sight of his cap brought her back to herself ;
 While Reason read
 His leaves of lead,
 With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !
 No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap ;
 Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—

 " There it is,"

 Quoth Folly, " old quiz ! "

(Folly was always good natured 'tis said)

 " Under the sun

 There's no such fun,

As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
 Reason with my cap and bells on his head."

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
 That Beauty now lik'd him still less than before ;

 While Folly took

 Old Reason's book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,

 That Beauty vow'd

 (Though not aloud)

She lik'd him still better in that than his own !

Yes—lik'd him better in that than his own.

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE !

Sicilian Air.

FARE thee well, thou lovely one !
 Lovely still, but dear no more ;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.
 Thy words, whate'er their flattering spell,
 Could scarce have thus deceived ;
 But eyes that acted truth so well
 Were sure to be believed.

¹ The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

Then fare thee well, thou lovely one !
 Lovely still, but dear no more ;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
 True as stars they keep their light ;
 Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
 Of blushing always bright.
 'Tis only on thy changeful heart
 The blame of falsehood lies ;
 Love lives in every other part,
 But there, alas ! he dies.
 Then fare thee well, thou lovely one !
 Lovely still, but dear no more ;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER ?

Portuguese Air.

DOST thou remember that place so lonely,
 A place for lovers and lovers only,
 Where first I told thee all my secret sighs ?
 When, as the moonbeam that trembled o'er thee
 Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee
 And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes !
 Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
 Love bound us—never, never more to part !

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest¹
 That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest—
 " My life, my only life ! " among the rest ;
 In those sweet accents that still enthrall me
 Thou saidst, Ah ! wherefore thy life thus call me ?
 Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best ;
 For life soon passes, but how blest to be
 That Soul which never, never parts from thee ! "

OH ! COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

OH ! come to me when daylight sets ;
 Sweet ! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.
 When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
 Beneath that glancing ray,
 With sound of lutes and mandolins,
 To steal young hearts away.

Oh! come to me when daylight sets;
 Sweet! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love,
 Sweet! like thee and me;
 When all's so calm below, above,
 In heaven and o'er the sea.
 When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,¹
 And Echo sings again
 So sweet, that all with ears and souls
 Should love and listen then.
 So, come to me when daylight sets;
 Sweet! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Scotch Air.

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Russian Air.

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters, soft and clear;
 Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
 Soft it bursts upon the ear.
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear.
 Jubilate, Amen.

Now like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along;
 Now, like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Hush! again, like waves, retreating
 To the shore, it dies along.
 Jubilate, Amen.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Swiss Air.

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,
 Young Hope and Love reclined;
 But scarce had noontide come, when he
 Into his bark leaped smilingly,
 And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail a while
 Across this sunny main;"
 And then so sweet his parting smile,
 That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
 Believ'd he'd come again.

She lingered there till ev'ning's beam
 Along the waters lay,
 And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
 Oft trac'd his name, which still the stream
 As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
 And tow'rd the maiden moves!
 'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
 His golden bark reflects the light,
 But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship showed
 Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
 And calm the light that lamp bestowed:
 But Love had lights that warmer glowed,
 And where, alas! was he?

¹ "Barcarolles sorte de chansons en langue Vénétienne que chantent les gondoliers à Venise."—*Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.*

Now fast around the sea and shore
 Night threw her darkling chain,
 The sunny sails were seen no more,
 Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er—
 Love never came again.

THERE COMES A TIME.

German Air.

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
 To him whose heart hath flown
 O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
 And made each flower its own.
 'Tis when his soul must first renounce
 Those dreams so bright, so fond;
 Oh! then's the time to die at once,
 For life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
 That instant all is night;
 And so should life at once be o'er,
 When Love withdraws his light—
 Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
 Through twilight's dim delay,
 The cold remains of lustre gone.
 Of fire long passed away.

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS

French Air.

WHILE I touch the string,
 Wreath my brows with laurel,
 For the tale I sing
 Has, for once, a moral.
 Common Sense, one night,
 Though not used to gambols,
 Went out by moonlight,
 With Genius on his rambles.
 While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
 Many wise things saying,
 While the light that shone
 Soon sent Genius straying.
 One his eye ne'er raised
 From the path before him
 T' other idly gazed
 On each night-cloud o'er him.
 While I touch the string, &c.

So they came at last
 To a shady river;
 Common Sense soon passed,
 Safe, as he doth ever;

While the boy, whose look
 Was in Heaven that minute,
 Never saw the brook,
 But tumbled headlong in it!
 While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smiled,
 When safe o'er the torrent,
 At that youth so wild,
 Dripping from the current!
 Sense went home to bed;
 Genius, left to shiver
 On the bank, 'tis said,
 Died of that cold river!
 While I touch the string, &c.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME

Swedish Air.

My harp has one unchanging theme,
 One strain that still comes o'er
 Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
 Of joy that's now no more.
 In vain I try, with livelier air,
 To wake the breathing string;
 That voice of other times is there,
 And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
 Henceforth be all my own;
 Though thou art oft so full of pain,
 Few hearts can bear thy tone.
 Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
 The breath that Pleasure's wings
 Gave out, when last they wantoned by,
 Were still upon thy strings.

OH! NO—NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

Cashmerian Air.

OH! no—not e'en when first we loved,
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
 Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,
 But now thy virtues bind my heart.
 What was but Passion's sigh before,
 Has since been turned to Reason's vow;
 And though I then might love thee more,
 Trust me, I love thee *better* now!

Although my heart in earlier youth
 Might kindle with more wild desire.
 Believe me, it has gained in truth
 Much more than it has lost in fire.

The flame now warms my inmost core,
 That then but sparkled o'er my brow;
 And though I seemed to love thee more,
 Yet, oh! I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE

Scotch Air.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou ro'v'st;
 May life be for thee one summer's day,
 And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
 Come smiling around thy sunny way!
 If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
 May even thy tears pass off so lightly;
 Like spring-showers, they'll only make
 The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
 And daily dooms some joy to death,
 O'er thee let years so gently fall,
 They shall not crush one flower beneath.
 As half in shade and half in sun,
 'This world along its path advances,
 May that side the sun's upon
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Maltese Air.

GAILY sounds the castanet,
 Beating time to bounding feet,
 When, after daylight's golden set,
 Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
 Oh! then, how sweet to move
 Through all that maze of mirth,
 Lighted by those eyes we love
 Beyond all eyes on earth!

Then, the joyous banquet spread
 On the cool and fragrant ground,
 With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,
 And still brighter sparkling round.
 Oh! then, how sweet to say
 Into the lov'd one's ear,
 Thoughts reserved through many a day
 To be thus whisper'd here!

When the dance and feast are done,
 Arm in arm as home we stray,
 How sweet to see the dawning sun
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!

Then, then, the farewell kiss—
 The words, whose parting tone
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
 That haunt young hearts alone.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

Old English Air.

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,
 This world has now for us,
 No greater grief, no pain above
 The pain of parting thus
 Dear love!
 The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
 Some few short hours of bliss,
 We might, in numbering them, forget
 The deep, deep pain of this,
 Dear love!
 The deep, deep pain of this!

But no, alas! we've never seen
 One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
 But still there came some cloud between
 And chas'd it all away,
 Dear love!
 And chas'd it all away!

Yet e'en could those sad moments last,
 Far dearer to my heart,
 Were hours of grief together past,
 Than years of mirth apart,
 Dear love!
 Than years of mirth apart!

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
 And nurs'd 'mid vain regrets!
 Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
 Like them in tears it sets,
 Dear love!
 Like them in tears it sets!

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY

Languedocian Air.

LOVE is a hunter-boy,
 Who makes young hearts his prey;
 And in his nets of joy
 Ensnares them night and day.
 In vain concealed they lie—
 Love tracks them everywhere;
 In vain aloft they fly—
 Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
 At early dawn to trace
 The print of Beauty's feet,
 And give the trembler chase.
 And most he loves through snow
 To trace those footsteps fair,
 How sweet for Love to know
 None went before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

French Air.

COME, chase that starting tear away,
 Ere mine to meet it springs ;
 To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
 Whate'er to-morrow brings.
 Like sunset gleams, that linger late,
 When all is dark'ning fast,
 Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
 The brightest and the last.
 Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven
 But one bright hour allow,
 Oh ! think that one bright hour is given,
 In all its splendour now.
 Let's live it out—then sink in night,
 Like waves that from the shore
 One minute swell—are touched with light—
 Then lost for evermore !
 Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

Swedish Air.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
 'Mong flowers the whole summer's day,
 One morn in the valley a bower he found,
 So sweet, it allur'd him to stay.

O'erhead from the trees, hung a garland fair,
 A fountain ran darkly beneath—
 'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there ;
 Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath

But Love didn't know—and at his weak years
 What urchin was likely to know ?—
 That sorrow had made of her own salt tears
 That fountain which murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
 As boys when impatient will do—
 It fell in those waters of briny taste,
 And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day ;
 And, though it all sunny appears
 With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
 Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING !

Portuguese Air

WHISPRINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
 To whom the night-stars guide us—
 Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
 With those we love beside us.

Hearts beating,
 At meeting :
 Tears starting,
 At parting :

Oh ! sweet youth, how soon it fades !
 Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting !

Wand'ring far away from home,
 With life all new before us,
 Greetings warm, when home we come,
 From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.

Tears starting,
 At parting :
 Hearts beating,
 At meeting :

Oh, sweet youth, how lost in some !
 To some, how bright and fleeting !

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

French Air.

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
 In which our love lies cold and dead,
 I count each flatt'ring hope he gave,
 Of joys now lost and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
 When first we met, would fade away ?
 Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
 Those eyes so bright through many a day ?
 Hear me but once, &c.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY

Sicilian Air.

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day ?
 There's nothing on earth, in sea or air,
 Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
 For spirits like mine to dare !

'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas ! gone by,
When I lov'd each hour—I scarce knew whom,—
And was blest—I scarce knew why.

Ay, those were days when life had wings,
And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light.
And though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

Sicilian Air.

Go, then—'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead—
At length my dream is over,
'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled !
Farewell, since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see,—
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more blest will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed !
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead !
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh,
One who, though far less tender,
May be more blest than I.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS !

Welsh Air.

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping :
May those by death or seas remov'd,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou'st ever priz'd or lov'd,
In dreams come smiling to thee !

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest :
Still as she was—no charm forgot—
No lustre lost that life had given ;
Or, if chang'd, but chang'd to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven !

HOW OFT WHEN WATCHING STARS.

Savoyard Air.

Oft, when the watching stars grow pale,
And around me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.
"Oh ! come, my love !" each note then seems to say !
"Oh ! come, my love ! the night wears fast away !"
Never to mortal ear
Could words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me !

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell ;
And though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
"I come, love !" each note then seems to say ;
"I come, my love ! thine, thine till break of day."
Oh ! weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him !

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS ?

Portuguese Air.

HYMEN late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling :
None could doubt who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.
"Who'll buy my love-knots ?
Who'll buy my love-knots ?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded !

Maids who now first dreamed of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying ;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him ;—
"Who'll buy my love-knots ?
Who'll buy my love-knots ?"
All at that sweet cry assembled ;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making ;
Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em"—
(These, of course, found ready custom),
"Come, buy my love-knots !
Come, buy my love-knots !
Some are labelled 'Knots to tie men'—
'Love the maker'—'Bought of Hymen.'"

Scarce their bargains were completed,
 When the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated!
 See these flowers—they're drooping sadly;
 This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—
 Who'd buy such love-knots?
 Who'd buy such love-knots?
 Even this tie, with Love's name round it—
 All a sham—He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
 Would have laughed, but for good-breeding;
 While Old Hymen, who was used to
 Cries like these dames gave loose to—
 "Take back our love-knots!
 Take back our love-knots!"—
 Coolly said, "There's no returning
 Wares on Hymen's hands—Good morning!"

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Venetian Air.

Row gently here
 My gondolier;
 So softly wake the tide
 That not an ear
 On earth may hear,
 But hers to whom we glide.
 Had Heaven but tongues to speak,
 As well as starry eyes to see,
 Oh! think what tales 'twould have to tell
 Of wandering youths like me!

Now rest thee here,
 My gondolier;
 Hush, hush, for up I go,
 To climb yon light
 Balcony's height,
 While thou keep'st watch below.
 Ah! did we take for Heaven above
 But half such pains as we
 Take day and night for woman's love,
 What Angels we should be!

OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.

French Air.

Oh! days of youth and joy, long clouded,
 Why thus for ever haunt my view?
 When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
 Why did not Mem'ry die there too?
 Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
 Telling of joys that yet remain—
 No, never more can this life bring me
 One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
 Cold winds of time blow round my brow;
 Sunshine of youth! that once fell o'er me,
 Where is your warmth, your glory now?
 'Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
 'Tis not that now no joys remain;
 Oh! 'tis that life no more can bring me
 One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

WHEN first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
 Oh! what a vision then came o'er me!
 Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
 Seem'd in that smile to pass before me,
 Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer skies,
 Of golden fruit and harvests springing,
 With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
 And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly promised hours?
 Oh! woman's faith is like her brightness,
 Fading as fast as rainbows or day-flowers,
 Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
 Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,
 Must be each vow of Love's repeating;
 Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—
 Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS!

Catalonian Air.

PEACE to the slumberers!
 They lie on the battle-plain,
 With no shroud to cover them;
 The dew and the summer rain
 Are all that weep over them.
 Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their brav'ry!
 The fallen oak lies where it lay,
 Across the wintry river;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
 Are gone, alas! for ever.
 Vain was their brav'ry!

Woe to the conq'ror!
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
 Of whom his sword bereft us,
 Ere we forget the deep arrears
 Of vengeance they have left us!
 Woe to the conq'ror!

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

Sicilian Air.

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet light
 We used to gaze on so many an eve,
 When love was new and hope was bright,
 Ere I could doubt or thou deceive—
 Oh! then rememb'ring how swift went by
 Those hours of transport, even thou may'st sigh.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
 That love like ours was far too sweet
 To be, like summer garments thrown
 Aside when past the summer's heat;
 And wish in vain to know again
 Such days, such nights as bless'd thee then.

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

Sung at Rome on Christmas Eve.

SEE, the dawn from heaven is breaking,
 O'er our sight,
 And earth from sin awaking,
 Hails the light;
 See, those groups of Angels, winging
 From the realms above,
 On their sunny brows from Eden bringing
 Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark—their hymns of glory pealing
 Through the air,
 To mortal ears revealing
 Who lies there!
 In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
 Sleeps the Heavenly Son,
 He, whose home above—the Holy,
 Ever Holy One!

NETS AND CAGES.

Swedish Air.

COME, listen to my story, while
 Your needle's task you ply;
 At what I sing some maids will smile,
 While some perhaps may sigh.
 Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
 Such florid songs as ours,
 Yet Truth sometimes, like Eastern dames,
 Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
 Then listen, maids, come listen, while
 Your needle's task you ply;
 At what I sing there's some may sm
 While some perhaps will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
 Such nets had learn'd to frame,
 That none, in all our vales and groves,
 E'er caught so much small game:
 While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
 When Cloe's nets were taking
 Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
 One little Love-cage making.
 Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe laughed at Susan's task;
 But mark how things went on:
 These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
 Their name and age, were gone!
 So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
 That, though she charmed into them
 New game each hour, the youngest Love
 Was able to break through them.
 Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
 Of bars too strong to sever,
 One Love with golden pinions caught,
 And caged him there for ever;
 Instructing thereby, all coquettes,
 Whate'er their looks or ages,
 That though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
 'Tis wiser to make Cages.
 Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
 The task your fingers ply.—
 May all who hear, like Susan smile,
 And not like Cloe sigh!

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

Venetian Air.

WHEN through the piazzetta
 Night breathes her cool air,
 Then, dearest Ninetta,
 I'll come to thee there.
 Beneath thy mask shrouded,
 I'll know thee afar,
 As Love knows, though clouded,
 His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
 Some gay gondolier,
 I'll whisper thee, trembling,
 "Our bark, love, is near:
 Now, now, while there hover
 Those clouds o'er the moon,
 'Twill waft thee safe over
 Yon silent Lagoon."

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

Sicilian Air.

GO, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber—
 Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.
 Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies,
 While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies.

Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
 Often will shine again, bright as she then did—
 But, never more will the beam she saw burn
 In those happy eyes, at your meeting return.

Go, then, and dream, &c.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

TAKE hence the bowl ;—though beaming
 Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
 Oh ! it but sets me dreaming
 Of happy days, now gone.
 There, in its clear reflection,
 As in a wizard's glass,
 Lost hopes and dead affection,
 Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
 Some friend who once sat by—
 Bright lips, too bright to wither,
 Warm hearts, too warm to die !
 Till, as the dream comes o'er me
 Of those long vanish'd years,
 Alas, the wine before me
 Seems turning all to tears.

FAREWELL, THERESA !

Venetian Air.

FAREWELL, Theresa ! that cloud which over
 Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,
 Will scarce from her pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
 Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
 Dark'ning thy prospects, saddening thy brow :
 With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee ;
 Oh ! think how chang'd, love, how chang'd art thou
 now !

But here I free thee : like one awaking
 From fearful slumber, thou breakest the spell ;
 'Tis over—the moon her bondage is breaking,
 Past are the dark clouds ; Theresa, farewell !

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

German Air.

WHEN the first summer bee
 O'er the young rose shall hover,
 Then, like that gay rover,
 I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
 What a meeting, what a meeting for me and him !
 When the first summer bee, &c.

Then, to every bright tree
 In the garden he'll wander,
 While I, oh ! much fonder,
 Will stay with thee.

In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run
 While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.
 Then to every bright tree, &c.

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

French Air.

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
 And still when happiest soonest o'er
 Yet, even in a dream to be blessed
 Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
 The bosom that opes
 With earliest hopes,
 The soonest finds those hopes untrue,
 As flowers that first
 In spring time burst,
 The earliest wither too !
 Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

Though by Friendship we oft are deceiv'd,
 And find Love's sunshine soon o'er cast,
 Yet Friendship will still be believed,
 And love trusted on to the last.
 The web in the leaves
 The spider weaves
 Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men ;
 Though often she sees
 'Tis broke by the breeze,
 She spins the bright tissue again.
 Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

O'ER mountains bright with snow and light
 We Crystal Hunters speed along,
 While grotts and caves, and icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song ;

And when we meet with stores of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright with snow and light,
We Crystal Hunters speed along,
While grotts and caves, and icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains, &c.

Sometimes, when o'er the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains, &c.

WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.

Italian Air.

WHEN the wine-cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy,
true,
That the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
For *him* but *two* bright eyes were shining—
See, what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on *one* side the grape-juice is dancing,
And on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb e'vn a saint from his dreams.
Though this life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
While the grape on its bank is still growing,
And Love lights the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Neapolitan Air.

WHERE shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?

Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrilled to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves,—
Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead!
Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

Mahratta Air.

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the study of the table;—
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute.

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water;
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter.
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh! none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

THE GAZELLE.

DOST thou not hear the silver bell
Through yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle
To me her love thoughts bringing,—
All the while the silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying,—
Hid within the mystic wreath
My love has kiss'd in tying.

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest,
 Who thus hath breath'd her soul to me,
 In every leaf thou bearest.
 Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest.

Hail! ye living, speaking flowers
 That breathe of her who bound ye;
 Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,
 'Twas on her lips, she found ye;—
 Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers.
 'Twas on her lips she found ye.

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD!

Highland Air.

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
 All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell,
 Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
 Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
 Sleep, sleep, mute Bard! alike unheeded now,
 The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow;—
 That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
 That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
 Or that Hope's sweet day is set;
 While I've thee and love remaining,
 Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
 Though thy roses fade and fall;
 Beauty hath a grace undying
 Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest
 That on other cheeks may shine,
 Would I change the least, the slightest,
 That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

NO—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
 When youth, and love, and hope have pass'd away,
 Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,
 To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead
 Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
 No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
 When youth, and love, and hope have pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then when life was bright,
 Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light;
 But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
 Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
 When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!
 No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
 Since youth, and love, and hope have pass'd away.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS?

"WHERE are the visions that round me once hover'd;
 Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone;
 Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,
 And voices that Music might take for her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
 Heard me say, "Where are these visions, oh, where?"
 And, pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
 Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There!"

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,
 And there, 'mid the dim shining ruins of day,
 Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,
 The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,
 And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
 Hunting is the hero's joy
 Till war his nobler game supplies.
 Hark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
 While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
 Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

Wind again thy cheerful horn
 Till echo, faint with answ'ring, dies;
 Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
 And lead us where the wild boar lies.
 Hark! the cry, "He's found, he's found,"
 While hill and valley our shouts resound,
 Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

OH, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel
 The blight that this world o'er the warmest will steal;
 While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
 Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.

For safer for Love 'tis to make and to weep,
 As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep;
 For death in his slumber, cold death, follows fast,
 While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

And though as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,
Transparent at least be the shadow they cast,
So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last.

SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

"SLUMBER, oh slumber; if sleeping thou mak'st
My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st."

Thus sung I to a maiden
Who slept one summer's day,
And like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not ye winds o'er her cheeks;
If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she speaks."

Thus sing I, while awaking
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

BRING the bright garlands hither,
Ere yet a leaf is dying,
If so soon they must wither,
Ours be their last sweet sighing.
Hark, that low dismal chime!
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh! bring beauty, bring roses,
Bring all that yet is ours;
Let life's day, as it closes,
Shine to the last through flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining;
Drink of it now or never;
Now, while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost for ever.
Hark! again that dull chime,
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing.

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

IF in loving, singing, night and day,
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,

Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetness out and die—
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide!
No atoms ever glanc'd so bright,
No day-flies ever danc'd so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,
So close as thou and I!

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas! my doom is spoken,
Nor can'st thou veil the sad truth o'er;
Thy heart is chang'd, thy vow is broken,
Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more.

Though kindly still, those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone which once they wore;
Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou wer't before;
But now—alas! there's no deceiving,
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring him back who loves no more.

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

WHEN night brings the hour
Of starlights and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy;
With eyes so bright,
So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts;
With lips in whose keeping
Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flow'rs there are found
Most shining and sweet;

His looks, as soft
 As lightning in May,
 Though dangerous oft,
 Ne'er wound but in play:
 And oh, when his wings
 Have brush'd o'er my lyre,
 You'd fancy its strings
 Were turning to fire.
 Guess who he is,
 Name but his name,
 And his best kiss
 For reward you may claim.

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

WHEN abroad in the world thou appearest,
 And the young and the lovely are there,
 To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,
 To my eyes thou'rt all the most fair.
 They pass one by one,
 Like the waves of the sea,
 Thus say to the sun,
 "See how fair we can be."
 But where's the light like thine,
 In sun, or shade to shine?
 No—no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
 Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
 Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;
 Fling a mist round her head some fine morning,
 And post down to earth in disguise;
 But no matter what shroud
 Around her might be,
 Men peep'd through the cloud,
 And whisper'd, "'Tis She."
 So thou, where thousands are,
 Shin'st forth, the only star,
 Yes—yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
 Nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,
 Though far off I be;
 When on others most they shine,
 Then think they're turned on me.

Should those lips, as now respond
 To sweet minstrelsy,
 When their sweet accents seem most fond,
 Then think they're breath'd for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
 If, when all on thee
 Fix their charm'd thoughts alone,
 Thou think'st the while on me.

HOPE COMES AGAIN.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
 Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
 But, hush, gentle syren—for, ah! there's less danger
 In still suff'ring on, than in hoping again.

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,
 Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain;
 And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
 O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain

Fly then, ye visions that Hope would shed o'er me;
 Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
 Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
 But ah—in forgetting how once I was blest.

OH SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

OH say, thou best and brightest,
 My first love and my last,
 When he whom now thou slightest
 From life's dark scenes hath past.
 Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
 Will pity make one thrill
 For him who liv'd to love thee,
 And dying, lov'd thee still?

If, when that hour recalling
 From which he dates his woes,
 Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
 Ah, blush not while it flows:
 But, all the past forgiving,
 Bend gently o'er his shrine,
 And say, "This heart, when living,
 With all its faults, were mine."

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
 His weary path to measure,
 When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
 He brings the far-sought treasure;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
 That shore to which he hasted,
 And all the wealth he thought his own,
 Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone, brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas! I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.

FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.

FEAR not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.
No, dead and cold for ever
Let our past love remain;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet;
And how this heart is breaking
For thy own peace forget.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

WHEN Love is kind,
Cheerful, and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things—
Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleas'd am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
Then good-bye, Love.

Love must in short
Keep fond and true,
Though good report
And evil too.

Else here I swear
Young Love may go
For ought I care
To Jericho.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers
Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some resemblance of those happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden gate
Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always too late;
Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's moon,
Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time went, that Love had no power
To bind in his chain even one happy hour.

HOW SHALL I WOO?

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
Between these two unequal fires,
Why doom me thus to hover?
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires;
If more thou seek'st, a lover.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Fair one, choose between the two.

Tho' the wings of Love will brightly play,
When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away
As fast as he flies to thee.
While Friendship, though on foot she come,
No flights of fancy trying,
Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
To bring their charms together;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two so sweet already—
A Friendship that like Love is warm,
A Love like Friendship, steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

EV'RY season hath its pleasures ;
 Spring may boast her flow'ng prime,
 Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures,
 Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
 So Life's year begins and closes ;
 Days, though short'ning, still can shine.
 What, though youth gave love and roses,
 Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
 All the spring look'd coy and shy,
 Yet herself, in Autumn, sought me,
 When the flowers were all gone by.
 Ah, too late !—she found her lover,
 Calm and free beneath his vine,
 Drinking to the spring-time over,
 In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
 To their flight our pleasures suit,
 Nor regret the blossoms dying,
 While we still may taste their fruit.

Oh, while days like this are ours,
 Where's the lip that dare repine ?
 Spring may take our love and flow'rs,
 So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

LOVE ALONE.

IF thou would'st have thy charms enchant our eyes,
 First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies ;
 Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
 Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose, with all her pride, be worth
 Were there no sun to call her brightness forth ?
 Maidens unlov'd, like flowers in darkness thrown,
 Wait but that light which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
 Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to year ;
 Would'st thou they still should shine as first they shone,
 Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.

A MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste ; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them, if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using " the outlandish term *Monopoly*." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude ; with whom, " If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may

not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue" I mean that mixture of recitation and music which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins' "Ode on the Passions," and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad, in the *Athalie* of Racine.

T. M.

A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

There breathes a language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
(Where oft, of old, on some high tow'r,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet pow'r
That, when she heard the only lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away)¹
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,
And sings along the length'ning waste of snow,
Gaily as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same!
And faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.

LIST! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilissus' silv'ry springs
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;
And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return;
When Athens nurs'd her olive bough
With hands, by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath, by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter;
When ev'ry arm was Freedom's shield,
And ev'ry heart was Freedom's altar.

¹ A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried, "For God's sake, sir, let me go; for that pipe which you hear in yonder tower calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife and he my husband."—*Garcilasso de la Vega*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

HARK! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wak'ning ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier, when that call she hears;
And though her fond heart sinks with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.
See! from his native hills afar,
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

Yes Music! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, vague career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
There is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own lov'd land, at ev'ning hour,
Is heard when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks:
Whose every note hath power to thrill his mind
With tend'rest thoughts; to bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these.
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears,
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears!

SWISS AIR—"RANZ DES VACHES."

BUT, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men!
Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And like Heaven's lightning sacredly destroys!
Nor Music! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of him who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,

And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

SPANISH CHORUS.

HARK! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems in every note to swear,
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the Conqueror's glory!

SPANISH AIR—"YA DESPERTO."

BUT ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
O Erin! thine!

SACRED SONGS.

1816.

THESE WERE DEDICATED BY MOORE TO EDWARD TUIE DALTON, ESQ.

THOU ART, O GOD!

AIR—*Unknown*.¹

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalms* lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When Day, with farewell beam delays
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;—

¹ I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

AIR—*Stevenson*.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but Heaven !

FALL'N IS THY THRONE.

AIR—*Martini.*

FALL'N is thy Throne, O Israel !
Silence is o'er thy plains ;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee,
On Etham's barren shore ?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

LORD ! thou didst love Jerusalem ;—
Once, she was all thy own ;
Her love thy fairest heritage,¹
Her power thy glory's throne,²
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-lov'd olive-tree ;—³
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee !

Then sunk the star of Solyma ;—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness⁴
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reign'd as God.

"Go," said the LORD, "ye Conquerors !
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,⁵
For they are not the LORD'S !
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter⁶
Shall hide but half her dead !"

¹ "I have left mine heritage ; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—*Jer.* xii. 7.

² "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—*Jer.* xiv. 21.

³ "The Lord called thy name, A green olive-tree, fair, and of goodly fruit," &c.—*Jer.* xi. 16.

⁴ "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—*Jer.* xvii. 6.

⁵ "Take away her battlements ; for they are not the Lord's."—*Jer.* v. 10.

⁶ "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter ; for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place."—*Jer.* vii. 32.

WHO IS THE MAID !

(ST JEROME'S LOVE)⁷

AIR—*Beethoven.*

WHO is the Maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight,
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks ?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light ?
No—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love ;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine.
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil ;
And she, who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.⁸

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone ;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

AIR—*Beethoven.*

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,⁹
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, GOD, from every care,
And stain of passion free,

⁷ These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's letters replying to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the Matron Paula :—"Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio ? Nulla fuit alla Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejuna, fletu pene cæcata."—*Epist.* "Si tibi putem."

⁸ Οὐ γὰρ χρυσόφορον τὴν δακρυοσαν δεῖ.—*Chrysost. Homil.* 8, in *Epist. ad Tim.*

⁹ The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

Aloft, through Virtue's purer air.
 To hold my course to Thee!
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs;—
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy Freedom in her wings!

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

AIR—*Haydn.*

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."
 —*Psalm. cxlvii. 3.*

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown;
 And he, who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
 Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy Wing of Love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our Peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

AIR—*Avison.*

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.
 Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,

¹ This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne Church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium, she sang

And but sleeps, till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd
 it,

To water that Eden, where first was its source!
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the vale,¹
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
 And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow;
 Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was un-
 known;—
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
 Were echo'd in Heaven by lips like her own!
 Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
 My temple, LORD! that arch of thine;
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.²

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
 Or, when the stillness of the sea,
 E'en more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy Throne!
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
 Thy mercy in the azure hue
 Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

several hymns in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection (particularly "There's nothing bright but heaven"), which this very interesting girl had often heard me sing during the summer.

² *Pū orant tacite.*

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity !

There's nothing dark below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

AIR—*Avison*.¹

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—*Exod.* xv. 20.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !

JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free.

Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but spoken

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !

JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword !—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,²

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !

JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

AIR—*Stevenson*.

GO, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,

When he, who sheds them, inly feels

Some ling'ring stain of early years

Effac'd by every drop that steals.

The fruitless showers of worldly woe

Fall dark to earth, and never rise ;

While tears, that from repentance flow,

In bright exhalament reach the skies.

Go, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,

When he, who sheds them, inly feels

Some ling'ring stain of early years

Effac'd by every drop that steals.

¹ I have so much altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognised.

² "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.—
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

COME NOT O LORD!

AIR—*Haydn*.

COME not O LORD ! in the dread robe of splendour

Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire ;

Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,

Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire !

LORD ! Thou rememb'rest the night, when thy nation³

Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream ;

O'er Egypt thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,

While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,

From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove ;

While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,

Oh ! turn upon us the mild light of thy Love !

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

AIR—*Stevenson*.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears

An offering worthy Heaven,

When o'er the faults of former years

She wept—and was forgiven ?

When, bringing every balmy sweet,

Her day of luxury stored,

She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet

The precious perfume pour'd ;—

And wip'd them with that golden hair,

Where once the diamond shone,

Though now those gems of grief were there

Which shine for GOD alone !

and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—*Exod.* xiv. 24.

³ "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel ; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these." *Exod.* xiv. 20.

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in Heaven.
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much,"¹—and be forgiven.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

AIR—*Haydn*.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee;
My GOD! silent to Thee;
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee;
My GOD! silent to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still, to the Star of its Worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee;
My GOD! trembling to Thee;—
True, fond, trembling to Thee.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

AIR—*Stevenson*.

BUT who shall see the glorious day
When thron'd on Zion's brow,
The LORD shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie;²
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wip'd from every eye.

¹ "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."—*Luke* vii. 47.

² "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth."—*Isaiah* xxv. 8.

³ "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel."—*Observations on the Palm as a sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

⁴ "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and open flowers." *1 Kings* vi. 29.

⁵ "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.
The Fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

AIR—*Mozart*.

ALMIGHTY GOD! when round Thy shrine
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,³
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that "fadeth not away"),
We bless the flowers, expanded all,⁴
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say, "In Eden thus
The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

When round Thy Cherubs, smiling calm
Without their flames,⁵ we wreath the Palm,
Oh GOD! we feel the emblem true,—
Thy Mercy is eternal too!
Those Cherubs with their smiling eyes,
That crown of Palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above—
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.⁶

AIR—*Moore*.

OH fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white in the limpid spring.
There if the hov'ring hawk be near
That limpid spring in its mirror clear

great lawgiver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which JEHOVAH confirmed His gracious covenant to redeem mankind."—*Observations on the Palm*.

⁶ In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which the thought of this song was taken:—"Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluentes," &c., &c.—*De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem*.

Reflects him ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh! be like this dove;
Oh fair! oh purest! be like this dove.

The sacred pages of GOD'S own book
Shall be the Spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray:
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!

Oh! be like the dove;
Oh fair! oh purest! be like the dove.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

AIR—*Handel.*

ANGEL of Charity, who from above
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of GOD were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever grew in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky;
Soon as they reach the verge of Heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.
But long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shall dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side.

BEHOLD THE SUN.

AIR—*Lord Mornington.*

BEHOLD the Sun, how bright
From yonder East he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the Gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In Truth's full radiance then.

Before yon Sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But oh how dim, how pale were those,
To His one burning eye!

So Truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night—
But, LORD, how weak, how cold were they,
To Thy One glorious Light.

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY?

AIR—*Dr. Boyce.*

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see Thy Angel hovering o'er
This sinful world, with hand to Heaven extended,
And hear him swear by Thee that time's no more?
When Earth shall feel Thy fast consuming ray—
Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day?

When through the world Thy awful call hath sounded—
"Wake, oh ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye Dead!"¹
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth His radiant head;
While Earth and Heaven before Him pass away—
Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, the Eternal Judge shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, "Depart from me for ever!"
To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!"
When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day?

OH! TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

AIR—*Haydn.*

OH! teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art,
Till, filled with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown—
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
Reserv'd for Thy worship alone.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Oh still let me, living and dying the same,
In Thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doomed by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On 'Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

¹ "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment!" See also *Matthew* and *Revelations*.

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

WEEP, weep for him, the Man of GOD—
 In yonder vale he sunk to rest,
 But none of earth can point the sod¹
 That flowers above his sacred breast.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain,
 His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew—
 Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
 A Chief, to GOD and her so true.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
 His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
 When, full of glory and of days,
 He saw the promis'd land—and died!
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink
 Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
 But, changed to spirit, like a wink
 Of summer lightning, passed away!²
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY
BREEZE.AIR—*Beethoven.*

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
 Breaks up the surface of the seas,
 That in their furrows, dark with night,
 Her hands may sow the seeds of light—

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er
 The Spirit, dark and lost before,
 And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
 For Truth Divine to enter there!

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
 In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
 But when he swept its chords along,
 Ev'n Angels stooped to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O LORD,
 Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord—
 Till, wak'd by Thee, its breath shall rise
 In music worthy of the skies!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

AIR—*German.*

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
 Come, at the shrine of GOD fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in GOD'S name saying—
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
 What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
 Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
 "Earth has no sorrow that GOD cannot heal."

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come;³
 The nations, that before outshone thee,
 Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
 The glory of the LORD is on thee!

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray
 From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
 And kings and princes haste to pay
 Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
 O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
 Thy exil'd sons return to thee,
 To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
 Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
 And Saba bring her gold and scents,
 To fill thy air, and sparkle o'er thee.

See who are these that, like a cloud,
 Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
 Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
 Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
 The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
 To bring thy sons across the sea,
 And waft their gold and silver over.

¹ See description of the burial of Moses in *Deuteronomy*, ch. xxxiv.

² "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the

Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God."—*Josephus*, Book iv. chap. viii.

³ "Awake, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—*Isaiah* ix.

And Lebanon, thy pomp shall grace—
 The fir, the pine, the palm victorious,
 Shall beautify our Holy Place,
 And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
 Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
 But thou shalt call thy portals Praise,
 And thou shalt name thy walls Salvation.

Thy sun no more shall make thee bright,
 Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
 But GOD Himself shall be thy Light,
 And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
 A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,
 Shall light thy everlasting crown—
 Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own elect, and righteous Land!
 The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
 Which I have planted with this hand—
 Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

AIR—*Crescentini.*

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
 Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—

What may that desert be?

'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
 Are lost, like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
 The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—

Who may that Pilgrim be?

'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
 By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing,
 To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—

What may that fountain be?

'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
 By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
 To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—

Who may that Spirit be?

'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learned that, where'er
 Her wand stoops to worship, the Truth must be there!

SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

AIR—*Nicholas Freeman.*

SINCE first Thy Word awak'd my heart,
 Like new life dawning o'er me,
 Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
 All light and love before me.
 Nought else I feel, or hear, or see—
 All bonds of earth I sever—
 Thee, O GOD, and only Thee,
 I live for, now and ever.

Like him, whose fetters dropped away
 When light shone o'er his prison,
 My spirit, touched by Mercy's ray,
 Hath from her chains arisen.
 And shall a soul Thou bid'st be free
 Return to bondage?—never!
 Thee, oh GOD, and only Thee,
 I live for, now and ever.

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

AIR—*Rousseau.*

HARK!—'tis the breeze of twilight calling
 Earth's weary children to repose;
 While, round the couch of Nature falling,
 Gently the night's soft curtains close.
 Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
 Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
 Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
 From out the veils that hid the Ark!

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
 Thou who, in silence thron'd above,
 Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
 Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.
 Grant that, beneath Thine eye securely,
 Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
 May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
 Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED?

AIR—*Hasse.*

WHERE is your dwelling, ye Sainted!
 Through what Elysium more bright
 Than fancy or hope ever painted,
 Walk ye in glory and light?
 Who the same kingdom inherits?
 Breathes there a soul that may dare
 Look to that world of Spirits,
 Or hope to dwell with you there?

Sages! who, ev'n in exploring
 Nature through all her bright ways,
 Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,
 And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—
 Martyrs! who left for our reaping
 Truths you had sown in your blood—
 Sinners! whom long years of weeping
 Chastened from evil to good—

Maidens! who, like the young Crescent,
 Turning away your pale brows,
 From earth, and the light of the Present,
 Looked to your Heavenly Spouse—
 Say, through what region enchanted
 Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?
 Or, oh, to whom is it granted,
 Bright souls, to dwell with you there.

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,¹
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
 From that time, when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
 Looking motionless down, saw the kings of the earth,
 In the presence of GOD's mighty Champion grow pale—
 Oh never had Judah an hour of such mirth!
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree
 That is worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free,
 From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,
 With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep
 tide,
 Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on—
 Oh never had Judah an hour of such pride!
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

AIR—*Anonymous.*

How lightly mounts the muse's wing,
 Whose theme is in the skies—
 Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
 The nearer Heav'n they rise!

Though Love his wreath'd lyre may tune,
 Yet ah! the flowers he round it wreathes
 Were plucked beneath pale Passion's moon,
 Whose madness from their odour breathes.

¹ See *Joshua* and *Jeremiah*.

How purer far the sacred lute,
 Round which Devotion ties
 Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,
 And palm that never dies!

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
 Most welcome to the hero's ears,
 Alas, his chords of victory
 Are wet all o'er with human tears.

How far more sweet their numbers run
 Who hymn, like Saints above,
 No victor but the Eternal One,
 No trophies but of Love!

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

AIR—*Novello.*

"WAR against Babylon!" shout we around,
 Be our banners through earth unfur'd;²
 Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—
 "War against Babylon!" shout through the world!
 Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,
 Thy day of pride is ended now;
 And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
 Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
 War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,
 Set the standard of GOD on high—
 Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
 "Zion," our watchword, and "vengeance" our cry!
 Woe! woe!—the time of thy visitation
 Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
 And the bleak wave of desolation
 Sweeps o'er thy guilty head at last!
 War, war, war against Babylon!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER

AIR—*Haydn.*

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
 When the spirit leaves this sphere,
 Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
 To those she long hath mourned for here?

Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
 Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
 There, as warm, as bright as ever,
 Shall meet us and be lost no more.

² See *Jeremiah*.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n, where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking—
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay.

Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to th' eternal home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas! alas—doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh! if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a Heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

1823.

THIS work may, in many respects, be regarded as a kind of supplement to LALLA ROOKH. The only preface to it may be properly a quotation of Moore's own words:—"The Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shámchazai, are the only sources to which I need refer for the origin of the notion on which this Romance is founded."

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birthdays by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
Ev'n then, the morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heav'nly birth—
And that from Woman's love should fall
So dark a stain, most sad of all!

One evening, in that primal hour,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, bright'ning hill and bow'r,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Spirits, who once, in brotherhood
Of faith and bliss, near ALLA stood,
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown
The wind that breathes from ALLA'S throne,
Creatures of light, such as *still* play,
Like motes in sunshine round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charmed them thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft

And balmy evening's influence—
 The silent breathing of the flowers—
 The melting light that beam'd above,
 As on their first fond erring hours,
 Each told the story of his love,
 The history of that hour unblest,
 When, like a bird, from its high nest
 Won down by fascinating eyes,
 For woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
 The least celestial of the three—
 A Spirit of light mould, that took
 The prints of earth most yieldingly ;
 Who, even in heaven, was not of those
 Nearest the throne, but held a place
 Far off, among those shining rows
 That circle out through endless space,
 And o'er whose wings the light from Him
 In Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
 Among those youths the unheavenliest one—
 A creature to whom light remained
 From Eden still, but altered, stained,
 And o'er whose brow not Love alone
 A blight had, in his transit, sent,
 But other, earlier joys had gone,
 And left their foot-prints as they pass'd,
 Sighing, as through ages flown,
 Like a tomb-searcher, Mem'ry ran,
 Lifting each shroud that Time had thrown
 O'er buried hopes, he thus began :—

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

"TWAS in a land, that far away
 Into the golden orient lies,
 Where Nature knows not night's delay,
 But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
 Upon the threshold of the skies.
 One morn, on earthly mission sent,
 And mid-way choosing where to light,
 I saw from the blue element—
 Oh beautiful, but fatal sight !—
 One of earth's fairest womankind,
 Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd
 In the clear crystal of a brook ;
 Which, while it hid no single gleam
 Of her young beauties, made them look
 More spirit-like, as they might seem
 Through the dim shadowing of a dream.
 Pausing in wonder, I looked on,
 While, playfully around her breaking
 The waters, that like diamonds shone,

She moved in light of her own making.
 At length, as from that airy height,
 I gently low'd my breathless flight ;
 The tremble of my wings all o'er
 (For through each plume I felt the thrill)
 Startled her, as she reached the shore
 Of that small lake—her mirror still—
 Above whose brink she stood, like snow
 When rosy with a sunset glow.
 Never shall I forget those eyes !—
 The shame, the innocent surprise
 Of that bright face, when in the air
 Uplooking, she beheld me there.
 It seemed as if each thought, and look,
 And motion were that minute chain'd
 Fast to the spot, such root she took,
 And—like a sunflower by a brook,
 With face upturn'd—so still remain'd !

In pity to the wond'ring maid,
 Though loth from such a vision turning,
 Downward I bent, beneath the shade
 Of my spread wings, to hide the burning
 Of glances which—I well could feel—
 For me, for her, too warmly shone ;
 But, ere I could again unseal
 My restless eyes, or even steal
 One side-long look, the maid was gone—
 Hid from me in the forest leaves,
 Sudden as when, in all her charms
 Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
 The Moon into his dusky arms.

"Tis not in words to tell the pow'r,
 The despotism, that, from that hour,
 Passion held o'er me. Day and night
 I sought around each neighbouring spot,
 And, in the chase of this sweet light,
 My task, and Heaven, and all forgot—
 All but the one, sole haunting dream
 Of her I saw in that bright stream.

"Nor was it long, ere by her side
 I found myself whole happy days,
 Listening to words, whose music vied
 With our own Eden's seraph lays,
 When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
 But, wanting *that* far, far above !—
 And looking into eyes where, blue
 And beautiful, like skies seen through
 The sleeping wave, for me there shone
 A heav'n more worshipp'd than my own.
 Oh what, while I could hear and see
 Such words and looks, was heav'n to me ?

Though gross the air on earth I drew,
 'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too ;
 Though dark the flow'rs, though dim the sky,
 Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
 Throughout creation I but knew
 Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
 Belov'd and consecrated spot
 Where LEA *was*—the other, all
 The dull wide waste, where she was *not* !

“ But vain my suit, my madness vain ;
 Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
 One earthly look, one stray desire,
 I would have torn the wings that hung
 Furl'd at my back, and o'er that Fire
 In GEHIM'S pit their fragments flung
 'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmov'd
 She stood, as lilies in the light
 Of the hot noon but look more white—
 And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,
 'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,
 Nothing of earth was in that glow—
 She lov'd me but as one of race
 Angelic, from that radiant place
 She saw so often in dreams—that Heaven,
 To which her prayers at morn were sent,
 And on whose light she gazed at even,
 Wishing for wings that she might go
 Out of this shadowy world below,
 To that free glorious element !

“ Well I remember by her side
 Sitting at rosy eventide,
 When,—turning to the star, whose head
 Looked out as from a bridal bed,
 At that mute blushing hour,—she said,
 ‘ Oh that it were my doom to be
 The spirit of yon beauteous star,
 Dwelling up there in purity,
 Alone, as all such bright things are ;—
 My sole employ to pray and shine,
 To light my censer at the sun,
 And cast its fire towards the shrine
 Of Him in Heaven, the Eternal One ! ’

“ So innocent the maid, so free
 From mortal taint in soul and frame,
 Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—
 To love, ay, burn for, with a flame
 To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
 Had you but seen her look when first
 From my mad lips the avowal burst ;
 Not anger'd—no—the feeling came
 From depths beyond mere anger's flame—

It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
 A mournfulness that could not weep,
 So fill'd the heart was to the brink,
 So fix'd and frozen there—to think
 That angel natures—ev'n I,
 Whose love she clung to, as the tie
 Between her spirit and the sky—
 Should fall thus headlong from the height
 Of all that heav'n hath pure and bright.

“ That very night—my heart had grown
 Impatient of its inward burning ;
 The term, too, of my stay was flown,
 And the bright Watchers near the throne
 Already, if a meteor shone
 Between them and this nether zone,
 Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning ;—
 Oft did the potent spell-word, given
 To Envoys hither from the skies,
 To be pronounc'd when back to heav'n
 It is their hour or wish to rise,
 Come to my lips that fatal day ;
 And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
 That my spread plumage in the ray
 And breeze of heav'n began to play—
 When my heart failed—the spell was broken,—
 The word unfinish'd died away,
 And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
 Fell slack and lifeless as before.
 How could I leave a world which she,
 Or lost or won, made all to me ?
 No matter where my wand'rings were,
 So there she look'd, mov'd, breath'd about—
 Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
 Than Paradise itself without !

“ But to return—that very day
 A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
 Came, crowding thick as flow'rs that play
 In summer winds—the young and gay
 And beautiful of this bright earth.
 And she was there, and 'mid the young
 And beautiful stood first alone ;
 Though on her gentle brow still hung
 The shadow I that morn had thrown—
 The first that ever shame or woe
 Had cast upon its vernal snow.
 My heart was madden'd—in the flush
 Of the wild revel I gave way
 To all that frantic mirth, that rush
 Of desperate gaiety, which they
 Who never felt how pain's excess
 Can break out thus, think happiness !
 Sad mimicry of mirth and life,

Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions, like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

"Then too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
Whose drops, like those of rainbows smile

Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only earth, the while,
But grasping Heav'n, too, in their span!—
Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd

Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd

To my lost soul into eclipse,
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As in the absence of heav'n's beams,
Haunt us for ever, like wild-fires
That walk this earth when day retires.

"Now hear the rest—our banquet done.
I sought her in the accustomed bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hushed, had met alone,
At the same silent moonlight hour.
Her eyes as usual were upturn'd
To her lov'd star whose lustre burn'd
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking, grew more bright
As though she borrow'd of its light.

"There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which would have—had my brain not been
Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,
As though I trod celestial ground.
Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And though too well each glance of mine
To the pale shrinking maiden prov'd
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I lov'd.
Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw—
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness
The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Ther plac'd above him—far above—

And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
When, with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her pow'r,
Her melancholy power—I said,
Then be it so—if back to heaven
I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,
Without one blest memorial giv'n
To sooth me in that lonely sky—
One look like those the young and fond
Give when they're parting—which would be,
Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond
All heaven hath left of bliss for me!

"Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And those mild eyes look up to mine
Without a dread, a thought of harm!
To meet, but once—the thrilling touch
Of lips that are too fond to fear me—
Or, if that boon be all too much,
Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!
Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
Give them but kindly and I fly;
Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
And tremble for their home on high.
Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
One minute's lapse will be forgiv'n,
And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!

"While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flow'rs beneath
The scorching of the south wind's breath;
But when I nam'd—alas, too well
I now recall, though wildered then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
'The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
And I will bless thee!' she exclaim'd.
Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
And lost already on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out,

With that triumphant look Faith wears
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears !

“ That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw uncloset
Two wings magnificent as those
That sparkle around ALLA'S throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moonbeam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glist'ning through !
Most holy vision ! ne'er before

Did aught so radiant—since the day
When EBLIS, in his downfall, bore
The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there !

“ But did I tamely view her flight ?
Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice
The pow'rful words that were, that night,—
Oh, ev'n for Heaven too much delight !—
Again to bring us eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul in Paradise ?
I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—
I prayed, I wept, but all in vain ,
For me the spell had power no more,
There seem'd around me some dark chain,
Which still, as I essayed to soar,
Baffled, alas ! each wild endeavour :
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills the offended God—for ever !

“ It was to yonder star I trac'd
Her journey up the illumin'd waste—
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now—such Purity,
Thy blest reward—ordain'd to be
Her home of light for evermore !
Once—or did I but fancy so ?—
Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below
On him who stood in darkness here ;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet ;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

“ But soon that passing dream was gone ;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessen'd to a point as small

As are those specks that yonder burn—
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from Day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merg'd, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heav'n and love both pass'd away ;
And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became—what I am now !”

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame ;
A shame that of itself would tell—
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame,
Celestial, through his clouded frame—
How grand the height from which he fell !
That holy Shame which ne'er forgets
The unblenched renown it used to wear ,
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine *has* been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity !
One minute did he look, and then—
As though he felt some deadly pain
From its sweet light through heart and brain—
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit ?—he
With the proud front and piercing glance,
Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into the Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where ALLA'S grandest secrets lie ?—
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
Flashing, with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness drew.
'Twas Rubi—once among the prime
And flow'r of those bright creatures, named
Spirits of Knowledge, who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was ev'n to theirs, as day to night—
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be

To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity !

'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by ;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes in some silent place,
When first awak'd for many a year ;
And when he smil'd,—if o'er his face
Smile ever shone,—'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
Even o'er his pride, though still the same,
A soft'ning shade from sorrow came ;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw—
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen through some noble pile on fire !

Such was the Angel who now broke
The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
Closed the sad history of his fall ;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
For many a day, relum'd his cheek,
Beautiful as in days of old ;
And not those eloquent lips alone,
But every feature seem'd to speak—
Thus his eventful story told :

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

" YOU both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
ALLA convok'd the bright array
Of his supreme angelic powers,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heav'n and earth ;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went,
Like first light through the firmament !

" Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought ?

Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noon-tide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of ev'ning stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

" Can you forget her blush when round
Through Eden's lone enchanted ground
She look'd—and at the sea, the skies,
And heard the rush of many a wing,
On high behests then vanishing ;
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still ling'ring—mine among the rest—
Reluctant leaving scene so blest ?
From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That splendid creature mix'd with all.—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whate'er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All wak'd my soul's intensest care :
Their forms, souls, feeling, still to me
Creation's strangest mystery !

" It was my doom—ev'n from the first,
When witnessing the primal burst
Of nature's wonders, I saw rise
Those bright creations in the skies,
Those worlds instinct with life and light,
Which man, remote, but sees by night—
It was my doom still to be haunted
By some new wonder, some sublime
And matchless work, that, for the time,
Held all my soul enchain'd, enchanted,
And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word, but on that only theme !

" The wish to know—that endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awak'd,
And which becomes or blest or curst,
As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd—
Still urged me onward, with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire—

Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
That wak'd each new idolatry—
Their cause, aim, source from whence ever sprung,
Their inmost pow'rs, as though for me
Existence on that knowledge hung.

“ Oh what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
Of light for gods to journey by !
They were my heart's first passion—days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy ! alas, how much
Of misery had I shunn'd below,
Could I have still liv'd blest with such ;
Nor proud and restless, burn'd to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe !
Often—so much I loved to trace
The secrets of this starry race—
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun,
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes—
Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,
And there, with noiseless plume, pursu'd
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.

“ Nay, oft so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—lest a ray
Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrines of light ;
And well remember how I sung
Exulting out, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung !

“ Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn,
Ere this still newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born,
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flow'rs of Paradise !

Thenceforth my nature all was chang'd,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below ;
And he, who but so lately rang'd
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
Worlds upon worlds, yet found his mind
Ev'n in that luminous range confin'd,
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod !
In vain my former idols glisten'd
From their far thrones ; in vain these ears
To the once thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favourite spheres—
To earth, to earth each thought was giv'n,
That in this half-lost soul had birth ;
Like some high mount, whose head's in heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth !

“ Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties ;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That grosser flame, round which Love flies
Nearer, and nearer, till he dies—
No, it was wonder, such as thrilled
At all GOD'S works my dazzled sense ;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense,—
A vehement, but wand'ring fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,—
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as vague as lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon *One*.

“ Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
The insatiate curiosity
To know what shapes, so fair must feel—
To look, but once, beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see
What souls belong'd to those bright eyes—
Whether, as sun-beams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
Those looks could inward turn their ray,
To make the soul as bright as they :
All this impell'd my anxious chase,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conqu'ring race,
The intenser still my wonder grew.

“ I had beheld their First, their EVE,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which sprung there solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above ;

And man—oh, yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

“I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true ;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led—
Mingled with what I durst not blame,
For 'tis my own that zeal to *know*,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe ;
Which, though from Heav'n all pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame
On her, on me, on all below !

“I had seen this ; had seen Man—arm'd
As his soul is with strength and sense,
By her first words to ruin charm'd ;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer smil'd away.
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her
(And *with* her—*that*, at least, was bliss),
Had I not heard him, ere he crosst
The threshold of that earthly heav'n,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiv'n—
Had I not heard him, as he presst
The frail fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her—ev'n then—his Life ! his Life !
Yes—such the love-taught name—the first
That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his outcast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love, the grave !
She, who brought death into the world
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The lost, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near !
Could I help wond'ring at a creature,
Thus circled round with spells so strong—
One, to whose ev'ry thought, word, feature,
In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence Heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save ?

“Nor did the marvel cease with her—
New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
He still the unreasoning worshipper,
And they throughout all time, the same
Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world, with all its destinies,
Devotedly by Heaven seems cast,
To save or ruin as they please !
Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one* from out that shining throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
In my own arms beheld, possesst,
I might learn all the pow'rs to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unblesst
Would have it) ruin, of the rest !
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flow'r's deep heart, and thence
Rife, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul !

“At length, my burning wish, my prayer—
(For such—oh, what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd) —
At length my ominous prayer was heard—
But whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen—and thou wilt know *too* well.

“There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite !
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at ev'ry step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips whose very breath could bless—
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought—
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became,
As though they could, like the sun's bird,

Dissolve away in their own flame—
 Of form, as pliant as the shoots
 Of a young tree in vernal flower ;
 Yet round and glowing as the fruits
 That drop from it in summer's hour—
 'Twas not alone this loveliness
 That falls to loveliest woman's share,
 Though, ev'n here, her form could spare
 From its own beauty's rich excess
 Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—
 But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear
 Through her whole frame—the soul still near
 To light each charm, yet independent
 Of what it lighted, as the sun
 That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
 Were there no flowers to shine upon—
 'Twas this, all this in one combin'd,
 The unnumber'd looks and arts that form
 The glory of young womankind
 Taken in their perfection warm,
 Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
 And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
 As gave to beauties, that might be
 Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,
 The impress of Divinity !

" 'Twas this—a union, which the hand
 Of Nature kept for her alone,
 Of everything most playful, bland,
 Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
 In angel-natures and her own—
 Oh this it was that drew me nigh
 One who seemed kin to heaven as I,
 A bright twin sister from on high—
 One in whose love, I felt, were given
 The mix'd delights of either sphere
 All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
 And all the senses burn for here.

" Had we—but hold—hear every part
 Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
 Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
 Is stirred thus in the wound again—
 Hear every step, so full of bliss,
 And yet so ruinous, that led
 Down to the last dark precipice,
 Where perish'd both—the fallen, the dead !

" From the first hour she caught my sight,
 I never left her—day and night
 Hov'ring unseen around her way,
 And 'mid her loneliest musings near,
 I soon could track each thought that lay
 Gleaming within her heart, as clear

As pebbles within brooks appear ;
 And there, among the countless things
 That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
 Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
 Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—
 Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
 And rainbow joys that end in weeping,
 And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
 Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping :—
 'Mong all these feelings,—felt where'er
 Young hearts are beating,—I saw there
 Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond
 Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
 Glimpses of glory, far away
 Into the bright vague future given,
 And fancies free and grand, whose play,
 Like that of eaglets, is near heaven !
 With this, too—what a soul and heart
 To fall beneath the tempter's art !—
 A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
 Enshrin'd itself in form so fair,
 Since that first fatal hour when Eve,
 With every fruit of Eden blesst,
 Save only *one*—rather than leave
 That *one* unknown, lost all the rest.

" It was in dreams that first I stole
 With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
 In that rich twilight of the soul,
 When Reason's beam, half hid behind
 The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
 Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—
 'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
 Vague, glimmering visions to her view—
 Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
 Bright labyrinths that led to nought,
 And vistas with no pathway through—
 Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
 Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no trace—
 All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
 But give her wing no resting-place ;
 Myself the while, with brow as yet
 Pure as the young moon's coronet,
 Through every dream *still* in her sight,
 The enchanter of each mocking scene,
 Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
 Who said, ' Behold yon world of light !'
 Then sudden dropt a veil between.

" At length, when I perceiv'd each thought,
 Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
 But these illusive scenes, and me—
 The phantom, who thus came and went,
 In half revealments, only meant

To madden curiosity—
 When by such various arts I found
 Her fancy to its utmost wound;
 One night—'twas in a holy spot,
 Which she for prayer had chosen—a grot
 Of purest marble, built below
 Her garden beds, through which a glow
 From lamps invisible then stole,

Brightly pervading all the place—
 Like that mysterious light the soul,
 Itself unseen, sheds through the face.
 There, at her altar while she knelt,
 And all that woman ever felt,

When God and man both claimed her sighs—
 Every warm thought that ever dwelt,
 Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
 Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
 Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—
 Then as the mystic light's soft ray
 Grew softer still, as though its ray
 Was breath'd from her, I heard her say :—

'Oh, idol of my dreams! whate'er
 Thy nature be—human, divine,
 Or but half-heav'nly—still too fair,
 Too heav'nly to be ever mine!

'Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
 Slumber so lovely that it seems
 No longer life to live awake,
 Since Heaven itself descends in dreams.

'Why do I ever lose thee! why—
 When on thy realms and thee I gaze—
 Still drops that veil, which I could die,
 Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

'Long ere such miracles as thou
 And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
 For light was in this soul, which now
 Thy looks have into passion nurs'd.

'There's nothing bright above, below,
 In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
 Doth not intensely burn to know,
 And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

'Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
 The curtains of thy radiant home,
 If thou wouldst be as angel shrin'd,
 Or lov'd and clasp'd as mortal, come!

'Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
 That I may, waking, know and see;
 Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
 Thy heaven or—ay, even *that* with thee!

'Demon or God, who hold'st the book
 Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
 Give me, with thee, but one bright look
 Into its leaves, and let me die!

'By those ethereal wings, whose way
 Lies through an element, so fraught
 With living Mind, that, as they play,
 Their every movement is a thought!

'By that bright, wreath'd hair, between
 Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
 Of Paradise so late hath been,
 And left its fragrant soul behind!

'By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
 Their light into the inmost heart,
 Like sunset in the waters, felt
 As molten fire through every part,—

'I do implore thee, oh most bright
 And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
 My waking wondering eyes this night,
 This one blest night—I ask no more!

"Exhausted, breathless, as she said
 These burning words, her languid head
 Upon the altar's steps she cast,
 As if that brain-throb were its last—

"Till, startled by the breathing, sigh,
 Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
 Sudden her brow again she rais'd,
 And there, just lighted on the shrine,
 Beheld me—not as I had blazed
 Around her, full of light divine,
 In her late dreams, but soften'd down
 Into more mortal grace,—my crown
 Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
 Left hanging on yon starry steep;
 My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
 When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
 Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
 Their lightnings sheathed, rather than mar
 The dawning hour of some young star—
 And nothing left but what beseem'd
 The accessible, though glorious mate
 Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
 Back upon hers, as passionate:
 Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
 Whose sin, whose madness was the same,
 And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
 For her and for her love—oh more
 Of Heaven's light than even the power
 Of Heav'n itself could now restore!

"And yet that hour!"—

The Spirit here

Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career

Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong—
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throb'd there now;
But soon 'twas o'er—that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days,
That relic of a flame, whose burning
Had been too fierce to be relum'd
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
To his bright listeners, thus resumed:—

"Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most

On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all,—
Yet—was I happy? GOD, thou know'st
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!

'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen
Even by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell

In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses they do dwell
In purgatory catch of heaven!

The only feeling that to me
Seem'd joy—or rather my sole rest
From aching misery, was to see

My young, proud, blooming LILIS biest—
She, the fair fountain of all ill

To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Fervently panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first!—
To see *her* happy—to reflect

Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wrecked,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp'd even my shade—

This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
And proud she was, fair creature!—proud

Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deemed her Cherub's love!

"Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Everything strange in earth and heaven;
Not only all that full reveal'd

The eternal ALLA loves to show,
But all that he hath wisely seal'd
In darkness for man *not* to know—
Even this desire, alas, ill-starr'd

And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne'er till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—

Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—
Wherever sleeping Mystery

Had spread her curtain, we were there—
Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship everywhere!

"Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
'Bright creature, this is all thine own!'

Then first were diamonds caught from the
night,
Of earth's deep centre brought to light,
And made to grace the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.

"Then, too, the pearl from out its shell,
Unsightly in the sunless sea
(As t'were a spirit forc'd to dwell

In form unlovely), was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrowed too.

For never did this maid—whate'er
The ambition of the hour,—forget
Her sex's pride in being fair,
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.

Nor was there aught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,

I did not seek with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I've said, 'Nay, look not there, my love,
Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!'

"But not alone the wonders found
Through Nature's realm—the unveil'd, material,
Visible glories that hang round,
Like lights, through her enchanted ground—
But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,

Dwells far away from human sense,
 Wrapt in its own intelligence—
 The mystery of that Fountain-head,
 From which all vital spirit runs,
 All breath of Life where'er 'tis spread,
 Through men or angels, flowers or suns—
 The workings of the Almighty Mind,
 When first o'er Chaos he designed
 The outlines of this world; and through
 That spread of darkness, like the bow,
 Called out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—
 Saw the grand gradual picture grow!—
 The covenant with human-kind
 Which ALLA made—the chains of Fate
 He round himself and them hath twin'd,
 Till his high task he consummate—
 Till good from evil, love from hate,
 Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
 And Fate shall lose her iron chain,
 And all be free, be bright again!

“Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
 And some, ev'n more obscure, profound,
 More wildering to the mind than these,
 Which—far as woman's thought could sound,
 Or a fall'n outlaw'd spirit reach—
 She dar'd to learn, and I to teach.
 Till—filled with such unearthly lore,
 And mingling the pure light it brings
 With much that fancy had, before,
 Shed in false tinted glimmerings—
 The enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
 Inspir'd, among her own dark race,
 Who from their ancient shrines would run,
 Leaving their holy rites undone,
 To gaze upon her holier face.
 And, though but wild the things she spoke,
 Yet 'mid that play of error's smoke
 Into fair shapes by fancy curled,
 Some gleams of pure religion broke—
 Glimpses that have not yet awoke,
 But startle the still dreaming world!
 Oh! many a truth, remote, sublime,
 Which Heav'n would from the minds of men
 Have kept conceal'd, till his own time,
 Stole out in these revealments then—
 Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
 By ages, the bright, Sealing One!
 Like that imperfect dawn, or light
 Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
 Which makes the doubtful east half bright
 Before the real morning shines!

“Thus did some moons of bliss go by—
 Of bliss to her, who saw but love
 And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
 To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
 I seem'd as is the sun on high,
 The light of all below, above,
 The spirit of sea, land, and air,
 Whose influence, felt everywhere,
 Spread from its centre, her own heart,
 Ev'n to the world's extremest part—
 While through that world her reinless mind
 Had now careered so fast and far,
 That earth itself seem'd left behind,
 And her proud fancy, unconfined,
 Already saw Heaven's gates ajar!

“Happy enthusiast! still, oh still,
 Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
 Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
 Which looks at once before and back,
 Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
 And sees both comfortless, both black—
 Spite of all this, I could have still
 In her delight forgot all ill;
 Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
 At least have borne and murmur'd not,
 When thoughts of an offended Heaven
 Of sinfulness, which I—ev'n I,
 While down its steep most headlong driven,—
 Well knew could never be forgiven,
 Came o'er me with an agony
 Beyond all reach of mortal woe,—
 A torture kept for those who know,
 Know *every* thing, and, worst of all,
 Know and love Virtue while they fall!—
 Ev'n then her presence had the power
 To soothe, to warm,—nay, even to bless—
 If ever bliss could graft its flower
 On stem so full of bitterness—
 Even then her glorious smile to me
 Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
 Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
 Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

“Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
 Which all who love beneath yon sky
 Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
 That dreadful thought that it must die.
 That desolating thought, which comes
 Into men's happiest hours and homes
 Whose melancholy boding flings
 Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
 Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
 The grave beneath young lover's heads!

This fear, so sad to all—to me

Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought—
That Heaven to me the final seal

Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel

The death-pang, without power to die !
Ev'n this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever cherish'd the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart—could charm away :

Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on !
But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long ;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of a tempter's sin—

Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence
To snatch the fated victim thence.

“ Listen, and if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

“ 'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dreamt away ;
In that same garden, where, the pride
Of seraph splendour laid aside,
And those wings furl'd, whose open light
For mortal gaze were else too bright,
I first had stood before her sight ;
And found myself—oh, ecstasy,

Which even in pain I ne'er forget—
Worshipp'd as only GOD should be,
And lov'd as never man was yet !

In that same garden we were now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turned upward, and her brow
With its own silent fancies shining.

“ It was an evening bright and still
As ever blushed on wave or bower,
Smiling from Heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad

In looking at that light—even she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the mute hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world—the close
Of all things beautiful and bright—

The last grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away !

“ At length, as though some livelier thought
Had suddenly her fancy caught,
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As if to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smil'd and said :—

‘ I had, last night, a dream of thee,
Resembling those divine ones, given,
Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
Before thou cam'st, thyself, from Heaven.

‘ The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
Dazzling as if of starlight made ;
And these wings, lying darkly now,
Like meteors round thee flashed and play'd.

‘ Thou stood'st all bright, as in those dreams,
As if just wafted from above ;
Mingling earth's warmth with Heaven's beams,
A creature to adore and love.

‘ Sudden I felt thee draw me near
To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,
I seem'd within the atmosphere
Of that exhaling light embrac'd ;

‘ And felt, methought, the ethereal flame
Pass from thy purer soul to mine,
Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
Like thee, all spirit, all divine.

‘ Say, why did dreams so bright come o'er me,
If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone ?
When will my Cherub shine before me
Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone ?

‘ When shall I, waking, be allowed
To gaze upon those perfect charms,
And hold thee thus, without a cloud,
A chill of earth, within these arms ?

‘ Oh what a pride to say, this, this
Is my own Angel—all divine,
And pure, and dazzling as he is,
And fresh from Heaven, he's mine, he's mine !

‘ Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
A creature of yon lofty skies,

She would have hid one single grace,
One glory from her lovcr's eyes?

'No, no : then, if thou lov'st like me,
Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
Of thy most proud divinity,
Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.

'Too long and oft I've look'd upon
Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus—
Too near the stars themselves have gone,
To fear aught grand or luminous.

'Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
But that this dream may yet come true,
And my blest spirit drink thy ray
Till it becomes all heavenly too?

'Let me this once but feel the flame
Of those spread wings, the very pride
Will change my nature, and this frame
By the mere touch be deified !'

"Thus spoke the maid, as one not us'd
To be by man or GOD refus'd—
As one, who felt her influence o'er
All creatures, whatso'er they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to her.

"Little did she, alas, or I—
Even I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerged in sin's obscurity,
Was as the earth whereon we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
Little did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful—how can it be told?
Such pain, such anguish to relate,
Is o'er again to feel, behold !
But charg'd as 'tis, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break !
Some dark misgivings *had*, I own
Pass'd for a moment through my breast—
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both—something unblest
To happen from this proud request.
But soon these boding fancies fled ;
Nor saw I aught that could forbid
My full revealment, save the dread
Of that first dazzle, that unhid
And bursting glory on a lid
N'er in heaven—and ev'n this glare
She might, by love's own nursing care,
Be like young eagles, taught to bear.

For well I knew the lustre shed
From cherub wings when proudest spread,
Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.
Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
Through clouds in which the lightning slept,
As in its lair, ready to spring,
Yet wak'd it not—though from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering !
Oft, too, when round me from above
The feather'd snow in all its whiteness,
Fell like the moultings of Heaven's Dove,—
So harmless, though so full of brightness,
Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
From off its flowers each downy flake
As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had lighted there !

"Nay even with LILIS—had I not
Around her sleep all radiant beam'd—
Hung o'er her slumbers, nor forgot
To kiss her eyelids as she dream'd ;
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not wak'd unscath'd and bright
As doth the pure unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

"Thus having—as, alas, deceiv'd
By my sin's blindness, I believ'd—
No cause for dread, and those black eyes
There fixed upon me eagerly
As though the unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me—
How could I pause, how ev'n let fall
A word or whisper that could stir
In her proud heart a doubt that all
I brought from heaven belong'd to her?
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, and pride,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—
'Twill madden them to look upon !

"Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down
Was left behind me in yon star
That shines from out those clouds afar
Where relic sad, 'tis treasur'd yet,
The downfallen angel's coronet !—

Of all my glories, this alone

Was wanting; but the illumin'd brow,
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
Had love's spell added to their own,
And pour'd a light till then unknown;
The unfolded wings that in their play
Shed sparkles bright as ALLA'S throne;
All I could bring of heaven's array,

Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone

Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
Which still (though at a sight so splendid
Her dazzl'd brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended

To clasp the form she durst not see!
Great Heaven! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touched her shrinking frame,

When—oh, most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—

Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce ravening flashes,
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie

Blackening within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see—

Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality

Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those clasping arms, within whose round,
My heart's horizon,—the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven, was found!
Which, even in this dread moment, fond

As when they first were round me cast,
Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,

But, burning, held me to the last.
All, all, that but that morn, had seem'd
As if Love's self there breath'd, and beam'd
Now, parched and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came—
I, the curst spirit, whose caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

“'Twas maddening, but now hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse

I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust,—and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,
And looked in mine with—oh, that look!
Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell
Thou mayst to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—

“In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss impressed,
So withering!—I feel it now—

'Twas fire—but fire, ev'n more unblest
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!

Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went,

And here—mark here, the brand, the stain
It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which all the pomp and pride
Of a fall'n spirit cannot hide.

“But is it thus, dread Providence—

Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who (but for one proud, fond offence)

Had honour'd Heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no
Merciful ALLA! 'tis not so—
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.

And yet, that look—so deeply fraught

With more than anguish, with despair—
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought

In heaven or earth—this scorch I bear!—
Oh,—for the first time that these knees

Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees

Thou could'st for prayer like mine recall,
Pardon that spirit, and on me,

On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony

Thy burning phial keeps for her!
See, too, where low beside me kneel

Two other outcasts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel

And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe

That Passion brings down on the best,
 The wisest and the loveliest.—
 Oh, who is to be sav'd, if such
 Bright erring souls are not forgiven ;
 So loth they wander, and so much
 Their very wand'rings lean towards heaven !
 Again I cry, Just Power, transfer
 That creature's sufferings all to me—
 Mine, mine the guilt, the torrent be—
 To save one minute's pain to her,
 Let mine last all eternity !”

He paused, and to the earth bent down
 His throbbing head ; while they, who felt
 That agony as 'twere their own,
 Those angel youths beside him knelt,
 And, in the night's still silence there,
 While mournfully each wand'ring air
 Played in those plumes, that never more
 To their lost home in heaven must soar,
 Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,
 Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
 And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
 Oh, God would not be what this bright
 And glorious universe of His,
 This world of beauty, goodness, light,
 And endless love, proclaims He *is* !

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
 That crowned that airy solitude,
 They heard a low, uncertain sound,
 As from a lute, that just had found
 Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
 The new-born fancy—with fond tone,
 Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own !
 Till soon a voice that matched as well
 That gentle instrument, as suits
 The sea-air to an ocean-shell,
 (So kin its spirit to the lute's)
 Tremblingly followed the soft strain
 Interpreting its joy, its pain,
 And lending the light wings of words
 To many a thought that else had lain
 Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief
 The third young Angel, in whose face,
 Though faded like the others, grief
 Had left a gentler, holier trace ;
 As if, even yet, through pain and ill,
 Hope had not fled him—as if still

Her precious pearl in sorrow's cup,
 Unmelted at the bottom lay,
 To shine again, when, all drunk up,
 The bitterness should pass away.
 Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
 There shone more pleasure than surprise,
 Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
 Of solitary sweetness broke,
 Then listening, look delighted round
 To his bright peers, while thus it spoke :—

“ Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
 My angel-lord, come pray with me ;
 In vain to-night my lip hath strove
 To send one holy prayer above—
 The knee may bend, the lip may move,
 But pray I cannot without thee !
 I've fed the altar in my bower
 With droppings from the incense tree ;
 I've sheltered it from wind and shower,
 But dim it burns the livelong hour,
 As if, like me, it had no power
 Of life or lustre, without thee !

“ A boat at midnight sent alone
 To drift upon the moonless sea,
 A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
 A wounded bird, that hath but one
 Imperfect wing to soar upon,
 Are like what I am without thee !

“ Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
 In life or death, thyself from me ;
 But when again, in sunny pride,
 Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
 A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
 Oh, happier thus than without thee !”

The song had ceas'd when from the wood—
 Which sweeping down that airy height,
 Reach'd the lone spot on which they stood—
 There suddenly shone out a light
 From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed
 Across the brow of one who rais'd
 The flame aloft (as if to throw
 Its light upon that group below),
 Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
 The dusky leaves, such as are seen
 By fancy only in those faces
 That haunt a poet's walk at even,
 Looking from out their leafy places
 Upon his dreams of love and heaven,
 'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought
 O'er all her features at the thought

Of being seen thus late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,
Had scarcely for an instant shone
Through the dark leaves when she was gone—
Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
"Behold, how beautiful!"—'tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
I come, my NAMA," reached her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home,—
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow *one*—of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear!
A music, breathing of the past,
The present, and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind;
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they—alas, more fall'n than he
From happiness and heaven—knew well,
His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—*not* as he told
The tale himself, but as 'tis graved
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By Seth were from the deluge sav'd,
All written over with sublime
And sadd'ning legends of the unblest
But glorious Spirits of that time,
And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
That in the eternal heavens abide,
Circles of light, that from the same
Unclouded centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side
Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound,
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffused into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne
Of ALLA, as if most his own,
The Seraphs stand——this burning sign
Traced on their banner, "Love Divine!"
Their rank, their honours, far above
Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
Though knowing all—so much doth Love
Transcend all knowledge, ev'n in heaven!

'Mong these was ZARAPH once—and none
E're felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearned towards the Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire.
Love was to his impassioned soul
Not as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart!
Often, when from ALLA'S lifted brow
A lustre came too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow
Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare
To look upon the effulgence there—
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
(Such pride he in adoring took),
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking than *not* look!
Then, too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
The moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touched the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of ZARAPH above all rejoice!
Love was in every buoyant tone
Such love as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song.

Alas, that it should e'er have been
In heav'n as 'tis too often here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance into ill;
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments ev'n the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel—such
The charm that sloped his fall along
From good to ill, from loving much,
To easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
Ev'n so that amorous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon,
Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended!

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
 Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
 And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er
 The silver waters, that lay mute,
 As loth, by even a breath, to stay
 The pilgrimage of that sweet lay ;
 Whose echoes still went on and on,
 Till lost among the light that shone
 Far off beyond the ocean's brim—

There, where the rich cascade of day
 Had, o'er the horizon's golden rim,
 Into Elysium roll'd away !
 Of God she sung, and of the mild
 Attendant Mercy, that beside
 His awful throne for ever smil'd,

Ready with her white hand, to guide
 His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
 That she might quench them on the way !
 Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
 Upon whose star, shining above
 This twilight world of hope and fear,

The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
 So fond, that with her every tear
 The light of that love-star is mix'd !—
 All this she sung, and such a soul

Of piety was in that song,
 That the charmed Angel, as it stole
 Tenderly to his ear, along
 Those lulling waters, where he lay
 Watching the day-light's dying ray,
 Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
 An echo that some spirit gave
 To Eden's distant harmony,
 Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea !

Quickly, however, to its source,
 Tracking that music's melting course,
 He saw upon the golden sand
 Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
 Before whose feet the expiring waves
 Flung their last tribute with a sigh—
 As, in the East, exhausted slaves
 Lay down the far-brought gift and die—
 And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
 As if unequal to the tide
 Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
 She raised, like one beatified,
 Those eyes, whose light seemed rather given
 To be ador'd than to adore—
 Such eyes as may have look'd *from* heaven,
 But ne'er were rais'd to it before !

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
 That's left of Eden upon earth—

The only blessings, since the fall
 Of our weak souls, that still recall
 A trace of their high glorious birth—
 How kindred are the dreams you bring !
 How Love, though unto earth so prone,
 Delights to take Religion's wing,
 When time or grief hath stained his own !
 How near to Love's beguiling brink,
 Too oft, entranced Religion lies !
 While Music, Music is the link
 They *both* still hold by to the skies,
 The language of their native sphere,
 Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
 That moment's witcheries ?—one so fair
 Breathing out music that might steal
 Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
 That seraphs might be proud to share.
 Oh, he *did* feel it—far too well—
 With warmth that much too dearly cost ;
 Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
 To which attraction, to which spell,
 Love, Music, or Devotion, most
 His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
 And pure, as aught of earth could be,
 For then first did the glorious sun
 Before Religion's altar see
 Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
 Self-pledged, in love to live and die—
 Blest union ! by that angel wove,
 And worthy from such hands to come ;
 Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
 When fall'n or exil'd from above,
 In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgressed,
 Had, from his station 'mong the blessed,
 Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
 Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
 The mirror of his heart, and cloud
 God's image, there so bright before—
 Yet never did that Power look down
 On error with a brow so mild ;
 Never did Justice wear a frown
 Through which so gently Mercy smiled.
 For humble was their love, with awe
 And trembling like a treasure kept,
 That was not theirs by holy law,
 Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
 And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
 Humility, that low, sweet root,

From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
 Was in the hearts of both—but most
 In NAMA'S heart, by whom alone
 Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,
 Seem'd all unvalued and unknown ;
 And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,
 And hid hers glowing on his breast,
 Even bliss was humbled by the thought,
 "What claim have I to be so blessed ?"
 Still less could maid so meek have nurs'd
 Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst
 With which the sex hath all been curs'd
 From luckless Eve to her who near
 The Tabernacle stole, to hear
 The secrets of the Angels—no—
 To love as her own Seraph lov'd
 With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
 Faith that, were even its light removed,
 Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
 And wait till it shone out again—
 With Patience that, though often bow'd
 By the rude storm, can rise anew,
 And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,
 Sees sunny Good half breaking through !
 This deep relying Love, worth more
 In heaven than all a Cherub's lore—
 This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
 Was the sole joy, ambition, pride,
 Of her fond heart—the unreasoning scope
 Of all its views, above, below,
 So true she felt it that to *hope*,
 To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
 Abash'd, but pure before their God ;
 Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
 So meekly beautiful as they,
 When, with the altar's holy light
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
 Hand within hand, and side by side,
 Two links of love, awhile untied
 From the great chain above, but fast
 Holding together to the last—
 Two fallen Splendors from that tree
 Which buds with such eternally,
 Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
 Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment (as wrong,
 However sweet, must bear its brand),
 Their only doom was this—that, long
 As the green earth and ocean stand,
 They both shall wander here—the same
 Throughout all time, in heart and frame—

Still looking to that goal sublime,
 Whose light, remote but sure, they see
 Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
 Whose home is in Eternity !
 Subject, the while, to all the strife
 True Love encounters in this life—
 The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain ;
 The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
 To earthly vapour, ere they rise ;
 The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
 That in his very sweetness lies.
 Still worse, the illusions that betray
 His footsteps to their shining brink ;
 That tempt him, on his desert way
 Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
 Where nothing meets his lips, alas,—
 But he again must sighing pass
 On to that far-off home of peace,
 In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
 Have moments rich in happiness—
 Blest meetings, after many a day
 Of widowhood past far away,
 When the lov'd face again is seen
 Close, close, with not a tear between—
 Confidings frank, without control,
 Poured mutually from soul to soul,
 As free from any fear or doubt
 As is that light from chill or stain,
 The sun into the stars sheds out,
 To be by them shed back again !—
 That happy minglement of hearts,
 Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
 Each with its own existence parts,
 To find a new one, happier far !
 Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
 That blessed hope of the bright hour,
 When, happy and no more to fall,
 Their spirits shall, with freshened power,
 Rise up rewarded for their trust
 In Him from whom all goodness springs,
 And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
 From their emancipated wings,
 Wander for ever through those skies
 Of radiance where Love never dies !

In what lone region of the earth
 These pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
 God and the Angels, who look forth
 To watch their steps, alone can tell,
 But should we, in our wanderings,
 Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
 But the adornment of bright wings

To look like heaven's inhabitants—
 Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
 Are humble in their earthly lot,
 As is the wayside violet,
 That shines unseen, and were it not
 For its sweet breath would be forgot—
 Whose hearts in every thought are one,
 Whose voices utter the same wills,
 Answering as Echo doth, some tone
 Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
 So like itself, we seek in vain
 Which is the echo, which the strain—

Whose piety is love, whose love,
 Though close as 'twere their souls embrace,
 Is not of earth, but from above—
 Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
 Whose light, from one to the other thrown,
 Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
 Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
 So perfect here, we may be sure
 'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see ;
 And call young lovers round to view
 The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
 Their pathway towards eternity.

T H E S U M M E R F Ê T E .

IN his dedication of this Poem, to the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Moore remarks:—"For the groundwork of the following I am indebted to a memorable Fête, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald." He adds that at the time he wrote some verses on the subject, but these were laid aside, and the date of the present poem is November, 1831.

"Where are ye now, ye summer days
 That once inspir'd the poet's lays
 Blest time ! ere England's nymphs and swains
 For lack of sunbeams took to coals ;
 Summer of light, undimm'd by rains
 Whose only mocking trace remains
 In watering-pots and parasols ?"

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid
 As on the morning of that Fête
 Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
 She backward drew her curtain's shade,
 And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
 Peep'd with the other at the sky—
 Th' important sky, whose light or gloom
 Was to decide the day, the doom
 Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
 Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites.

Faint were her hopes, for June had now
 Set in with all his usual rigour

Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
 To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
 But Eurus in perpetual vigour ;
 And, such the biting summer air
 That she, the nymph now nestling there—
 Had, more than once been caught of late
 Kneeling before her blazing grate,
 Like a young worshipper of fire,
 With hands uplifted to the flame,
 Whose glow as if to woo them nigher,
 Through the white fingers flushing came.

But oh ! the light, th' unhop'd-for light,
 That now illum'd this morning's heaven !
 Up sprung Iänthe at the sight,
 Though—hark !—the clocks but strike eleven,
 And rarely did the nymph surprise
 Mankind so early with her eyes.

Who now will say that England's sun
 (Like England's self, these spendthrift days)

His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
 And must retrench his golden rays,
 Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
 And to mere moonshine come at last?

"Calumnious thought," Iänthe cries,
 While coming mirth lit up each glance,
 And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
 Already had begun to dance :
 For brighter sun than that which now
 Sparkled o'er London's spires and towers,
 Had never bent from heaven his brow
 To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.

What must it be—if thus so fair
 Mid the smok'd groves of Grosvenor Square—
 What must it be where Thames is seen
 Gliding between his banks of green,
 White rival villas on each side,
 Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
 And like a Turk between two rows
 Of Harem's beauties, on he goes—
 A lover, lov'd for ev'n the grace
 With which he slides from their embrace?

In one of those enchanted domes,
 One of the most flow'ry, cool, and bright
 Of all by which that river roams,
 The Fête is to be held to-night—
 That Fête already link'd to fame,
 Whose cards in many a fair one's sight
 (When look'd for long, at last they came)
 Seemed circled with a fairy light ;—
 That Fête to which the cull, the flower
 Of England's beauty, rank, and power,
 From the young spinster just come *out*,
 To the old Premier, too long *in*—
 From legs of far descended gout,
 To the last new-mustachio'd chin—
 All were convok'd by Fashion's spells
 To the small circle where she dwells,
 Collecting nightly to allure us,
 Live atoms which together hurl'd
 She, like another Epicurus,
 Sets dancing thus, and culls "the World."

Behold, how busy in those bowers
 (Like May-flies in and out of flowers)
 The countless menials swarming run,
 To furnish forth ere set of Sun,
 The banquet-table richly laid
 Beneath yon awning's lengthen'd shade,
 Where fruits shall tempt, and wines entice,
 And Luxury's self, at Gunter's call,

Breathe from her summer throne of ice
 A spirit of coolness over all.

And now th' important hour drew nigh,
 When 'neath the flush of evening sky
 The west-end "world" for mirth let loose,
 And mov'd as he of Syracuse¹
 Ne'er dream't of moving worlds by force,
 Of four-horse power, had all combin'd
 Through Grosvenor Gate to speed their course,
 Leaving that portion of mankind
 Whom they call "Nobody," behind ;—
 No star for London's feasts to-day,
 No moon of beauty, new this May,
 To lend the night her crescent ray ;—
 Nothing in short for ear or eye,
 But veteran belles, and wits gone by,
 The relics of a past beau-monde,
 A world, like Cuvier's, long dethron'd !
 Ev'n Parliament this evening nods,
 Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,
 On half its usual opiate share ;
 The great dispensers of repose,
 The first-rate furnishers of prose
 Being all call'd to—prose elsewhere,

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square,
 That last impregnable redoubt,
 Where, guarded with Patrician care,
 Primeval error still holds out—
 Where never gleam of gas must dare
 'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,
 Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
 The dowager one single jolt ;—
 Where far too stately and sublime
 To profit by the light of time,
 Let Intellect march how it will,
 They stick to oil and watchmen still ;—
 Soon through that illustrious square
 The first epistolary bell,
 Sounding by fits upon the air,
 Of parting pennies rung the knell,
 Warn'd by that telltale of the hours,
 And by the daylight's westering beam,
 The young Iänthe, who, with flowers
 Half-crown'd, had sat in idle dream
 Before her glass, scarce knowing where
 Her fingers rov'd through that bright hair,
 While all capriciously, she now
 Dislog'd some curl from her white brow,
 And now again replac'd it there ;—
 As though her task was meant to be
 One endless change of ministry—

¹ Archimedes.

A routing-up of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile—what strain is that which floats
Through the small boudoir near—like notes
Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next linnet music-meeting?

A voice it was whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,
Nor yet had ventur'd to exalt
Its rash ambition to *B alt*,
That point towards which when ladies rise,
The wise man takes his hat and—flies.

Tones of a harp too gently play'd,
Came with their youthful voice communing,

Tones true for once, without the aid
Of that inflective process, tuning—
A process which must oft have given
Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound;
So pleas'd among the joys of Heav'n,

He specifies "harps *ever* tun'd."

She now who sung this gentle strain

Was our young nymph's still younger sister—
Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train

In their light legions to enlist her,
But counted on, as sure to bring
Her force into the field next spring.

The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
Gave forth, "so sweetly and so well,"
Was one in *Morning Post* much fam'd,
From a *divine* collection nam'd,

"Songs of the Toilet"—every Lay
Taking for the subject of its Muse

Some branch of feminine array,
Some item, with full scope to choose,
From diamonds down to dancing shoes;
From the last hat that Herbault's hands

Bequeath'd to an admiring world,
Down to the latest flounce that stands,
Like Jacob's ladder—or expands

Far forth, tempestuously unfurl'd.

Speaking of one of these new Lays,
The *Morning Post* thus sweetly says:—

"Not all that breathes from Bishop's lyre
That Barnett dreams, or Cooke conceives,
Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,
This fine Cantata upon Sleeves.

The very notes themselves reveal
The cut of each new sleeve so well;
A flat betrays the *Imbécilles*,
Light fugues the flying lappels tell;
While rich cathedral chords awake

Our homage for the Manches d' Evêque."
'Twas the first op'ning song—the Lay
Of all least deep in toilet-lore
That the young nymph, to while away
The living hour, thus warbled o'er:—

SONG.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on thee all that's bright, and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright, array thee,
The sun's below—the moon's above,
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.

Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but *one* so bright.

Array thee, love, &c.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move
Will beat when they come nigh thee.

Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy very look a ray,
And tracks of wond'ring eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way!

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tir'd monarch fann'd to rest,
'Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
While round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile ere he slept.
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames,
The golden eve its lustre pour'd,

Shone out the high-born knights and dames
 Now group'd around the festal board ;
 A living mass of plumes and flowers,
 As though they robb'd both birds and bowers—
 A peopled rainbow, swarming through
 With habitants of every hue ;
 While, as the sparkling juice of France
 High in the crystal brimmers flow'd,
 Each sunset ray that mix'd by chance
 With the wine's sparkles show'd
 How sunbeams may be taught to dance.

If not in written form exprest,
 'Twas known, at least, to every guest,
 That, though not bidden to parade
 Their scenic powers in masquerade,
 (A pastime little found to thrive
 In the bleak fog of England's skies,
 Where wit's the thing we best contrive
 As masqueraders, to disguise,)
 It yet was hop'd—and well that hope
 Was answered by the young and gay
 That, in the toilet's task to day,
 Fancy should take her wildest scope ;—
 That the rapt milliner should be
 Let loose through fields of poesy,
 The tailor, by inventive trance,
 Up to the heights of Epic clamber,
 And all the regions of Romance
 Be ransacked by the *femme de chambre*.

Accordingly, with gay Sultanas,
 Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas,
 Circassian slaves whom Love would pay
 Half his maternal realms to ransom ;—
 Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
 In looking most profanely handsome ;—
 Muses in muslin—pastoral maids
 With hats from the *Arcade-ian* shades,
 And fortune-tellers, rich, 'twas plain,
 As fortune-hunters form'd their train.

With these, and more such female groups,
 Were mix'd no less fantastic troops
 Of male exhibitors—all willing
 To look, ev'n more than usual, killing :—
 Beau tyrants, smock-fac'd braggadocios,
 And brigands charmingly ferocious ;—
 M. P. 's turn'd to Turks, good Moslems then,
 Who last night voted for the Greeks ;
 And Friars, staunch No-Popery men,
 In close confab with Whig Caciques.

But where is she—the nymph who late
 We left before her glass delaying

Like Eve, when by the lake she sate
 In the clear wave her charms surveying,
 And saw in that first glassy mirror
 The first fair face that lur'd to error ?

“Where is she ?” ask'st thou—watch all looks
 As centring to one point they bear
 Like sun-flowers by the sides of brooks
 Turn'd to the sun—and she is there,
 Ev'n in disguise, oh never doubt
 By her own light you'd track her out ;
 As when the moon close shawl'd in fog,
 Steals as she thinks, through heaven *incog*,
 Though hid herself, some sidelong ray
 At every step, detects her way.

But not in dark disguise to-night
 Hath our young heroine veil'd her light ;—
 For see, she walks the earth, Love's own,
 His wedded bride, by holiest vow
 Pledg'd in Olympus, and made known
 To mortals by the type which now
 Hangs glitt'ring on her snowy brow,
 That butterfly, mysterious trinket
 Which means the Soul (tho' few would think it),
 And sparkling thus on brow so white,
 Tells us we've Pscyhe here to-night.

But hark ! some song hath caught her ears—
 And lo how pleas'd, as though she'd ne'er
 Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,
 Her goddess-ship approves the air ;
 And to a mere terrestrial strain,
 Inspir'd by nought but pink champagne,
 Her butterfly as gaily nods
 As though she sat with all her train
 At some great Concert of the Gods,
 With Phœbus, leader—Jove director,
 And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came—
 A few gay youths, whom round the board
 The last-ried flask's superior fame
 Had lur'd to taste the tide it pour'd ;
 And one, who from his youth and lyre,
 Seem'd grandsor to the Teian sire,
 Thus gaily sang, while, to his song,
 Replied in chorus the gay throng :—

SONG.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
 As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see ;
 But as I'm not particular—wit, love, and wine,
 Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.

Nay—humble and strange as my tastes may appear—
 If driven to the worst, I could manage, thank Heaven,
 To put up with eyes such has beam round me here,
 And such wine as we are sipping, six days out of seven.
 So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound
 May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan,
 But we are not sages, why—send the cup round—
 We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,
 To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for mankind;
 But talk of *new* pleasures!—*give* me but the *old*,
 And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
 Or should I in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
 Set sail in pinnacle of Fancy some day,
 Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
 And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!
 In the meantime a bumper—your Angels on high,
 May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span,
 But, as we are *not* Angels, why—let the flask fly—
 We must only be happy *all* ways that we can.

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
 Leaving not so much of its beam
 As gave to objects late so bright
 The colouring of a shadowy dream;
 And there was still where Day had set
 A flush that spoke him loth to die—
 A last link of his glory yet,
 Binding together the earth and sky.
 Say why is it that twilight best
 Becomes even brows the loveliest?
 That dimness, with its soft'ning touch,
 Can bring out grace unfelt before,
 And charms, we ne'er can see too much,
 When seen but half enchant the more?
 Alas, it is that every joy
 In fulness finds its worst alloy,
 And half a bliss, but hop'd or guess'd,
 Is sweeter than the whole possess'd;—
 That Beauty, when least shone upon,
 A creature most ideal grows;
 And there's no light from moon or sun
 Like that Imagination throws;—
 It is, alas, that Fancy shrinks
 Ev'n from a bright reality,
 And turning inly, feels and thinks
 Far heav'nlier things than e'er will *be*.
 Such was the effect of twilight's hour
 On the fair groups that round and round,
 From glade to grot, from bank to bow'r,
 Now wander'd through this fairy ground;

And thus did Fancy—and champagne—
 Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
 Till nymph that look'd at noon day plain,
 Now brightened, in the gloom, to belles;
 And, the brief interval of time,
 Twixt after dinner and before,
 To dowagers brought back their prime,
 And shed a halo round two-score.

Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
 The ears, the fancy, quick succeed;
 And now above the waters fly
 Light gondoles of Venetian breed,
 With knights and dames, who, calm reclin'd,
 Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide—
 Astonishing old Thames to find
 Such doings on his moral tide.

So bright was still that tranquil river
 With the last shaft from Daylight's quiver,
 That many a group in turn were seen
 Embarking on its waves serene;
 And 'mong the rest, in chorus gay,
 A band of mariners, from the isles
 Of sunny Greece, all songs and smiles
 As smooth they floated, to the play
 Of their car's cadence, sung this lay.—

TRIO.

Our home is on the sea, boy,
 Our home is on the sea
 When Nature gave
 The ocean-wave
 She mark'd it for the Free.
 Whatever storms befall,
 The island bark
 Is Freedom's ark,
 And floats her safe through all.

Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
 Behold yon sea of isles,
 Where ev'ry shore
 Is sparkling o'er
 With Beauty's richest smiles.
 For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
 For us hath Freedom claim'd
 Those ocean nests
 Where Valour rests
 His eagle wing untam'd

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
 And shall the Moslem dare
 While Grecian hand
 Can wield a brand,

To plant his Crescent there?
 No—by our fathers, no, boy,
 No, by the cross we show—
 From Maina's rills
 To Thracia's hills
 All Greece re-echoes "No!"

Like pleasant thoughts that o'er the mind
 A minute come, and go again,
 Ev'n so, by snatches, in the wind,
 Was caught and lost that choral strain,
 Now full, now faint upon the ear,
 As the bark floated far or near.
 At length, when, lost, the closing note
 Had down the waters died along,
 Forth from another fairy boat,
 Freight with music came this song:—

SONG.

Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
 Gentle river thy current runs,
 Shelter'd safe from winter gales,
 Shaded cool from summer suns.
 Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide
 Fenc'd with flow'ry shelter round;
 No rude tempest wakes the tide;
 All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
 When woo'd by whisp'ring groves in vain,
 Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
 To mingle with the stormy main,
 And thou sweet youth, too soon wilt pass
 Into the world's unsheltered sea,
 Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas
 All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon,
 Resplendent as a summer noon,
 Where 'neath a pendent wreath of lights,
 A Zodiac of flowers and tapers—
 (Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds
 Its glory o'er young dancers' heads)—
 Quadrille performs her mazy rites,
 And reigns supreme o'er slides and capers;—
 Working to death each opera strain,
 As with a foot that ne'er reposes,
 She jigs through sacred and profane,
 From "Maid and Magpie," up to "Moses";—
 Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes
 Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respire;
 Till Meyerbeer for mercy sues,
 And Weber at her feet expires.

And now the set hath ceas'd—the bows
 Of fiddlers taste a brief repose,
 While light along the painted floor,
 Arm within arm the couples stray,
 Talking their stock of nothing o'er,
 Till nothing's left at last to say—
 When lo!—most opportunely sent—
 Two Exquisites, a he and she
 Just brought from Dandyland, and meant
 For Fashion's grand Menagerie,
 Enter'd the room—and scarce were there
 When all flock'd round them glad to stare
 At *any* monsters, *any* where.

Some thought them perfect to their tastes;
 While others hinted that the waists
 (That in particular of the *he* thing)
 Left far too ample room for breathing;
 Whereas, to meet those critics' wishes,
 The isthmus there should be so small
 That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,
 Must manage not to breathe at all.
 The male (these same critics said),
 Though orthodox from toe to chin,
 Yet lack'd that spacious width of head
 To hat of toadstool much akin—
 That build of bonnet, whose extent
 Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
 Puzzle church-doors to let it in.

However—sad as 'twas, no doubt,
 That nymph so smart should go about,
 With head unconscious of the place
 It ought to fill in Infinite Space—
 Yet all allow'd that, of her kind,
 A prettier show 'twas hard to find;
 While of that doubtful genus, "dressy men,"
 The male was thought a first-rate specimen.
 Such *Savans*, too, as wished to trace
 The manners, habits, of this race—
 To know what rank (if rank at all)
 'Mong reasoning things to them should fall—
 What sort of motions heaven imparts
 To light-built heads and tight-lac'd hearts;
 And how far Soul, which, Plato says,
 Abhors restraints, can act in stays—
 Might now, if gifted with discerning,
 Find opportunities of learning;
 As these two creatures—from their pout
 And frown, 'twas plain—had just fall'n out;
 And all their little thoughts, of course,
 Were stirring in full fret and force;—
 Like mites, through microscope espied,
 A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek,
The tempest of their souls to speak;
As Opera strains to fiddlers sigh,
To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,
Even so this tender couple set
Their well-bred woes to a Duet.

WALTZ DUET.¹

HE.

LONG as I waltz'd with only thee,
Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee,
Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone—heigho!

SHE.

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
No blither nymph tetotum'd round,
To Collinet's immortal strain.
Oh! ah! &c.,
Those happy days are gone—heigho!

HE.

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
I know no bounds of time or breath;
And, should the charmer's head hold out,
My heart and heels are hers till death.
Oh! ah! &c.,
Still round and round through life we'll go.

SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
A youth renowned for waistcoats smart,
I now have given (excuse the pun)
A vested interest in my heart.
Oh! ah! &c.,
Still round and round with him I'll go.

HE.

What if, by fond remembrance led
Again to wear our mutual chain,
For me thou cut'st Fitznoodle dead,
And I *levant* from Lady Jane.
Oh! ah! &c.,
Still round and round again we'll go.

SHE.

Though he the Noodle honours give,
And thine, dear youth, are not so high,

With thee in endless waltz I'd live,
With thee to Weber's Stop-Waltz die!
Oh! ah! &c.,
Thus round and round through life we'll go.
[*Exeunt waltzing*]

While thus, like motes that dance away
Existence in a summer ray,
These gay things, born but to quadrille,
The circle of their doom fulfil—
(That dancing doom, whose law decrees
That they should live on the alert toe,
A life of ups and downs, like keys
Of Broadwood's in a long concerto:—)
While thus the fiddle's spell *within*,
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without, as if some Mandarin
Were holding there his Feast of Lights.
Lamps of all hues, from walks and bowers,
Broke on the eye, like kindly flowers,
Till, budding into light, each tree
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy.

Here shone a garden—lamps all o'er,
As though the Spirits of the Air
Had tak'n it in their heads to pour
A shower of summer meteors there;—
While here a lighted shrubb'ry led
To a small lake that sleeping lay,
Cradled in foliage, but, o'erhead
Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray;
While round its rim there burning stood
Lamps, with young flowers beside them bedded,
That shrunk from such warm neighbourhood;
And, looking bashful in the flood,
Blush'd to behold themselves so wedded.

Hither to this embower'd retreat,
Fit but for nights so still and sweet;
Nights, such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour, when all
So silent is, below, on high,
That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall—
Hither to this recess, a few,
To shun the dancers' wild'ring noise,
And give an hour, ere night-time flew,
To Music's more ethereal joys,
Came with their voices—ready all,
As Echo, waiting for a call—
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.

¹ It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that this Duet is a parody of the often translated and parodied ode of Horace, "Donec gratus eram tibi," &c.

And, first, a dark-ey'd nymph, array'd—
 Like her, whom Art hath deathless made,
 Bright Mona Lisa¹—with that braid
 Of hair across the brow, and one
 Small gem that in the centre shone—
 With face, too, in its form resembling
 Da Vinci's Beauties—the dark eyes
 Now lucid, as through crystal trembling,
 Now soft, as if suffus'd with sighs—
 Her lute that hung beside her, took
 And, bending o'er it with shy look,
 More beautiful, in shadow thus,
 Than when with life most luminous,
 Pass'd her light finger o'er the cords,
 And sung to them these mournful words :—

SONG.

BRING hither, bring thy lute, while the day is dying—
 Here will I lay me, and list to thy song.
 Should tones of other days mix with its sighing,
 Tones of a light heart, now banish'd so long,
 Chase them away—they bring but pain,
 And let thy theme be woe again.

Sing on, thou mournful lute—day is fast going,
 Soon will its light from thy chords die away,
 One little gleam in the west is still glowing,
 When that hath vanished, farewell to thy lay.
 Mark how it fades !—see, it is fled !
 Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead.

The group that late, in garb of Greeks,
 Sing their light chorus o'er the tide—
 Forms, such as up the wooded creeks
 Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,
 Or, nightly on her glist'ning sea
 Woo the bright waves with melody—
 Now link'd their triple league again
 Of voices sweet, and sung a strain,
 Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear
 But caught it on the fatal steep,
 She would have paus'd, entranc'd, to hear,
 And, for that day, deferr'd her leap.

SONG AND TRIO.

ON one of those sweet nights that oft,
 Their lustre o'er th' Ægean fling,

Beneath my casement, low and soft,
 I heard a Lesbian lover sing ;
 And, list'ning, both with ear and thought,
 These sounds upon the night-breeze caught—
 “ Oh happy as the gods is he
 Who gazes at this hour on thee !”

The song was one by Sappho sung,
 In the first love-dreams of her lyre,
 When words of passion from her tongue
 Fell like a shower of living fire.
 And still, at close of ev'ry strain
 I heard these burning words again :
 “ Oh happy as the gods is he
 Who listens at this hour to thee !”

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd
 Each asking eye—nor turn'd in vain ;
 Though the quick transient blush that burn'd
 Bright o'er her cheek and died again,
 Show'd with what inly shame and fear
 Was utter'd what all lov'd to hear.
 Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
 Did she her lute-song now devote,
 But then with voice that, like a ray
 Of southern sunshine, seem'd to float—
 So rich with climate was each note—
 Call'd up in every heart a dream
 Of Italy, with this soft theme :—

SONG.

OH, where are thou dreaming,
 On land or on sea ?
 In my lattice is gleaming
 The watch-light for thee ;
 And this fond heart is glowing
 To welcome thee home,
 And the night is fast going,
 But thou art not come :
 No, thou com'st not !

'Tis the time when night-flowers
 Should wake from their rest ;
 'Tis the hour of all hours
 When the lute singeth best.
 But the flowers are half sleeping
 Till *thy* glance they see !
 And the hush'd lute is keeping
 Its music for thee :
 Yet, thou com'st not !

¹ The celebrated portrait by Leonardo da Vinci, which he is said to have occupied four years in painting.

Scarce had the last word left her lip,
 When a light, boyish form, with trip
 Fantastic, up the green walk came,
 Prank'd in gay vest, to which the flame
 Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,
 Or green, or crimson, lent its hue;
 As though a live cameleon's skin
 He had despoil'd to robe him in.
 A zone he wore of clatt'ring shells,
 And from his lofty cap, where shone
 A peacock's plume, there dangled bells
 That rung as he came dancing on.
 Close after him, a page—in dress
 And shape his minature express—
 An ample basket fill'd with store
 Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore;
 Till having reached the verdant seat,
 He laid it at his master's feet,
 Who, half in speech and half in song,
 Chanted this invoice to the throng:—

SONG.

WHO'LL buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?—
 We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
 Beside our usual fools' supply,
 We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
 For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,
 That fullest seems when nothing's in it;
 And nine-pins set like systems up,
 To be knock'd down the following minute:
 Who'll buy? 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
 For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
 Or bards the bells alone may take,
 And leave to wits the cap and feather.
 Tetotums we've for patriots got,
 Who court the mob with antics humble;
 Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot,
 A glorious spin, and then—a tumble:
 Who'll buy, &c., &c.

Here wealthy misers to inter,
 We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
 While for their heirs, we've *quicksilver*
 That, fast as they can wish, will caper.
 For aldermen we've dials true,
 That tell no hour but that of dinner.
 For courtly parsons sermons new,
 That suit alike both saint and sinner:
 Who'll buy, &c., &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
 But, whatso'er the whims that seize you,
 This oldest of all mortal firms,
 Folly and Co., will try to please you.
 Or, should you wish a darker hue
 Of goods than *we* can recommend you,
 Why then (as we with lawyers do)
 To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you:
 Who'll buy, &c., &c.

While thus the blissful moments roll'd,
 Moments of rare and fleeting light,
 They show themselves, like grains of gold
 In the mine's refuse, few and bright;
 Behold where, opening far away,
 The long Conservatory's range,
 Stripped of the flowers it wore all day,
 But gaining lovelier, in exchange,
 Presents on Dresden's costliest ware,
 A supper such as gods might share.

Ah much lov'd Supper!—blithe repast
 Of other times, now dwindling fast,
 Since Dinner far into the night
 Advanc'd the march of appetite;
 Deploy'd his never-ending forces
 Of various vintage and three courses,
 And, like those Goths who play'd the dickens
 With Rome and all her sacred chickens,
 Put Supper and her fowls so white,
 Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.

Now wak'd once more by wine—whose tide
 Is the true Hippocrene, where glide
 The Muse's swans with happiest wing,
 Dipping their bills before they sing—
 The minstrels of the table greet
 The list'ning ear with descant sweet:—

SONG AND TRIO.

THE LEVÉE AND COUCHÉE.

CALL the Loves around,
 Let the whip'ring sound
 Of their wings be heard alone,
 Till soft to rest
 My Lady blest
 At this bright hour hath gone.
 Let Fancy's beams
 Play o'er her dreams,
 Till, touch'd with light all through,

Her spirit be,
 Like a summer sea,
 Shining and slumb'ring too.
 And, while thus hush'd she lies,
 Let the whisper'd chorus rise—
 "Good evening, good evening, to our Lady's bright
 eyes."

But the day-beam breaks,
 See our Lady wakes!
 Call the Loves around once more,
 Like stars that wait
 At Morning gate
 Her first steps to adore.
 Let the veil of night
 From her dawning sight
 All gently pass away,
 Like mists that flee
 From a summer sea,
 Leaving it full of day.
 And, while her last dream flies,
 Let the whisper'd chorus rise—
 "Good morning, good morning, to our Lady's bright
 eyes."

SONG.

IF to see thee be to love thee,
 If to love thee be to prize
 Nought of earth or heav'n above thee,
 Nor to live but for those eyes :
 If such love to mortal given
 Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heav'n,
 'Tis not for thee, the fault to blame,
 For from those eyes the madness came.
 Forgive but thou the crime of loving,
 In this heart more pride 'twill raise
 To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
 Than right, with all a world to praise!

But say, while light these songs resound,
 What means that buz of whisp'ring round,
 From lip to lip—as if the Power
 Of Mystery, in this gay hour,
 Had thrown some secret (as we fling
 Nuts among children) to that ring
 Of rosy, restless lips, to be
 Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
 And mark ye, still as each reveals
 The mystic news, her hearer steals
 A look tow'rd's yon enchanted chair

Where, like the Lady of the Masque,
 A nymph, as exquisitely fair
 As Love himself for bride could ask,
 Sits blushing deep, as if aware
 Of the wing'd secret circling there,
 Who is this nymph? and what, oh Muse,
 What in the name of all odd things
 That woman's restless brain pursues,
 What mean these mystic whispering's?

Thus runs the tale :—yon blushing maid,
 Who sits in beauty's light array'd,
 While o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,
 (Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
 Learning by heart the Marriage Service)
 Is the bright heroine of our song,—
 The Love-wed Psyche, whom so long
 We've miss'd among this mortal train,
 We thought her wing'd to heaven again.

But no—earth still demands her smile ;
 Her friends, the gods, must wait awhile,
 And if, for maid of heavenly birth,
 A young Duke's proffer'd heart and hand
 Be things worth waiting for on earth,
 Both are, this hour, at her command.
 To-night, in yonder half-lit shade,
 For love concerns expressly meant,
 The fond proposal first was made,
 And love and silence blush'd consent.
 Parents and friends (all here, as Jews
 Enchanters, housemaids, Turks, Hindoos),
 Have heard, approv'd, and blest the tie ;
 And now, had'st thou a poet's eye,
 Thou might'st behold in th' air above
 That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,
 Holding, as if to drop it down
 Gently upon her curls, a crown
 Of Ducal shape—but oh, such gems!
 Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,
 And set in gold, like that which shines
 To deck the Fairy of the Mines ;
 In short, a crown all glorious—such as
 Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

But see, 'tis morn in heaven : the Sun
 Up the bright orient hath begun
 To canter his immortal team ;
 And, though not yet arriv'd in sight,
 His leader's nostrils send a steam
 Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
 As makes their onward path all light.
 What's to be done? if Sol will be
 So deuced early, so must we,

And when the day thus shines outright,
 Ev'n dearest friends must bid good-night.
 So, farewell scene of mirth and masking,
 Now almost a by-gone tale ;
 Beauties, late in lamp-light basking,
 Now, by daylight, dim and pale ;
 Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,
 Scarcely knowing flats from sharps,
 Mothers who, while bor'd you keep

Time by nodding, nod to sleep ;
 Heads of hair, that stood last night,
Crêpé, crispy, and upright,
 But have now, alas ! one sees, a
 Leaning like the tower of Pisa ;
 Fare ye well—thus sink away
 All that's mighty, all that's bright ;
 Tyre and Sidon had their day,
 And ev'n a Ball—has but its night !

BALLADS, SONGS, POEMS, &c.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
 May in triumph let fly
 All its darts, without caring who feels 'em ;
 But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleas'd when it heals 'em.
 Dear Fanny !
 But the eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
 " Come and worship my ray,—
 By adoring, perhaps you may move me !"
 But the blue eye, half hid,
 Says, from under its lid,
 " I love, and I'm yours if you love me !"
 Dear Fanny !
 The blue eye, half hid,
 Says, from under its lid,
 " I love, and am yours if you love me !"

Come, tell me, then, why,
 In that lovely blue eye,
 Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
 Or why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said " No," to a lover ?
 Dear Fanny !
 Oh ! why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said " No " to a lover ?

DEAR FANNY.

" SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart
 cool ;
 She has wit, but you must not be caught so ;"
 Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
 And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
 Dear Fanny.
 'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

" She is lovely ! " Then love her, nor let the bliss fly ;
 'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season : "
 Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
 That Love reasons much better than Reason,
 Dear Fanny ?
 Love reasons much better than Reason.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, oh ! who would not fly ?
 For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die ?
 Hark !—hark ! 'tis the trumpet ! the call of the brave,
 The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave,
 Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid ;
 One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
 The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains !
 On, on to the combat ! the heroes that bleed
 For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
 And oh ! ev'n if Freedom from this world be driven,
 Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she loved so much,
 And the tree she planted;
 Here's the harp she used to touch—
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!
 Roses now unheeded sigh;
 Where's the hand to wreath them?
 Songs around neglected lie,
 Where's the lip to breathe them!
 Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
 Time, that once so fleetly mov'd,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days, when here she stray'd,
 Days were moments near her;
 Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
 Nor Pity wept a dearer!
 Here's the bower, &c.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I SAW the moon rise clear
 O'er hills and vales of snow,
 Nor told my fleet reindeer
 The track I wished to go.
 But quick he bounded forth;
 For well my reindeer knew
 I've but one path on earth—
 The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast
 How soon the heart forgets,
 When Summer brings, at last,
 Her Sun that never sets.
 So dawn'd my love for you;
 So fix'd through joy and pain,
 Than summer sun more true,
 'Twill never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
 Where man ne'er had wandered nor sunbeam play'd;
 "Why thus in darkness lie?" whisper'd young Love,
 "Thou, whose gay hours should in sunshine move."
 "I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
 So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
 And plac'd her where Heav'n's beam warmly play'd.

There she reclin'd, beneath Love's gazing eye,
 While, all mark'd with sunshine, her hours flew by.
 "Oh! how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
 That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
 And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
 Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
 Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
 That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours—
 And left the remainder to darkness and showers.

LOVE AND TIME.

'TIS said—but whether true or not
 Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
 That Love and Time have only got
 One pair of wings between 'em.
 In courtship's first delicious hour,
 The boy full oft can spare 'em,
 So, loit'ring in his lady's bower,
 He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
 Then is Time's hour of play;
 Oh! how he flies, flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
 When he the wings can borrow;
 If Time to-day has had his flight,
 Love takes his turn to-morrow.
 Ah! Time and Love, your change is then,
 The saddest and most trying,
 When one begins to limp again,
 And t'other takes to flying.
 Then is Love's hour to stray;
 Oh! how he flies, flies away!

But there's a nymph—whose chains I feel,
 And bless the silken fetter—
 Who knows—the dear one!—how to deal
 With Love and Time much better.
 So well she checks their wand'rings,
 So peacefully she pairs 'em,
 That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
 And Time for ever wears 'em.
 This is Time's holiday;
 Oh! how he flies, flies away!

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
 Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us.
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Oh! if to love thee more
 Each hour I number o'er—
 If this a passion be
 Worthy of thee,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom! no sorrow shall pain thee,
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
 Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,
 Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.
 Oh! if there be a charm
 In love, to banish harm—
 If pleasure's truest spell
 Be to love well,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

LOVE, wand'ring through the golden maze
 Of my beloved's hair,
 Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
 And, doting, linger'd there.
 And soon he found 'twere vain to fly;
 His heart was close confined,
 And every ringlet was a tie—
 A chain by beauty twin'd.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
 Merrily, oh!
 Where the song of freedom soundeth,
 Merrily, oh!
 There the warrior's arms
 Shed more splendour,
 There the maiden's charms
 Shine more tender—
 Every joy the land surroundeth,
 Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
 Wearily every bosom pineth,
 Wearily, oh!
 Where the bond of slavery twineth,
 Wearily, oh!
 There the warrior's dart

Hath no fleetness,
 There the maiden's heart
 Hath no sweetness—
 Every flower of life declineth,
 Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
 Cheerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily, oh!
 Like your native fountains sally,
 Cheerily, oh!
 If a glorious death,
 Won by bravery,
 Sweeter be than breath
 Sigh'd in slavery,
 Round the flag of Freedom rally.
 Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's shades,
 When our moments so blissfully flew;
 When you called me the flower of Castilian maids
 And I blush'd to be called so by you.
 When I taught you to warble the gay seguedille,
 And to dance to the light castanet;
 Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
 The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
 Every hour a new passion can feel,
 And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
 But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
 Or they never could think you would rove;
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
 That is fondest and truest in love.

OH, SOON RETURN.

OUR white sail caught the ev'ning ray,
 The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
 When all my weeping love could say
 Was, "Oh, soon return!"
 Through many a clime our ship was driven,
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
 Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
 Now sunn'd by summer's zone:
 Yet still, where'er we bent our way,
 When evening bid the west wave burn,
 I fancied still I heard her say,
 "Oh! soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
 Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
 'Twas when the combat raged around,
 And brave men look'd to me.
 But though war-field's wild alarm
 For gentle love was all unmeet,
 He lent to Glory's brow the charm
 Which made even danger sweet.
 And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er
 The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
 Those parting words I heard once more,
 "Oh! soon return!—Oh! soon return!"

ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
 First I sigh'd for thee;
 Couldst thou make me feel again
 Every wish I breathed thee then,
 Oh! how blissful life would be?
 Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
 Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
 All would wake, couldst thou but give me
 One dear smile like those of old.
 No—there's nothing left us now,
 But to mourn the past;
 Vain was every ardent vow—
 Never yet did Heaven allow
 Love so warm, so wild, to last.
 Not even hope could now deceive me—
 Life itself looks dark and cold:
 Oh! thou never more canst give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling
 Stole o'er the mountain brook,
 With timid ray resembling
 Affection's early look.
 Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!

The moon-tide ray ascended,
 And o'er the valley stream
 Diffus'd a glow as splendid
 As passion's riper dream.
 Thus love expands—warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'ershading
 The glories of the sky,
 Like faith and fondness fading
 From passion's altered eye.
 Thus love declines—cold eve of love!

YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

YES, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
 He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay;
 And though Time may take from him the wings he once
 wore,
 The charms that remain will be bright as before,
 And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
 That Friendship our last happy moments will crown:
 Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
 While Friendship, like those of the closing of day,
 Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till not one hateful link remains
 Of slavery's lingering chains—
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains,
 No! never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
 "Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
 And Freedom comes with new-born ray,
 To gild your vines and light your fountains."
 Oh! never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
 That gentle smile of thine,
 Though still on me it turns most sweet,
 I scarce can call it mine:
 But when to me alone
 Your secret tears you show,
 Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
 And claim them as they flow.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
 Can smile with many a beam,
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
 How bright soc'er it seem.
 But when some deep-felt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh! then the smile is warmed away,
 And, melting, turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free!
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose which I give thee, so dewy and bright,
 Wasthe fl ow' ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
 Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung,
 And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh! take thou this young rose, and let her life be
 Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee!
 For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
 She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still!

YOUNG JESSICA.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
 With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining,
 Her needle bright neglected lay,
 So active once!—now shining.
 Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
 That love and mischief are most nimble;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child who with a magnet played,
 Well knowing all its arts so wily,
 The tempter near the needle lays,
 And laughing says, "We'll steal it slyly."
 The needle, having nought to do,
 Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
 Till closer, closer come the two,
 And—off at length elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turned its eye
 To some gay reticule's construction,
 It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
 Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
 Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
 Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dew's are falling soft
 Upon the rosy sea, love,
 I watch the star whose beam so oft
 Has lighted me to thee, love.
 And thou too, on that orb so clear,
 Dost often gaze at even,
 And think, though lost for ever here,
 Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
 There's not a flower I see, love,
 But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
 Some joy I've lost with thee, love!
 And still I wish that hour was near,
 When, friends and foes forgiven,
 The pains, the ills, we've wept through here,
 May turn to smiles in heaven.

TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.

TO-DAY, dearest! is ours;
 Why should Love carelessly lose it?
 This life shines or lowers
 Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
 'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs decay,
 To think of the thorns of Sorrow;
 And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
 May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long
 Let the sweet moments fly over?
 Though now, blooming and young,
 Thou hast me devoutly thy lover.
 Yet time from both, in his silent lapse,
 Some treasure may steal or borrow;
 Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,
 Or I less in love to-morrow.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
 As if 'twould linger there for ever;
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,
 Yet still look down and venture never;
 When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
 There's one we dream of more than any—
 If all this is not real love,
 'Tis something wondrous like it, Fanny!

To think and ponder, when apart,
 On all we've got to say at meeting;
 And yet when near, with heart to heart,

Sit mute, and listen to their beating :
 To see but one bright object move,
 The only moon, where stars are many—
 If all this is not downright love,
 I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny !

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
 Though Reason on the darkest reckons ;
 When Passion drives us to the west,
 Though Prudence to the eastward beckons ;
 When all turns round, below, above,
 And our own heads the most of any—
 If this is not stark, staring love,
 Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

HERE, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,
 While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea ;
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
 What need I care, so my heart is with thee ?

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,
 They who have light hearts the happiest be—
 Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,
 And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee ?

It matters not where I may now be a rover,
 I care not how many bright eyes I see ;
 Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,
 I'd tell her I could not—my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—
 For even should Fortune turn truant to me,
 Why,—let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,
 As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee !

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

OH ! call it by some better name,
 For Friendship is too cold,
 And Love is now a worldly flame,
 Whose shrine must be of gold ;
 And Passion, like the sun at noon,
 That burns o'er all he sees,
 Awhile as warm, will set as soon,—
 Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
 More free from stain of clay,
 Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
 Yet human still as they :

And if thy lip for love like this
 No mortal word can frame,
 Go, ask of angels what it is,
 And call it by that name !

POOR WOUNDED HEART !

POOR wounded heart, farewell !
 Thy hour of rest is come,
 Thou soon wilt reach thy home,
 Poor wounded heart, farewell !
 The pain thou'lt feel in breaking
 Less bitter far will be,
 Than that long deadly aching,
 This life has been to thee.

There—broken heart, farewell !
 The pang is o'er—
 The parting pang is o'er,
 Thou now wilt bleed no more,
 Poor broken heart, farewell !
 No rest for thee but dying,
 Like waves whose strife is past,
 On death's cold shore thus early lying,
 Thou sleep'st in peace at last—
 Poor broken heart, farewell !

THE EAST INDIAN.

COME May, with all thy flowers,
 Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
 Thy cooling ev'ning showers,
 Thy fragrant breath at morn :
 When May-flies haunt the willow,
 When May-buds tempt, the bee,
 Then o'er the shining billow
 My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging
 Through wat'ry wilds her way,
 And on her cheek is bringing
 The bright sun's orient ray ;
 Oh ! come and court her hither,
 Ye breezes mild and warm—
 One winter's gale would wither
 So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
 Are blest with endless light,
 With zephyrs always playing
 Through gardens always bright.
 Then, now, oh May ! be sweeter
 Than e'er thou'st been before,
 Let sighs from roses meet her
 When she comes near our shore.

POOR BROKEN FLOWER!

POOR broken flower! what art can now recover thee?
 Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—
 In vain the sunbeams seek
 To warm that faded cheek!
 The dews of heav'n, that once like balm fell over thee,
 Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.
 So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her;
 Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou,—
 In vain the smiles of all
 Like sun-beams round her fall—
 The only smile that could from death awaken her,
 That smile, alas! is gone to others now.

THE PRETTY ROSE TREE.

BEING weary of love, I flew to the grove,
 And chose me a tree of the fairest;
 Saying, "Pretty Rose tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 And I'll worship each bud that thou bearest.
 For the hearts of this world are hollow,
 And fickle the smiles we follow;
 And 'tis sweet, when all their witcheries pall,
 To have a pure love to fly to:
 So, my Pretty Rose tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 And the only one now I shall sigh to."
 When the beautiful hue of thy cheek through the dew
 Of morning is bashfully peeping,
 "Sweet tears," I shall say (as I brush them away),
 "At least there's no art in this weeping."
 Although thou shouldst die to-morrow,
 'Twill not be from pain or sorrow,
 And the thorns of thy stem are not like them
 With which men wound each other:
 So, my Pretty Rose tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 And I'll ne'er again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS!

SHINE out, Stars! let heaven assemble
 Round us every festal ray,
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 All to grace this Eve of May.
 Let the flow'r-beds all lie waking,
 And the odours shut up there,
 From their downy prisons breaking,
 Fly abroad through sea and air.

And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,
 With our other joys to weave,
 Oh, what glory, what completeness,
 Then would crown this bright May Eve!

Shine out, Stars! let night assemble
 Round us every festal ray,
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 To adorn this Eve of May.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA

OH! the joys of our ev'ning posada,
 When, resting at close of the day,
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada
 Sit and sing the last sunshine away;
 So merry that even the slumbers
 That round us hung seem gone,
 Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
 Again beguile them on.
 Oh the joys, &c.

Then, as each to his loved sultana
 In sleep still breathes the sigh,
 The name of some black-eyed Tirana
 Escapes from our lips as we lie.
 Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
 Again we're up and gone—
 While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
 Beguiles the rough way on.
 Oh the joys of our merry posada,
 Where, resting at close of day,
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
 Thus sing the gay moments away.

TELL HER, OH TELL HER.

TELL her, oh tell her, the lute she left lying
 Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there!
 Breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
 But not a soft whisper replies to their prayer.
 Tell her, oh tell her, the tree that, in going,
 Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
 Lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
 And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
 The maiden is wandering, still let her be
 As true as the lute that no sighing can waken,
 And blooming for ever unchang'd as the tree!

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
 Lost too soon, remembered long,
 When we went by moonlight roving,
 Hearts all love and lips all song.

When this faithful lute recorded
 All my spirit felt to thee ;
 And that smile the song rewarded,
 Worth whole years of fame to me !

Nights of song and nights of splendour,
 Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—
 Joys that, like the star-light tender,
 While thy shone, no shadow cast :
 Though all other happy hours
 From my fading mem'ry fly,
 Of that star-light, of those bowers,
 Not a beam, a leaf, shall die !

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

Our first young love resembles
 That short but brilliant ray,
 Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles,
 Through April's earliest day.
 No, no—all life before us ;
 Howe'er its lights may play,
 Can shed no lustre o'er us
 Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
 A blaze serener, grander,
 Our autumn beam may, like a dream
 Of heav'n, die calm away :
 But no—let life before us
 Bring all the light it may,
 'Twill shed no lustre o'er us
 Like that first youthful ray.

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her ;
 Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she ;
 Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they
 sued her,
 But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said the maid, so excelling,
 "That Knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors be ;
 He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in ;
 None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye !"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round
 her,
 On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree ;
 Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
 And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight from a far land to woo her,
 With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea ;
 His vizor was down—but with voice that thrill'd through
 her,
 He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden ! I come with high 'spousals to grace
 thee ;
 In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see ;
 Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
 And mine thou'st for ever, thou high-born Ladye.

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,
 Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she,
 And proud was the step as her bridegroom convey'd her,
 In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

"But whither?" she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me ?
 Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree ;
 Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me ?"
 With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures"—
 Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see ;
 But she sunk to the ground—'twas a skeleton's features,
 And death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye.

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
 Is fair—but oh, how fair,
 If Pity's hand had stol'n from Love
 One leaf to mingle there !

If every rose with gold were tied,
 Did gems for dew-drops fall,
 One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
 Were sweetly worth them all !

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
 Our emblem well may be ;
 Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
 Must keep its tears for me !

THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

WOULD'ST know what tricks by the pale moonlight,
 Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
 Who wings through air from the camp to the court,
 From king to clown, and of all make sport ;
 Singing, I am the Sprite
 Of the merry midnight,
 Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept,
 And dreamt of his cash, I slily crept ;
 Chink, chink, o'er his pillow, like money I rang,
 And he wak'd to catch—but away I sprang,
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
 She was waiting her love at that starlight hour :
 "Rist—List," quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
 And she flew to the door, but away flew I,
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
 Like a pair of blue meteors I star'd from above,
 And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor
 man,
 Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
 And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and, on flowers that languish'd around,
 In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee ;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "there in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
 With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I
 blam'd,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die.

By the shade of yon summit, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine.

TO MRS.

To see thee every day that came,
 And find thee still each day the same,
 In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear,
 To me still ever kind and dear ;—
 To meet thee early, leave thee late,
 Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
 That life, without this cheering ray,
 Which came, like sunshine, every day,
 And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,
 I now a lone and loveless waste.

Where are the chords she us'd to touch,
 The airs, the songs she lov'd so much ?
 Those songs are hush'd, those chords are still ;
 And so, perhaps, will every thrill
 Of feeling soon be lull'd to rest,
 Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast.
 Yet no—the simple notes I play'd
 From memory's tablet soon may fade ;
 The songs which Anna lov'd to hear,
 May vanish from the heart and ear ;
 But friendship's voice shall ever find
 An echo in that gentle mind,
 Nor memory lose nor time impair
 The sympathies that tremble there.

TO MISS.....

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD
 SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
 And in thy breath his pinion dips,
 Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
 And faints upon thy sighing lips :

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
 That us'd to shade thy looks of light ;
 And why those eyes their vigils keep,
 When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast
 Has never throbb'd with guilty sting ;
 Her bosom is the sweetest nest
 Where slumber could repose his wing !

And I will say—her cheeks of flame,
 Which glow like roses in the sun,
 Have never felt a blush of shame,
 Except for what her eyes have done !

Then tell me why, thou child of air !
 Does slumber from her eyelids rove ?
 What is her heart's impassioned care ?
 Perhaps, oh sylph ! perhaps 'tis *love* !

TO MRS.....

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS

*Mon âme sur ma lèvre était lors toute entière,
 Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre était,
 Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
 Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'arrêtoit !—Voit.*

HOW heavenly was the poet's doom,
 To breathe his spirit through a kiss ;
 And lose within so sweet a tomb
 The trembling messenger of bliss !

And, ah! his soul returned to feel
 That it *again* could ravished be :
 For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
 His life and soul have fled to thee !

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti.—*Past. Fid.*

AND are you then a thing of art,
 Seducing all and loving none ?
 And have I strove to gain a heart
 Which every coxcomb thinks his own ?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
 Which, powerless of enjoying any,
 Feeds its abortive sick desire,
 By trifling impotent with many ?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
 And through a round of dangles run,
 Because your heart's insipid slumber
 Could never wake to *feel* for *one* ?

Tell me at once if this be true,
 And I shall calm my jealous breast ;
 Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
 And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,—
 Oh! if another share that heart,
 Tell not the damning tale to me,
 But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell,
 Than find you to be all divine,
 And know that heart could love so well,
 Yet know that heart would *not* be mine !

NONSENSE.

GOOD reader! if you e'er have seen,
 When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
 The mermaids, with their tresses green,
 Dancing upon the western billow :
 If you have seen, at twilight dim,
 When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
 Floats wild along the winding shore :
 If you have seen, through mist of eve,
 The fairy train their ringlets weave,
 Glancing along the splangled green ;—
 If you have seen all this, and more,
 God bless me! what a deal you've seen !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

How sweetly could I lay my head
 Within the cold grave's silent breast,
 Where Sorrow's tears no more are shed,
 No more the ills of life molest !

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
 The glittering dreams of youth are past,
 And, long before it reach its noon,
 The sun of life is overcast.

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
 That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—
 "What! love no more? Oh! why this altered vow?"
 Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now* !

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit; if thy airy sleep
 Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
 Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
 Till the last heart's-drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
 And mingles in our misery,
 Then, then, my breaking heart I'll seal—
 Thou shalt not bear one sigh from me !

The beam of morn was on the stream,
 But sullen clouds the day deform ;
 Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
 And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
 For thou wert kindred with the sky ;
 Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
 We thought thou wert not formed to die !

TO ROSA.

DOES the harp of Rosa slumber ?
 Once it breath'd the sweetest number !
 Never does a wilder song
 Steal the breezy lyre along,
 When the wind, in odours dying,
 Woos it with enamoured sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease ?
 Once it told a tale of peace
 To her lover's throbbing breast—
 Then he was divinely blest !

Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
 Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
 And her harp neglected lies;
 And her boy forgotten sighs.
 Silent harp—forgotten lover—
 Rosa's love and song are over!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

IN vain we fondly strive to trace
 The soul's reflection in the face;
 In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
 Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
 Boobies have looked as wise and bright
 As Plato or the Stagyrite:
 And many a sage and learned skull
 Has peeped through windows dark and dull!
 Since then, though art do all it can,
 We ne'er can reach the inward man
 Nor inward woman, from without
 (Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt),
 I think 'twere well if Nature could
 (And Nature could, if Nature would)
 Some pretty short descriptions write,
 In tablets large, in black and white,
 Which she might hang about our throattles,
 Like labels upon physic-bottles.
 There we might read of all—But stay—
 As learned dialectics say,
 The argument most apt and ample
 For common use, is the example.
 For instance, then, if Nature's care
 Had not arranged those traits so fair,
 Which speak the soul of Lucy L-and-n,
This is the label she'd have pinned on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrin'd
 The purest, brightest gem of mind!

Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
 Upon its charms the shade of woe,
 The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
 Shall be but mellowed, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
 That Nature wrote a second label,
 They're her own words—at least suppose so—
 And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I compos'd the fustian brain
 Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
 I had at hand but few ingredients,
 And so was forced to use expedients.
 I put therein some small discerning,
 A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
 And when I saw the void behind,
 I filled it up with—froth and wind!

TO JULIA.

MOCK me no more with love's beguiling dream,
 A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
 One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
 Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
 Your heart was only mine, I once believ'd.
 Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
 And must I say my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twin'd,
 That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal:
 Julia! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
 You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
 On bliss in which affection takes no part?
 No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
 When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

THE END.

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